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RECOLLECTIONS OF A RESPECTABLE MEDIOCRITY

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THERE was nothing remarkable about my childhood except its complete happiness. This, naturally, like all children, who are the first and greatest philosophers, I took as a matter of course, and could never understand what my elders meant when they said I ought to be grateful to God, who had given me so many good things. The good things came to me, it seemed, as of right, and I saw no reason why I should be grateful to anyone — least of all, perhaps, to one who was so far from my own day and world as God, who was then mainly connected in my mind with family prayers and long services in the parish churches at Greystoke and Thornbury on Sundays. God had also ordered, on pain of some unknown penalty, that on Sundays, when there were no lessons, there should be no play, which to my childish mind seemed both vexatious and tantalizing.

I had no relaxation in the country but the German songs and fairy tales (mostly Grimm's, which I adored) of my beloved old German nurse, Jacobina

Bottner, who came from St. Goar am Rhein, almost opposite the Lorelei. From her I learned to sing '*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten*' and '*Sie sollen ihn nicht haben, den schönen deutschen Rhein.*' She also read me the poems and plays of Schiller, — *Wallenstein*, *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, *Das Lied von der Glocke*, — and the patriotic poems of Uhland. It is no wonder that I became almost a little German. When the War of 1870 broke out between France and Germany, we were all passionately united in favor of Germany, and my dear old 'Binchen,' as I called Jacobina, was like a *coq en pâte* in the midst of so pro-German a family. The French stood for all that was evil, the Germans for all that was virtuous. The Almighty naturally supported the virtuous side, which settled all doubts.

Binchen was very devout in a strict Lutheran sense, and used to tell me of the enormities practised by Catholics in St. Goar and the neighboring villages. They even had dances on Sun-

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days, and one of her Lutheran cousins, a worldly young man, had been tempted to go to such a dance at Boppard. He died a few weeks later of small-pox, an obvious punishment for godlessness.

These and similar instances of the wickedness of Catholics made me feel that they were people too dangerous to be allowed abroad, and, being of a somewhat adventurous and imaginative disposition, I at an early age hesitated in the choice of a future career between that of an Indian Chief like Pau-Puk-Keewis (I loved the tale of Hiawatha) and that of an eloquent Protestant missionary who should convert the Chief, and save him, above all, from the wiles of the Church of Rome.

One night, after I had gone to bed, Binchen returned from supper and caught me standing on my bed in my nightgown, with a pillow on my head, preaching to an imaginary congregation. She naturally wanted to know what this meant. I explained that I was converting Red Indians and warning them especially against false prophets who wore mitres and things of that kind on their heads. I imagine this must have given the dear old thing much satisfaction, but as, *more teutonico*, she was more afraid of colds in the head than even of the Devil, she just hustled me into bed.

Of the *dramatis personæ* of my early youth my mother, of course, stands out head and shoulders above all. I was much spoiled, I fear, as a child, being the son of the old age of my father, who was sixty at my birth, while my mother was forty. My mother was the eldest of a beautiful bevy of daughters of Henry Lawes Long of Hampton Lodge, Farnham, which she inherited on the death of her brother Henry at an early age. Her mother was Lady Catherine Walpole, daughter of the Earl of Orford.

My father, when I first remember

him, was already between sixty and seventy and an old man for his age, being a confirmed invalid. Though he was always most kind and affectionate to me, he could not be anything of a companion. He used to like me to accompany him when he hobbled about on two sticks, and I used to go up to his room when he had his supper and get titbits from him, especially marrow-bones, and read him a Psalm before I went to bed. But otherwise I remember little. He had been a great rider and fox hunter in his day.

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My father remembered well old Charles, Duke of Norfolk (known in his day as 'The Jockey of Norfolk'), from whom my family had inherited the castle of Greystoke. Being an ardent Whig and a supporter of and friend of Charles James Fox, the Jockey took the side of the American Revolution. He even went so far as to call the farms which he built at Greystoke, in the Strawberry Hill Gothic style fashionable at that time, 'Putnam,' after the American General, and 'Bunker's Hill' after that General's first success over the British troops; and he also called a wood he planted, near the Castle at Greystoke, 'Jefferson,' after the author of the Declaration of Independence.

When I had to address the Daughters of the American Revolution for the first time after becoming Ambassador at Washington, I was able to tell them quite truly that, owing to these names at my birthplace, I had grown up, so to speak, under the shadow of the first makers of the United States.

Greystoke, when I was a child, was a strange mixture of Whig and Stuart traditions, of Protestant and Catholic atmosphere. The Whig and Protestant traditions and atmosphere came from the Jockey, who still, many years after his death, dominated the scene for us children, and whose portrait by Rom-

ney hung in the dining room. The Stuart and Catholic atmosphere came from the place itself.

Had not Greystoke been bombarded and three of the old towers been destroyed by General Lambert on behalf of Cromwell? And had not his troops also broken to pieces the magnificent thirteenth-century east window in the parish church, the pieces of which were collected and later put together as far as possible by my father and Mr. Askew, the then Rector of Greystoke? My mother used to show me the places in the park where Lambert's guns were put for the bombardment and told me about the window, and I hated him and all his works. My prejudice against him extended to Oliver Cromwell and all *his* works. They became for me gross destroyers of beautiful things, which were among the things that really mattered.

Parts of the house were very old, going back, it was said, to the twelfth century. Of the old house but little remains except one tower, spared by the cannon of General Lambert, and some parts of the old walls on the south side. There is still an old stair in the thickness of the wall, known as the 'priest's hole,' by which the priest who lived there all through the years of the Protestant Inquisition could escape.

The exterior of the house was first 'restored' by the Jockey in the Strawberry Hill Gothic style which he loved, and then by my father, with the help of the well-known architect Mr. Salvin, in half Tudor, half Perpendicular, which, with odd bits of the old fortress sticking out here and there, produces a general effect that is quite pleasing. We all adored it and thought there was nothing more beautiful in the world.

But what made Greystoke a paradise for us children was the park, an enclosed area of some six thousand acres, thirteen miles round, with no public

road running through it. It was not a park in the South of England sense, but a series of pastures and moorland, with woods and tarns and marshes, and some limestone cliffs at the highest part, which reached an elevation of twelve hundred feet.

This was our kingdom. Here we could do what we liked. There was every variety of game in small quantities: grouse, black game, duck, teal, snipe and woodcock, partridges and pheasants, some hares and thousands of rabbits, besides foxes and badgers.

Though I have lived in many lands, I have never felt that completely satisfied feeling that 'coming home' gives until I had crossed over Shap. The South of England could never be really home to me. It was not the beauty of any particular spot, but just the Cumberland scene in general, which, more often than not, strikes the newcomer as gloomy, harsh, and gray. Perhaps the only non-Cumbrian who has caught the real spirit of this country, and certainly the only man, Cumbrian or not, who has known how to describe its astonishingly fleeting beauties, is Hugh Walpole.

The first thing I can remember is the fire at Greystoke in 1868, when I was not quite five years old. I was sleeping with my mother in a four-poster in the old tower room and was awakened choking with smoke. Then there was a general bustle. I was wrapped up in a blanket and carried to the schoolroom at the end of the northwest wing, where, to my surprise, I found all the rest of the family. I was held up to a window to see the flames coming out of the roof of another part of the house. The wing we were in and the tower were saved by filling the archways leading to the rest of the house with wet mattresses. Unfortunately the old part, with its beautiful hall and staircase and many pictures, tapestries, and so forth, was burnt.

At the age of ten, to my immense sorrow I was sent to school. It took me a long time to get accustomed to the ways of boys of my own age, which at first I thought most disagreeable. My next brother was nine years older than I, and though my eldest brother at times teased me unmercifully with the idea of preparing me for the joys of school life, I had no conception of what life among boys of my age implied.

The school, Farnborough, kept by the Reverend A. H. A. Morton, was what would be called 'extremely select' by an agent. It was known at the time as the 'House of Lords.' I have a vivid recollection of the Reverend A. H. A. Morton, one Sunday afternoon when we were all walking out in Eton jackets and collars and top hats, clasping his hands in ecstasy and exclaiming: 'In what other school would you see the sons of three Cabinet Ministers walking together!'

From Farnborough school I passed to Harrow. Dr. Montagu Butler, the head master, remains strongly impressed on my memory. A wonderful teacher and great classic scholar, he made the classics live as no other master at Harrow. His curiously ultra-polite manner, even, I believe, to boys he was going to swish, — an honor I never attained to, — and his high falsetto way of talking, made him an easy object of ridicule and a target for imitation; but we all realized that under the velvet glove there was really a hand of iron, with which it might be very unpleasant to come into too active contact.

One other Harrow master — Mr. Glazebrook, a sarcastic gentleman — remains in my memory for something he said. When I was in the Fifth, he took me in Latin verses, in which I, without just cause, somewhat fancied myself. One day I showed up a set to him which I thought rather good. Having glanced at them, he said: —

'I thought at one time, my dear Howard, that I should be able to make something of you, but I am afraid now that you will never be more than a respectable mediocrity.'

He was quite right, and not only in regard to Latin verses. Having recognized that fact in time has stood me in good stead, and I have chosen this epithet for the title of these recollections, being convinced of its fortunate truth. For surely it is a far happier thing to be 'a respectable mediocrity' than a genius of any kind.

I left Harrow with no regret.

My mother offered me the choice of going to Cambridge or starting at once to prepare for the diplomatic examination. As I had, by that time, settled on a diplomatic career, I sacrificed Cambridge to the advantage of getting young into diplomacy, and have regretted it ever since. On the whole, however, things turned out as well for me or even better than I had any right to expect.

* * *

After a holiday in Italy, I went to study French in Paris. The two figures that remain principally in my memory of that time are those of Lord Lyons, our Ambassador in Paris, and my cousin, Alan Herbert.

There never was a kinder man than Alan Herbert. He was a doctor, and lived in a little comfortable flat as an old bachelor. He was essentially English in his thoughts and feelings, but his long hair and rather unkempt beard, his seedy frock coat with the rosette of the Legion of Honor always stuck in the buttonhole, and even his manner of speech — when speaking English, not French — would have made anybody who did n't know him believe at first sight that he was a Frenchman. His habits of life had become completely French, and it was always a special joy to me to go and dine with him, which I

used to do frequently, on account of the excellence of the *cuisine bourgeoise* and the *vin rouge*, which was always supplied in liberal quantities.

He used to tell me most interesting stories of the siege of Paris in 1870, which he had gone through, and of the days of the Commune. During the siege, his cook had bought a white hen, intending to fatten it up so that her beloved *M. le Docteur* would have a good dinner once at least, instead of eating rats and other things which were then common. But the hen had become so attached to him, and he to it, that it used to wander about in his dining room, sit on the back of his chair, and share his scraps of food. It was, I believe, the only hen that lived through the siege of Paris and the days of the Commune. After those tragic days were over he gave Una, as the hen was called, to my sister Maud and me, and we treasured it carefully until it died of old age. It was stuffed as a curiosity and remained for years in our schoolroom.

The great figure in my mind, however, was that of Lord Lyons. He was by far the greatest figure among ambassadors of that date, and it was not without considerable trepidation that I went to see him, having been invited to do so because his mother, I think, was a cousin of my father. I had never seen anything so gorgeous as the interior of the British Embassy; there were innumerable footmen in plush breeches, and with aiguillettes hanging from their shoulders. Lord Lyons himself was the reverse of gorgeous. He was so extraordinarily shy that he never dared to look any of his footmen in the face, and when he was dining alone he used to try and remember their names by memorizing the contours of the calves of their legs.

He was extremely kind to me as a young man and invited me occasionally to some of the big dinners at the

Embassy. This was my first lesson in the proper manner of running these rather terrific functions. His cook was famous, his wines also, and the turnout of his horses and carriages. But I only really learned to know something about the man himself from my Chief in Berlin, Sir Edward Malet, who had been his private secretary in Paris during the War of 1870 and whom Lord Lyons had left behind in charge of the Embassy when he himself followed the French Government to Bordeaux.

Malet had the most profound respect and affection for Lord Lyons, whom he looked upon as the model of everything that a diplomatist should be, and he often used to tell me little stories about him, for my benefit. One or two of these deserve to be rescued from oblivion.

During the American Civil War, when Lord Lyons was British Minister at Washington, great difficulties, of course, arose between the British and American Governments over the question of contraband. On one occasion Lord Palmerston wrote a very violent dispatch to Lord Lyons, instructing him to make a communication in the same sense to the American Government. Lord Lyons, who fortunately had been able to secure the friendship of President Lincoln, went straight to the President, instead of making the communication to Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State. He showed President Lincoln the dispatch, which, he felt, would so aggravate the situation as to make it almost hopeless, and begged the President to give him some more or less friendly message which he could send on to the Foreign Office and, with the help of this, dissuade them from insisting upon the instructions to present this vigorous Note. The President immediately fell in with the suggestion, and the result was that the Note was never presented and the tension became very much less acute.

I remember another delightful story that Malet told me about Lord Lyons. President Lincoln once asked him to go down and see him at the front, somewhere in Virginia, possibly at the time of what is called 'The Battle of the Wilderness.' They stayed together at a little country shanty, and in the early morning Lord Lyons went out into what in houses in the Southern States is called the 'piazza,' and there found the President busy polishing his boots. Lord Lyons, who was a stickler for etiquette, held up his hands in horror and said: 'Mr. President, do you think it right that the President of the United States should polish his own boots?' Lincoln looked at him, with a curious humorous twinkle in his eyes, and said: 'Mr. Minister, if he does n't polish his own boots, whose boots, in the name of all that's holy, should he polish?'

One more Lyons story, told me by Malet, is worth remembering.

When, in 1870, the French Government left Paris for Bordeaux, naturally Lyons also left; he took Malet with him on the journey, sending him back to Paris afterwards. They spent the night at some small provincial town on the way and in the morning, having some time to spare, went out for a walk. Some zealous gendarmes, hearing them speak English, arrested them both as German spies and got the police to march them through the streets to the local prison, absolutely refusing to believe that their papers were correct. When the head of the prison saw the papers and realized who they were, he was, of course, profuse in his apologies. The fact remained, nevertheless, that the British Ambassador and his secretary had been arrested as spies by an overzealous gendarme, and marched through the streets amidst the hooting of crowds with police on either side of them, in order to be lodged in jail.

Lord Lyons, instead of making trouble about the indignities offered to him and reporting the matter home, not only accepted, in the friendliest way, the apologies of the master of the prison, but as they left he made Malet promise that he would not say a word about the incident to anybody. He then impressed on his mind this lesson: that it is the business of a diplomat, wherever he is, to avoid unpleasant incidents. If a diplomat unfortunately becomes the centre of an incident of this kind, it is probably largely his fault and he had best keep quiet about it.

There was nothing striking or brilliant about Lord Lyons, either in his conversation or in his appearance. Short, stout, with a round face, plump hands, and mutton-chop whiskers, he was the ideal of a kindly, amiable John Bull. As to his conversation, I doubt if one single witty remark of his has ever been handed down amongst his staff or in his family circle. He seemed to be, outwardly at any rate, just a typical, kindly, commonplace old bachelor. To what, then, can we attribute his extraordinary success in diplomacy and the reputation he had of being head and shoulders above every other ambassador of his time?

Many years after my sojourn in Paris I came across a pertinent reference to a letter by John Quincy Adams. Writing of Sir Charles Bagot's success as British Minister in the United States from 1818 to 1819, and of his having succeeded in persuading the United States Government of the time to accept the famous Rush-Bagot Treaty, — which prohibited the maintenance of armed forces on the great lakes between the United States and Canada, and is probably the first and unquestionably, up to date, the most successful disarmament treaty ever entered into, — John Quincy Adams declared himself puzzled about this success, because Sir Charles 'had neither great

intellectual powers nor profound learning, yet he made himself universally acceptable.' Mr. Adams reached the truly Adamsian and paradoxical conclusion that Sir Charles's success was due to the mediocrity of his talents, and that perhaps second-rate men make the best diplomatists. I have often wondered if Mr. Adams's explanation was not really the true one.

But there was, of course, more than this. Lord Lyons was indeed the exact opposite of Charles II, and his epitaph might have been written thus:—

Here lies a great Ambassador,
Whose word each man relies on;
He never said a witty thing,
But always did a wise one.

He was without prejudices, patient and very courteous, and endowed to an extraordinary degree with what Americans call 'sound horse sense.' These were the qualities which, together with what to the brilliant of the world might seem mediocrity, gave him such an outstanding position among diplomatists of his day.

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In the spring of 1884, I started regular work in London with Mr. Scoones, who was at that time the great crammer for the Foreign Office and the Diplomatic Service Examinations, as well as for other branches of the Civil Service. All the time I had been abroad I had been reading and making notes of books which he had previously recommended to me, in addition to learning languages, and the plan was that I should spend a year at his establishment before the examination, which I intended to take as soon as possible after my twenty-first birthday.

This year was one of hard study and little relaxation, except when I went up to Greystoke for a short holiday and shooting in the summer and at Christmas.

The examination took place, if I remember right, at the end of February or the beginning of March, 1885, and I went down immediately afterwards to stay with my sister and her husband, Carnarvon, at Pixton, near Dulverton. Here I spent most of my time fishing in the Exe and the Barle, and it was one cold morning when I was wading in the Barle, as usual without waders, that a boy came down from the house with a telegram for me, informing me that I was one of the four lucky ones who had passed the examination.

My marks, if I am not mistaken, were 'fair average' in all subjects with the exception of *précis* writing, in which I was at the top. I suppose this indicated that I had a rather exceptional gift for picking out the pith and marrow of any diplomatic paper, and I imagine that this stood me in good stead in later years.

I never expected to pass my first examination, but once I had done so it all seemed, like nearly everything that has happened to me in life, to be a part of the natural order of things.

* * *

I joined the Foreign Office immediately after receiving the news.

The Liberal Government fell in June 1885, and a Conservative Government, under Lord Salisbury, took its place. My brother-in-law, Carnarvon, who had been twice Secretary for the Colonies under Beaconsfield, was offered and accepted the extremely difficult and even at that time personally dangerous post of Viceroy of Ireland.

It may well be imagined with what zest and excitement, as a young man of twenty-one, I accepted Carnarvon's offer to go to Dublin with him as assistant private secretary, if this could be arranged with the Foreign Office. It was arranged, and it was

with high anticipations of much more interesting work, with the prospect of considerable distraction and adventure, that I left Euston Station to catch the night boat at Holyhead.

I remember that on the bookstall at Euston I picked up a little paper-bound book called *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, just out, by a certain Robert Louis Stevenson, whom I had till then not heard of. This so fascinated me that I could n't drop it, and went on reading it, both in the train and on the boat, until it was finished. That was my first introduction to the great R. L. S., who since then has remained one of my favorite authors. *Kidnapped* has always been particularly interesting to me, with its delightful psychological picture of the Scotch lowlander in David Balfour, and of the highlander in Alan Breck — types, as it has always seemed to me, of their respective nationalities. Indeed it was the recognition of these types in *Kidnapped* that afterwards caused me to make a list for myself of books which, so far as I could see, particularly represented different nationalities.

England, curiously enough, seems to be better represented by *Tristram Shandy* than by any other book that I know; Spain, of course, by *Don Quixote*; Germany by *Wilhelm Meister*; Russia by *The Brothers Karamazov*; and the United States by Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. Both of these, in their inimitable way, give a picture of the youthful and, to a great extent, still pioneer spirit of that extraordinary country, which is, as yet, far too little understood on this side of the Atlantic. As regards France and Italy, I have never yet come across the book that I was satisfied to place in my library of representative books. Sweden might, perhaps, be represented by Selma Lagerlöf's *Gösta Berling*, but of this I don't feel sure. In any case, it is an amusing game to try to discover the

books one thinks worthy to be placed on such a list, and it is a game which I can confidently recommend to those who not only enjoy the literature of other countries but also enjoy studying their national characteristics.

Life at the Viceregal Lodge in Dublin was an extremely busy one, both officially and socially. There was something of the ceremonial of a court; all the aides-de-camp, the controller of the household, and the members of the staff wore for dinner their dark blue coats with gilded buttons engraved with a shamrock and the motto '*Quis separabit?*'

One ceremony that I remember especially was that which marked the investiture of four Knights of St. Patrick. Carnarvon, dressed in a frock coat, and with his staff aides-de-camp in uniform about him, stood at one end of the room. At a given moment three loud knocks, struck as if with the pommel of a sword, were heard on the door. The principal aide-de-camp then asked: 'Who is without?' Ulster King-of-Arms, who was waiting outside, replied that Ulster was without with Knights waiting to come into the Presence. The aide-de-camp then said: 'Advance, Ulster, and introduce the Knights.' Ulster, in his uniform and embroidered tabard of office, then entered, followed by the four knights about to be invested.

One of the knights was very tall, another very short and fat, another very lame, and the fourth of ordinary dimensions. They all wore what appeared to be blue silk dressing gowns which clearly had not been made for them. The very tall knight's dressing gown reached only a short way below his knees, showing large black and white check trousers and shiny boots below. The very short and fat knight's dressing gown trailed on the ground, so that in approaching the Viceroy he had to hold it up like a lady who was going

to curtsy to the Queen. The poor lame knight, having got down on his knees, was unable to rise again and had to be pulled up by two aides-de-camp. The only one who went through the performance with anything like dignity was the knight of ordinary dimensions. It struck me that if the knights could not pay for their own dressing gowns the Government of Ireland might at least provide garments suitable for all sizes.

I left Ireland when Carnarvon left after the General Election in January 1886, a convinced believer in the necessity, if we were ever to have peace, of giving local autonomy to Ireland, which then went under the rather elastic name of Home Rule.

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After a month or two more at the Foreign Office, I was sent to Rome at the beginning of 1886 as unpaid attaché, a chrysalis condition which even those who had taken their examination were expected, in those days, to go through for two years. During this period I met a very remarkable Englishman, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, who with his wife, Lady Anne, was spending the winter in Rome.

Wilfrid Blunt was a well-known figure in English society, and also in Egypt. Tall, dark, and exceedingly handsome, he had been in the diplomatic service in his youth and was said, with what truth I do not know, to have been the only Englishman who had killed a bull in the bull ring at Madrid. He was a poet of no mean order, and his sonnets, published by the Kelmscott Press, are many of them extremely beautiful. Immensely proud, but at the same time a born revolutionary, he gave endless trouble to the British authorities in Egypt by continually and actively taking up the cause of those who, like Arabi Pasha, were using every means in their power, even to the extent

of open rebellion against the Khedive, to get the English out of Egypt. At one time he made such fiery and revolutionary speeches in Ireland that he was sent to prison for some months. This, however, rather damped his ardor, because, though he did not mind the discomforts of travel in the desert in Egypt or Arabia, he distinctly objected to those of an Irish prison. It was his particular joy to dress up as an Arab chief and to be considered as half an Arab, although I believe his knowledge of the language was not nearly so thorough as that of his wife, Lady Anne, who, by frequent travel in the East, had come to look almost like an Arab herself.

Owing to my acquaintance with Wilfrid Blunt and his wife, which rapidly ripened into friendship, I used to go and stay with them at their country house in Sussex, Crabbet Park. While the house had all the comforts of the time, there was a curious artificial effort to give it a look of wildness, by leaving the drive up to the door unweeded and allowing the lawns and shrubberies to grow absolutely as Nature willed. Both Wilfrid and Lady Anne were passionately fond of Arab horses, and kept, indeed, the only stud of pure-bred Arabs in England. Every year there was a great sale of Arabs at Crabbet, which numbers of people in London society attended. It was really a cheery picnic rather than anything else, and Wilfrid Blunt used to provide his guests with a sumptuous luncheon at which he always harangued them in a little speech. In order to keep up his reputation as a revolutionary, with a profound contempt for all class differences, — which he was far from feeling, — he would often begin by saying, ‘Ladies and gentlemen,’ and then, looking round him, would add, as an afterthought, ‘and Lords,’ which was always greeted with laughter and cheers.

There was also an institution of the early nineties called the Crabbet Club, to which I had the honor to belong. A certain number of young men, I forget how many, and one or two old ones, used to meet for a week-end in June under Wilfrid's hospitable roof, and he gave a prize for the champion lawn-tennis player and for the best poem.

On the Saturday evening the business of the Club was first transacted; new members were elected, and speeches were made, generally in a vein of pleasantry and satire, proposing and seconding the candidates. As president of the Club, Wilfrid Blunt sat at the head of the table dressed in gorgeous silks, like an Arab sheik, with an enormous turban.

We had among us many of the brilliant young men of that time. Those who stood out most conspicuously were George Curzon, afterwards Lord Curzon of Kedleston; George Wyndham and his cousin Percy; Monckton Milnes' son, now Lord Crewe; the three Peels, William, George, and Sidney, sons of the Speaker; Harry Cust; my own distant kinsmen and great friends, Morpeth and his adventurous brother, Hubert Howard; Mark Napier; George Leveson Gower; and old Godfrey Webb, who was a sort of society wit of the day. George Curzon, whom I used to meet in Cumberland, stands out particularly among all these in my memory. When I came up for the Club at one Saturday evening dinner, being myself present, Mark Napier was given the task of proposing me. He did it more or less in these terms:—

'I hardly know this fellow, Esme Howard, whom I have been told to propose, and it matters little to me whether one fool more or less joins this Club, but there is one matter which may be of great importance to you all. It is that I have, in Westminster, a

charming little house that I want to let.'

With that he went on to describe, amidst loud laughter and in great detail, the charms of his house, and ended by formally proposing me for the Club. I was then told to get up and say what I could for myself.

I said, as far as I can remember, that I was overwhelmed by finding myself in the midst of such a company and being proposed as one to have the honor of joining such a galaxy of wit and beauty. Well knowing my own limitations, I would only throw myself upon the mercy of the company as a Respectable Mediocrity, and hope that I might be allowed to join their ranks and enjoy their society.

Upon this George Curzon jumped up and in a voice trembling with righteous indignation said:—

'I must really protest against this outrage, with all the vigor of which I am capable. We have had, hitherto, all sorts of people elected to the Club, of whom the less said, perhaps, the better. But we have never yet had one who laid claim to the title of a Respectable Mediocrity. A mediocrity I might, perhaps, *à la rigueur*, have put up with, but a *respectable* one would be past endurance.'

In spite of this I was elected, and enjoyed to the uttermost the two or three Crabbet Club week-ends which I was able to attend.

On the Sunday afternoon the tennis competitions took place, amidst much chaff and uproarious applause for the victor, and in the evening the poems were read out and more speeches made. George Curzon's poems were unquestionably the outstanding ones, and when he declaimed them I always felt that he would have made a marvellous actor. One year the subject of the poem, which was always set by Wilfrid Blunt, was 'Sin.' George Curzon's poem described the sad degeneracy of

an age in which the more flagrant forms of sin and political corruption, which flourished so beneficently in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, were now only too often punished severely by hard-hearted judges and idiotic laws; and he concluded with a verse in which he hoped that we might again look forward to a sort of millennium in which it might be possible freely to enjoy all the advantages of, as he put it, 'frank, uncompromising, and premeditated sin.' He, of course, obtained the prize, by universal acclamation.

One night, I remember, we went on listening to poems and extempore speeches — that is to say, those of us, like myself, who did not speak and were in the minority — until long after the June sun rose, and then, since it was very warm, we all went up to our rooms, stripped, threw bath towels round us, and trooped down to swim in the lake, returning for a hot breakfast in time for those who wished to catch an early train to London.

Such was the Crabbet Club.

One year Wilfrid Blunt invited me down to Crabbet for Derby Day, which it was his habit to attend in a break with a four-in-hand of Arab horses, which he drove himself. We arrived rather late at Epsom, and his entrance to the course — which he wanted to cross in order to get to a point inside the ring which was always reserved for him — was blocked by the police because a race was shortly to be run. With his usual utter disregard of law, Wilfrid whipped up his horses and charged straight at the police, who, fortunately, gave way. He tried to cross, but found that the usual opening on the other side was too compactly blocked by crowds even for him; so he swished his team round and started galloping up the course.

For a few minutes we were the centre of all attraction, cheers, hoots,

and catcalls mingling in a strange symphony. The police, however, were, as usual, alive to the necessities of the moment, and a little way farther up they cleared a space where there was an entrance on the inner side. This Wilfrid's quick eye detected, and he again swished his team round to the left and galloped his horses triumphantly to the place reserved for him. I never heard that he got into any trouble for this little adventure, which was singularly typical of him.

Like most strange and unconventional people, Wilfrid Blunt had a fascination for me, and it always rather amused me, in after years, to praise him to Sir Edward Grey, to whom he was anathema because of the trouble he had caused in Egypt when Sir Edward was Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office. It would be difficult to imagine two men further apart; and, while Sir Edward had all my affection, admiration, and respect, I must admit I always had more than a sneaking inclination toward men of unusual type, like Wilfrid Blunt, whatever their faults may have been.

* * *

My two and a half years at Rome passed delightfully and uneventfully, and they had the effect of binding me definitely to Italy, and especially to Rome. I spent two full summers there, and learned to love Italy as much in the summer as at any other time of the year.

In April of 1888, Queen Victoria came to spend some weeks in Florence. She came with her Indian munshi, and John Brown, in his Highland kilt. These attendants greatly interested the Florentines, and the papers of Florence suggested that Her Majesty must have made a mistake in the dates and thought that she was coming out for the Carnival. She lived at the Villa Palmieri, famous as having been the

scene of Boccaccio's *Decameron*; at this time it was the property of Lord Crawford, by whom it was lent to Her Majesty.

My Chief was, naturally, required to be in attendance for some time, and asked me if I would accompany him as private secretary, to which, of course, I readily agreed. My duties were not onerous, as he was the least exacting of chiefs. I went two or three times to lunch at the Villa Palmieri with the Household, amongst whom was Arthur Bigge, afterwards Lord Stamfordham, and private secretary to the Queen and to King George. We used to go out for long walks together, all round Florence, which I knew fairly well, having spent two winters there. In this way we laid the foundations of a sincere friendship which lasted until he died. I think I never met a man of better counsel and less self-interested. He knew, I suppose, more than any other living man of the things that had passed in political life, during the long period of his service with two Sovereigns. He was entirely trusted not only by them, but also by all political leaders, no matter to what party they belonged, and no man ever sought less for publicity. I hope that some day his memoirs and papers may be published, for they should certainly prove a gold mine to the historians of our time.

I saw Queen Victoria, of course, several times, but was only presented to her once. She made an ineffaceable impression on my mind. There was an extraordinary dignity, and even grace, in that short, round figure. All traces of beauty had left her face by then, but

she had a very attractive clear low voice, which made up entirely for any lack of attraction in the face itself. She very kindly talked to me for some time about the benefit which the Emperor Frederick, who was then known to be dying of cancer, had received from his sojourn at Alta Chiara, Portofino, which Carnarvon had lent to him and to the Empress for some months during the winter. The Queen wanted to know all about it, and how it had come into Carnarvon's possession; it was evident that anything which had been closely connected with her eldest daughter and the tragedy of her life interested her profoundly.

One other little incident of the Queen's sojourn in Florence has impressed itself on my mind. King Humbert came up to Florence to see her, although she was not officially in Italy, but only there incognito, so to speak, as the 'Countess of Balmoral.' His visit, therefore, was not official and was extremely quiet. He was accompanied by Signor Crispi, then Prime Minister, and they both lunched with Her Majesty at the Villa Palmieri. Sir John Lumley lunched with their Majesties and I lunched with the Household. After lunch we all gathered in the principal drawing-room. Signor Crispi, before he left, put on a pair of tight yellow dogskin gloves, with which, on taking leave of the Queen, he shook her warmly by the hand. I shall never forget the Queen's almost imperceptible smile and slightly arched eyebrows, as she turned and looked at Princess Beatrice, after this unexpected salutation.

(To be continued)

THE QUEST OF THE MISSING LINK

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

A FRIEND remarked to me with great disfavor the other day that, what with the magazines bringing their aims and methods ever consciously closer to those of stark journalism, if one picks up a magazine three months old it is like picking up a week-old newspaper; one finds nothing worth reading, still less worth keeping. Reading it is like reading so much 'dead copy.' This is no doubt true; and perhaps the worst of it is that it induces a corresponding attitude on the part of readers. They tend to assume that all they find in a magazine was written for the moment, and if by any chance something turns up there that was not written for the moment, they tend to regard it as a mere *jeu d'esprit*, or as a piece of journalism that has somehow missed its mark and may therefore be passed by.

A little over two years ago there appeared in a popular magazine an article that was not written for the moment.¹ Its title was 'Why We Do Not Behave Like Human Beings'; its author was the distinguished architect, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram. It ably and plausibly presented what is virtually a brand-new idea about the nature of man and his relation to other forms of life; and the implications of this idea are so great, so far-reaching, and so

revolutionary, that if the article had been published thirty-five or forty years ago, when magazines had neither lot nor part with journalism, — when they addressed themselves more to reflective thought and less to mere sensation, — it would have raised a fine breeze from one end of the country to the other.

Things being as they are, however, this article raised no breeze. I observed with considerable astonishment that nobody took it up for rebuttal or even for discussion. In particular, our anthropologists had nothing to say about it, whereas I expected that they would have quite a little to say. My own interest in the subject was presently sharpened by a very remarkable book called *Immortality*, by Dr. S. D. McConnell, whose incidental findings gave solid support to Mr. Cram's thesis. Then when the Spanish philosopher, Ortega y Gasset, came along with his *Revolt of the Masses*, I saw that this also squinted steadily in Mr. Cram's direction. Finally, after waiting some time to hear from my betters, I published a brief paper, suggesting that Mr. Cram's brilliant speculation seemed to be of great practical consequence, and asking the anthropologists to take it up and let us hear about it. This was all that a poor disparaged man of letters could properly do in the premises. Not being one of this present world's elect, he could not presume to

¹ I venture to ask my editor to waive what seems to be an unwritten law of magazinedom, and let me say that it appeared in the *American Mercury* of September 1932. — AUTHOR

discuss the matter himself; it was not down his street. All he could do was to exercise the right of petition.

The anthropologists, however, paid no attention to my humble overture. Perhaps I should have addressed the psychologists instead, but if so, my mistake was so clearly one of ignorance that a kindly word would have set it right. Perhaps they held it *infra dig* to encourage secular curiosity; yet it is hard to associate this cavalier attitude with those of them I know — with my old friends Mr. Lowie and Mr. Sapir, for example. What actually happened, I think, was that since my paper, like Mr. Cram's, was published in a popular magazine, they regarded it as a bit of more or less playfully sensational journalism rather than as an honest inquiry; or, even more probably, that they never saw it.

II

Mr. Cram's thesis, stated simply, is that most of us do not behave like human beings because most of us are not human beings; not only are not, but never were, and — which is most important — never shall be. The great, the overwhelming majority of us are merely the raw material out of which the occasional human being has been, and still is, produced by an evolutionary process, the exact nature of which is undetermined, but is probably catastrophic. What Dr. McConnell calls 'the presumption that all those living creatures classed as Man on physical grounds are also Man on psychical grounds' is simply contrary to fact. The zoölogical classification *Homo sapiens* is competent for physical structure and function, but no further. Not everyone who answers to *Homo sapiens* is a human being; in fact, the immense majority are not. Psychically, the human being is a distinct species; and Mr. Cram acutely points out that in our graduated, popular

scale of speech our instinct has always led us to classify him as such.

Moreover, Mr. Cram synthesizes ten thousand years of history to the effect that the whole prodigious residue of *Homo sapiens*, the mass-man,² has never shown, and does not now show, any development worth speaking of in the direction set by the occasional evolutionary product; it has never brought itself a jot nearer the psychical character that differentiates the 'human' species, properly so called. Hence the search for what used to be known as the 'missing link' (the intercalary form between *Homo sapiens* and the anthropoids) is not properly in the province of zoölogy, as has hitherto been supposed. In Dr. McConnell's words, its concern begins not at the point 'which separates man from brute, but at that which separates one kind of man from the rest.' Or, as Mr. Cram puts it, 'the just line of demarcation should be drawn, not between Neolithic Man and the anthropoid ape, but between the . . . human being and the Neolithic mass which was, is now, and ever shall be.'

What moves me to bring this matter up again is the receipt of a letter a few days ago, enclosing a *précis* of some findings made by a man of science concerning the 'missing link.' It would be improper for me to describe them in advance of their publication, if they are to be published, which I presume is the case. There is no impropriety, however, I trust, in my remarking their complete consistency with Mr. Cram's

² One wishes idly that there were some way once and for all to dispose of the imbecile notion that when one speaks of the mass-man one means the poor man, the laboring man, or the proletarian. I suppose the best one can do is to remember the blessed Apostle's exhortation to suffer fools gladly, say what one means, and let be made of it what will. If I were picking a dozen standard specimens of the mass-man now among us, four would be inordinately rich, one most eminent in the federal judiciary, another equally eminent in elective office. — AUTHOR

belief that the missing link is not actually missing at all, nor has ever been, but that it exists in vast numbers everywhere around us, and has always done so. It occurs to me now that if at last a man of science is examining the status of *Homo sapiens* from this point of view, a layman's observations on the importance of his quest might be interesting, perhaps even helpful. In my former paper I said as little as possible about this, because my object was only to ask the men of science for a discussion by which I and the rest of the unlearned might profit; and I thought it was becoming to avoid any appearance of suggesting terms for such a discussion. It now seems that this consideration no longer holds, and I may therefore remark some of the changes, not only in our thought but in our feeling, that are likely to ensue upon the verification of this doctrine of the missing link.

III

In New York last November I left my lodgings uncommonly early one morning, and saw a man salvaging odds and ends out of a garbage barrel. It made a most painful impression on me; the memory of it still persists. Half a block away I saw a dog engaged in the same occupation; it did not impress me painfully. As it happened, neither object was, in the ordinary sense, especially pitiable. The man's clothes were as warm as mine and not much shabbier, and he did not seem weak or broken or dejected. He was not old, fairly healthy, fairly strong, fairly cheerful-looking, and I thought his general condition was pretty good; and I could say the same of the dog.

What differentiated my view of these two objects was a sense that the dog was living up to the measure of his own capacities, while the man was not. In the one case I had no sense of a come-down from a higher spiritual estate,

while in the other I had. I also felt that the man had been somehow estopped from regaining this estate, and I had no such feeling towards the dog. Hence I could sentimentalize the one case, and not the other. I was governed, in short, by the presumption that the man was a human being, and the certainty that the dog was not. Such indeed, I hasten to add, may the man have been. As Mr. Cram is careful to show, the occasional human being often, in fact pretty regularly, lives and dies in poverty and neglect. It is most important to remember that no test of this kind is applicable, nor are the tests set by the conventional criteria of intelligence; the only competent test is psychical. Still, while the man I saw may have been a human being by Mr. Cram's classification, the probabilities are so strongly the other way that this proviso may be dismissed. Well, then, if Mr. Cram is right, one's feeling for the man would obviously change, not in strength or quality, but in kind. Abstract the sense of a human estate from which one may fall, and to which one may revert, and I would regard the man quite as I would the dog; that is, with every wish for his well-being and happiness, and every repugnance to his mistreatment or abuse, but nothing more.

Most forms of humanitarian enterprise seem to me to hang upon the belief that the evolution of humanity is progressive rather than catastrophic, that zoölogical man is also psychical man, and that he is psychically capable of indefinite improvement, provided conditions are right; and with this goes, as a kind of corollary, the belief that 'society' is responsible for the wrongness of conditions, and therefore responsible for the arrest of his spiritual development. Given favorable conditions, — economic security, proper food and housing, more leisure, better education, better cultural opportunities,

and so on, — the 'Neolithic mass' which Mr. Cram says has lain spiritually inert for ten thousand years to our knowledge, and no one may say how much longer, will show itself capable of spiritual mass-development to an indefinite degree; logically, perhaps (granted the further postulate of indefinite time), to a degree as high as the highest now known.

This perfectionist doctrine is highly respectable; one might almost call it official. Many of us would say, at least officially, that they believe in it, and no doubt some of us actually do. The modern institutional church is based on it, and our leading social reformers have accepted it, apparently without question. With Henry George, for example, this belief served as his only spring of action. His crusade for economic freedom was for nothing but what he regarded as the first and indispensable condition of spiritual mass-progress. It may be observed that, although we have done more with this doctrine in a practical way than has been done in any other country, the results, so far, are not convincing; but, on the other hand, it is perhaps a little early yet to measure results, and one must also allow for the effect of many and powerful countervailing influences. If it could be shown beyond doubt, however, that this belief is without foundation, that the Neolithic mass is incapable of humanizing itself under whatever conditions, I think our whole code of humanitarian practice would be revised. It would still be important that the Neolithic mass should have every chance and encouragement towards such development as its sub-human capacities indicate as possible, because, while not itself human, it is the raw material out of which the human being is occasionally produced; but any effort to encourage an impossible spiritual development would appear at once as useless.

One may observe in passing that there is perhaps some significance in the fact that just this revision appears to be taking place. I have no notion of carrying ammunition to feed Mr. Cram's artillery, but I fancy he has already found some evidential value in the estimate that the Neolithic mass puts upon its own spiritual capacities, as shown in the rationale of the institutions it creates. There can be no doubt, I think, that Western society at large is now purely an organization of the Neolithic mass, that all its institutions reflect the ideals and aspirations of the mass, and that therefore these may be taken as showing pretty clearly what the mass thinks of itself. I can discern in them no intimation that it thinks of itself as more than zoologically human; no intimation of man as 'a creature of a large discourse, looking before and after,' but rather as concerned first and last with what Saint Paul calls the *ἐπιγεια* — his god is his belly. The mass-organization here, as in Italy, Russia, Germany, appears to contemplate no attribute that might not be taken on mimetically from the mass-organization of ants, bees, beavers, wolves, and extended in a purely quantitative fashion. The qualitative difference, or psychical 'spread,' between the highest and lowest forms of *Homo sapiens* — between Confucius, Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, and the Akka, the bushman, the tropical pygmy — is far greater than between these latter and the anthropoid; and there is nothing to show that the mass-organization consciously contemplates a reduction of that spread. The estimate of *Homo sapiens* that appears, for instance, in official Hitlerism, Bolshevism, Fascism, and the New Deal, is set forth in terms that are strictly non-psychical; one might say, in sheer terms of food, shelter, training, and amusement. In just such terms, it seems to me, might the dog I saw the other day give an account

of his species, if one could but somehow dig the information out of him.

On the score of a deep sensibility, therefore, the issue raised by Mr. Cram appears to be important. As I said, there are some of us who still hold to the early-Victorian universalist doctrine that all men, even the bushman, even the Akka, are psychically differentiated as a distinct species, capable of an improved and strengthened psychical-life; and this belief is the basis of our humanitarian disposition. If it be shown that this belief is illusory, the ground will be cleared between us and the accepted interpreters of the Neolithic mass, and we may give ourselves and them the benefit, whatever it amounts to, of a definite common understanding.

IV

From the point of view of politics it seems equally important that Mr. Cram's thesis should be either verified or exploded. The doctrine of popular sovereignty, as set forth by Mr. Jefferson in the Declaration, has now pretty well covered the Western world. Mostly in form, largely in fact, the State has almost everywhere become republican. It stands, as always, an all-powerful engine for the distribution of economic advantage, and republicanism has made it the pliant organ of such segments of the Neolithic mass as can get at it, one after another, and work it for their own behoof, and for the disservice of extruded segments. The whole history of republicanism in America might be summed up as a record of violent collisions among segments of the mass, incurred in the headlong effort to get at this machine and pull its levers. During the earlier post-war period, for example, Mr. Bottles, Mr. Plugson of Undershot, Mr. Murdstone, Mr. Ralph Nickleby, and Mr. Arthur Gride managed the machine, and were, as we say, 'getting

theirs'; and now another segment has shouldered them aside, and Mr. Micawber, Mr. Quinion, Jacques Bonhomme, Couche-tout-nu, and Gougele-Bruant are by way of getting theirs.³

Surveying the upshot of all this as it appears at the moment, I think one must admit that republicanism has made rather a mess of things. Mr. Cram puts it mournfully that 'we confront a situation so irrational and apparently hopeless of solution that there is not a scientist, a politician, an industrialist, a financier, a philosopher or a parson, who has the faintest idea how we got that way, or how we are to get out of it.' This is as it may be. We content ourselves with observing that the record of republicanism bears witness to very little that is human in the character of the Neolithic mass. It is, in fact, a record of continuous, reciprocal, and progressive corruption between *Homo sapiens* and the State. The Neolithic mass corrupts the State, and in turn the State still further corrupts the Neolithic mass; and this brings about a general condition which appears to be increasingly difficult and unsatisfactory, as well as increasingly repulsive and degrading.

There are two ways of regarding this state of things, and which of the two we take depends entirely upon the answer we give to this very question whether the Neolithic mass is psychically improvable, or whether in literal truth, as Alexander Hamilton said, 'the people is a great beast.' For my own part, I think it is improvable, and therefore I am a republican. I admit that Mr. Cram has shaken me up frightfully, and also that all the evidence available, every scrap of it, positive and negative, looks straight his way. Yet, perhaps because I am too old a dog to

³ On the day I write this, the Associated Press reports that more than 25,500,000 persons, one fifth of our population, are now being subsidized by the State! — AUTHOR

learn any new tricks, I must still put myself down, at least provisionally, as a Jeffersonian and Georgite of sorts. Unless the anthropologists come out with something pretty substantial, I may in time, probably shall, go over to the opposition; but as yet I have not done so. My expectations, doubtless, run to a much more distant future than Mr. Jefferson's or Mr. George's, but I am still, perhaps quite irrationally, on their side.

This is in itself of no consequence; I mention it only to account for my conviction that all of us who think — or think we think — as I do should be staunch republicans. If the mass be improvable, it may be expected ultimately to work out for itself a satisfactory mode of political self-expression, and obviously the only way to that lies through a free and unlimited succession of trial and error; and when all comes to all, this is precisely what republicanism means. Therefore those who think that the mass is psychically capable of sometime getting itself somewhere are all for giving the mass its head, and taking the untoward incidental consequences as best one can. Such messes as we are now in are quite as difficult and deplorable as Mr. Cram depicts them, but they are part of the process, and we accept them philosophically as a test of faith, quite aware that in the nature of things there will be many more and far worse messes to be put up with before the millennial end is reached.

Therefore, with the great example of Socrates always before our eyes, we are strongly against any attempt to interfere with the political self-direction of the Neolithic mass, and especially chary about offering any advice to clear and aid it when it has got itself in circumstances of unusual difficulty. When Socrates was charged with being a bad citizen because he took no part in Athenian public affairs — which

were in an extremely poor way just then — he replied good-humoredly that this only proved that he and his followers were the very best politicians in Athens. We do not even discountenance the peculiarly despicable type of political leadership that the mass accepts by an inveterate choice as old as the days of Moses and Aristides; for how is the mass to make progress in spiritual discernment save through a long course of intensive bilking and dragooning? In short, we are against any attempt at interference with orderly causation. Emerson calls cause and effect 'the chancellors of God,' and we have too wary a respect for them ever to hoodwink ourselves with the notion that an officious tampering with their sequences can possibly turn out well in the long run. Bishop Butler gave our disingenuous race a great lesson in the fundamental integrities when he said that 'things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why, then, should we desire to be deceived?'

Hence, when Señor Ortega y Gasset declares that mass-control and mass-operation of the State are at present ruinous, we quite agree with him. When we are told that a general domination by the mass is bringing Western civilization to an appalling end, we quite agree. When we are told that a recurrence of the Dark Ages is at hand, we reply that it is highly probable. When, however, in the face of these prospects, we are invited to abjure republicanism and take up with this or that anti-republican nostrum in order to avert them, we say that we cannot possibly contemplate doing anything of the kind. Joubert's dictum of 'force till right is ready' is attractive, but specious. If applied ably and disinterestedly as a political emergency-doctrine, it is with a view so much beyond the mass's power of perception that the sense of tutelage resents it and

in the end nullifies it; and if applied otherwise, it merely anæsthetizes the mass's sense of responsibility, with the result that right either is never ready or, if perchance ready, is repressed and overborne. Republicanism holds it as axiomatic that the only permanent good that can be worked out for the mass — the only good which does not indirectly cost more than it comes to — is what it works out on its own.

Sub specie æternitatis, the recurrent wreck of civilizations is an incident in the progress of the Neolithic mass towards collective self-improvement. Recurrent dark ages are the interval in which the mass's self-preserving instinct scrabbles around, and cobbles up the beginnings of a new civilization. As Mr. Cram observes, these recurrences have taken place repeatedly; no doubt they will take place again and again until the Neolithic mass has learned how to manage something like a satisfactory collective life for itself. The mass, if human, learns in the only way human beings can learn, by experience; and these recurrences represent experience, and are to be regarded and respected accordingly.

But if the mass be not human, and therefore not psychically improvable, the case is very different. Republicanism is then preposterous in theory, and monstrously vicious in practice. A political system based on the principles of the Declaration is by hypothesis doomed to rapid degeneration and quick dissolution. The mass-man then is to be regarded, as Mr. Cram says he should be, as only the raw material out of which the occasional human being is produced, and, aside from this, as having no political value or respectability whatever. An ideal political system would take no account of him in any other capacity. He would be the political ward of a human oligarchy; not exploited, not discouraged from any enterprise lying within the purview of

his faculties, but in all respects treated with exclusive reference to the occasional human product that in some uncomprehended fashion he brings forth.

Any such system as this is so obviously impracticable that the mere mention of it seems absurd. The political ascendancy of the Neolithic mass is now everywhere overwhelming, it cannot be checked, nor can the preponderance of the mass be broken up. Hence, while by our first hypothesis republicanism's distressing mess is bad enough, it is not hopeless; whereas, by our second, it is. Neither on this mess nor on those worse messes which naturally must ensue can one predicate anything but a progressive degeneration from which there is neither escape nor recovery. Republicanism is a doctrine of mass-preponderance, pure and simple; and by our second hypothesis, mass-preponderance means the political extinction of the human being, and the calculated subversion of any but a purely animal instinct or intention in the conduct of public affairs.

*Prosilit ad prædam rapidus Leo; Cæsar ad orbis
Imperium; finis, fateor, diversus utrique,
At non dissimilis pugna, labor unus et idem,
Quo cænam Fera, quo regnum sibi comparat Heros.*

At Athens, in Plato's time, the Neolithic mass was in the saddle with a vengeance, as it was at Rome in the time of Marcus Aurelius; and both these worthies surveyed the scene with a sense of great despondency and helplessness. Half-lettered persons nowadays say they find an unpleasant affectation and priggishness in Marcus Aurelius's view of his fellow-Romans, but such persons either simply do not know what sort of folk those Romans were, or else are incapable of understanding how the quality of their collective life would impress a human being. Historians tell us that their views of life and their demands on life were exactly what one sees reflected in

the professedly 'smart' publications of the present day. With all that might be said for it, — and as much might be said for it as Juvenal says for the collective life of certain animals, — their collective life showed no trace whatever of a specifically human quality.

Plato, in his middle years, raised the question of what the human being can do with himself under such circumstances. He anticipated Alexander Hamilton in likening the Neolithic mass to a pack of wild beasts. The human being, he says, cannot make himself one of them; and if he expose himself to them, they will smell him out and destroy him; and there are not enough of him to resist them effectively. All he can do, 'like a man sheltering himself behind a wall against a hurricane,' is to keep out of their way, cultivate his own virtues as best he can, and wait quietly for the inevitable end.

This end came so quickly to Athens that Plato lived to see it. The story is worth a digression. Plato lived into the administration of Eubulus; he was an old man then. Now, this Eubulus stands perhaps unmatched in history as a type and pattern of the best there is in Neolithic political mass-leadership. He was one of the ablest politicians that ever lived. A most attractive public figure, his manners were charming, his temper unvarying, his smile indelible, and his bearing always showed the most pleasing admixture of informality and easy dignity. His ambitions wore the guise of public spirit, he was a first-class executive, a good financier, and a tireless worker. He was immensely popular, and his administration, which lasted something over fifteen years, was to all appearances quite successful. If the human being, or the 'lover of virtue,' as Plato calls him, could find no good word to say for such political leadership as this, the Athenians might have thought he was hard to suit. But for all that, the

end of Eubulus's administration was also the end of Athens.

'Live as on a mountain,' Marcus Aurelius admonished himself sadly. Well, if the Neolithic mass be really what it appears to be when seen in the twilight of Athens and of Rome, that is about the best a human being can do.

V

If Mr. Cram's thesis could be made to hold water, it would enforce a radical change upon one's whole social outlook. Philosophical anarchism, with its profound belief in the essential goodness of *Homo sapiens*, becomes less than tenable; it becomes grotesque. The inflated ideas of *Homo sapiens* 'in a state of nature,' as put forth by Rousseau and Chateaubriand, are mere wind and confusion. Any moral quality that has been associated with the various forms of collectivism vanishes at once; and the doctrine of natural rights, proclaimed by Mr. Jefferson, is attenuated well-nigh to the disappearing-point. Human beings may conceivably be endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights as against one another; and by some slight stretching of terms the Neolithic mass may be said to have certain natural rights as against the human being; but terms will hardly stretch far enough to let us make out, on Mr. Cram's thesis, that members and segments of the mass have any natural rights as against one another. It is interesting to observe that the mass-instinct seems to attest this difficulty, for it has become a cardinal point of doctrine with the mass-interpreters that *Homo sapiens* has no natural rights whatever, but that all his rights are of social origin, and therefore purely provisional.

All this means that the human being may be easily reconciled to many of his present circumstances that

in his former view seemed intolerably depressing. For example, when judged by the Jeffersonian estimate of man's nature and capacities, the course of mass-education under a republican régime is about as bad as it can be, but no question it matches the mass's estimate of its own capacities extremely well. Quite inappropriate to human attributes, it answers admirably to the mass's attributes, as Mr. Cram describes them. Hence the human being may excuse himself from expostulating with the mass, or from trying to foist an alien ideal and alien methods upon it, since he sees that in an educational way the mass is doing very well as it is, and since he is aware also that the mass is incapable of understanding his admonitions or carrying out his suggestions, and is therefore instinctively indisposed to entertain either. Instead, he recalls the example of Socrates, and the austere words of the *Santissimo Salvatore*,⁴ and devotes all his energies to the humbler task of continually clearing and educating himself.

Thus, too, in a great many other directions the human being's sense of social responsibility is similarly simplified. If he be proved a psychical alien in a Neolithic civilization, he will survey most of the aspects and social phenomena of that civilization from an alien point of view, and reconcile himself to them as lying wholly within the order of nature, and hence beyond not only his power of interference, but his right and duty of interference as well. In this frame of mind he may edify himself by sometimes observing how sound the Neolithic mass-instinct almost always is, from its characteristic short-time point of view on its own designs, and how much more competent in the premises its suggestions are than a good Jeffersonian would like to think them. For example, the mass-interpreters say that war is an indis-

pensable regulatory provision of what they call 'human nature'; and those of us who have lived through a war have remarked the bedlamite enthusiasm with which the mass-instinct bears this view out. The Jeffersonian and Georgite regard this demonstration as sheer insanity, and if it reflected a human instinct, they would be right. But clearly, if the Neolithic mass be not human, its instinct is as sound as that of any group of anthropoids in the jungle. The onslaught of war is inexorable, it is as strictly within the order of nature as the precession of the equinoxes, and the human being regards it as the hero of Bret Harte's story regarded the onslaught of the bulls of the Blessed Trinity.

VI

Discussing Mr. Cram's thesis the other day, a clerical friend who knows Mr. Cram very well, and whose sense of humor is hung on a hair-trigger, said to me, 'What a thundering joke it would be if Ralph Cram and the anthropologists should bring old John Calvin back!' In view of Mr. Cram's vast distaste for Calvin, in which I fully concur, it would be rather amusing if his own thesis should clear the ground for a neo-Calvinist doctrine of predestination and election. Something of the sort seems possible. It is in the realm of religion, perhaps, that the Neolithic mass gives the most downright account of itself. By all his works and ways, the mass-man gives himself out as a non-religious being; well, possibly again his instinct is sound. In the nature of things, according to Mr. Cram, that is quite what he would be. The general temper of his civilization, as Dr. McConnell observes, is especially strong, for example, against the idea of a persistence of psychical life after physical death, an idea with which religion concerns itself

⁴ Matthew VII. 6.

considerably; well, again that is quite what one would expect.

Dr. McConnell most logically suggests that the consideration of persistence should not begin where traditional theology begins it, — that is, at the point of differentiation between *Homo sapiens* and the anthropoids, — but at the point of differentiation between psychical Man and zoölogical Man; or, as Mr. Cram might put it, between the human being and the Neolithic raw material out of which the human being is now and then brought forth. This seems reasonable, for it is fair to presume that, if psychical man were a distinct species, this species would be the only one to have any experience of a kind of life with which the idea of persistence could at all plausibly be associated. Therefore, since no one knows, or apparently can know, what the process is by which the occasional human being is produced, it seems to me that a pretty fair case for some neo-Calvinistic theory of predestination and election might be made out.

I know nothing whatever about theology, and therefore I approach these matters of doctrine with great caution; but on looking over the Thirty-nine Articles, the only doctrinal manual I have handy at the moment, I think I see how some of the other old formulas constructed back in Cranmer's time — nearly all of them, in fact — might have something to say for themselves. Leaving theological theory aside, however, it seems certain that the verification of Mr. Cram's thesis would powerfully affect the current practices and applications of organized Christianity. In that case, for instance, would not the Church cease from presenting to the Neolithic mass an ideal of life that the mass must of necessity find unintelligible and directly opposed to all the testimony of its own experience? Would it not turn to the exclusive business of nourishing and

improving the psychical life of the human being? — which seems, by the way, as well as I can make it out, to have been the only business it originally had. My clerical friend, of whom I spoke just now, was about starting off on a missionary enterprise at the time of our conversation, so I playfully suggested that he let the heathen rage, and devote himself instead to an extension of the monastic principle into secular life. Something like this, it seems to me, would be the sole interest of organized Christianity in the circumstances contemplated.

But I may no longer 'occupy myself in great matters which are too high for me.' The only points in Mr. Cram's dissertation on which I am entitled to an opinion are his history, his logic, and his personal observations of the mass's bearing and behavior. His history is sound, his logic is airtight, and I have made observations precisely like his. Concerning his main conclusion I can of course say nothing, except provisionally. In this way, however, I may have said enough to show how important the issue that Mr. Cram raises is to the human being, to the Neolithic mass itself, and in particular to the anthropologist, the psychologist, the political theorist, the social philosopher, and the theologian. One might pursue the hypothesis much further and in many more directions, but I have not space for that, nor probably is it necessary; imagination will carry the argument on to any desired length. Perhaps the matter will be settled by the test of experience, *solvitur ambulando*; I incline to the belief that it can be finally settled only in that way. Yet, as Bishop Butler said, probability is the guide of life; and the men of science, to whom the question is of considerable consequence, can, if they will, go a long way towards determining the probabilities at issue.

THE PROGRESSIVE TRADITION

BY REXFORD G. TUGWELL

I

IT was Mr. Lincoln Steffens who accused Theodore Roosevelt of making his major decisions 'in his hips,' rather than with his head. Whether or not this was true of the first progressive President we had after the Civil War, it is certainly true of the American people — or, I suppose, of any people — as a whole. The student of our history is likely to neglect this, to ignore the inarticulate; and to yield to a complementary tendency for valuing documentary evidence out of all proportion to its genuine significance.

Every responsible statesman, and, indeed, every politician save one who relies exclusively on machine organization, realizes that the American people have a wholesome propensity for confounding intellectual predictions by decisions which spring from the heart — if not the hips — rather than from the head. For the head can be led astray by selected facts, and the chains of reasoning which spring from them, but the hips and the heart do not resort to rational processes for determining what they want or to charted plans for getting it. Such statesmen therefore understand, even if they do not analyze.

The stream of American purpose has flowed strongly and steadily like an underground river, beneath the artificially ordered and documented legal landscape, often unwatched, frequently ignored. Now and then it has come

boiling to the surface, surmounting some obstacle; and then it has carried everything before it with irresistible power. The task of American statesmanship, as I see it, is to study the direction and the force of this current and to moderate and direct rather than to oppose it. Failure to understand, attempts to oppose, involve a swift and final penalty which is exacted ruthlessly. Statesmen must have an instinct, a feel for their peoples' spirit; and they must have a sense of timing which takes tides at their flood. They must be facilitators.

The New Deal has sometimes been pictured as a kind of academic brain storm. This is, of course, either a humorous or a malicious attribution. No group of pallid professors huddled around a desk in order to concoct its main features; nor did President Roosevelt invent it. His sense of history has been accurate and so he has understood and taken advantage of the progressive drift. He is, indeed, merely one of a long line of statesmen who have gathered up and given shape to this imponderable. The policies which are spoken of as new have an entirely honorable lineage in American history; they are an expression of the American faith. 'The American faith,' it seems to me, is preferable to the usual expression, 'the American dream.' A dream implies the unreal and the unrealizable. Faith is the substance of

things actually hoped for; it has served to raise men by infinitely slow but certain stages into civilization. It will carry them further. The speed of the process will be determined by the wisdom of leaders, but the fact will not. That is set in the cultural core of our race. There will be sorties and withdrawals, but there will be no turning away to other fundamental purposes. Objectives define themselves temporarily; they are reached and passed, or they are defined, regarded, and abandoned. Faith that objectives can be useful to racial purposes persists and is not discouraged by achievements which turn out to be less than Utopian.

What is the American faith? What is the attitude which again and again has thrown into disarray the neat calculations of our business and political manipulators? It is not easy to describe, and has never been satisfactorily defined. Our nation came into existence as a protest against the aristocratic, ecclesiastical, and commercial privileges of the Old World, and within a generation of the adoption of our Federal Constitution we had wiped out formal political and religious discriminations. The greater task, that of conquering economic discriminations and privileges, has not been accomplished; but it has been approached repeatedly, by the Declaration of Independence and our Revolution, by Thomas Jefferson's agrarian policy, by Andrew Jackson's banking policy, by Abraham Lincoln's free-soil policy, and by the economic legislation associated with the names of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Both natural forces and social privileges have been regarded, with us, as obstacles to be overcome for some deeper purpose. The thrust of this purpose has been repeatedly deflected by the clever dodges of the privileged; but it has not been stopped, nor has its momentum been more than temporarily lost.

To define this deeper thrusting purpose is to approach the realm of morals and religion, and to deal with life itself. The law of nature is that life is the purpose of life. This law is obeyed blindly by certain fast-breeding Asiatics, whose religions stress the importance of fecundity. The law of the Western religions on which our civilization is based is that virtue — the good life — is the object of life. It is a qualitative approach to destiny, which argues that, under certain conditions derogatory to human dignity, life is of no importance and not worth having. To Asia's argument that the womb is man's only weapon against the universe, we answer that living and achieving constitute our strategy. We form our Western tactics in that faith.

II

The conditions of life which we have made for ourselves in the past emphasize this continuing aspiration. Economic hardships have never greatly mattered to our people, so long as elemental human virtues were possible. This had nothing to do with manners, but a great deal to do with morals. Those early Americans were doubtless sufficiently uncouth — but they were men! The settlers at Jamestown and Massachusetts Bay Colony, the men and women who peopled the West, the Mormons who fled from persecution in New York and Illinois to settle the deserts of Utah, the men who suffered and died in the War between the States, submitted cheerfully to privation, suffering, and death, so long as what they regarded as their rights were preserved and so long as they felt it within their power to create for themselves and for their progeny a life which seemed worth having, in which people could found homes, raise and educate their families with self-respect, and grow old in customary comfort. We made our eco-

nomic gains as a kind of by-product of this effort, living with them carelessly, giving them up for something better without reluctance. It has always seemed strange to me that we should often be accused of living for material things. Those who say this betray their failure to penetrate the surface of our life. The ingenuity which produces goods for use has a source outside the things themselves. They are instruments of a temporary sort and we cleave to them less, perhaps, than those who regard us as materialists.

The whole point of the tremendous protest against the way of life which came to crisis in 1929 is that our political and business institutions had affronted human dignity, as we conceive it, and had blasted human life — literally blasted it. The best measure we have of life's value is whether it is considered worth possessing and transmitting to others. Since the war, the birth rate has declined to a point below that which is required to maintain a stable population, with the easily predictable result that by 1970 at the latest our numbers will begin to decline unless we change the system. The methods of private industrialism and capitalism in the present era of machine power, with concentration of ownership, have, in fact, completely transgressed the canons of the good life, and the American people have shown, in their birth rate, that they no longer are confident about life under the present terms.

By their votes in 1932 and 1934, and by the tremendous, silent, and continuous pressure upon the Administration and their representatives in the Congress, they have also shown their determination to change those terms so that they may have life and have it more abundantly. This is, I say, a religious attitude and one which reflects both the law of nature and the rule of thought throughout the Western world. There is no sense in saying that Amer-

icans are wrong to have such an attitude. There is no arguing with it. It poses the alternative: either their leaders will discover a system which makes possible the good life for the mass of our people or they will cease to play the game together. This withholding of consent is the sign to which conformity is imperative.

In their own incoherent way, our industrial leaders have tried to charm us away from the severe logic of this alternative, by dangling pretty economic toys and contraptions before us as though we were crying babies: so many automobiles, so many radios, so many electric ice boxes, so many car loadings, and all the other paraphernalia of materialism. Yet Americans remain wholly aware that they lived the good life before there were automobiles, radios, electric refrigerators, or boxcars; and they shrewdly know that there is no profit in all the gadgets in creation if their price is the loss of that dignity which is man's most precious possession and which Americans, especially, have had in the past and are determined to regain.

It is easy now to indict the American leaders of the years just past. The exposure has been pitiless enough. It is more useful to ask what lessons have been learned and whether those leaders are ready now to conform to the cultural faith. A great parade has been made of contrition and conversion; but we are wholly justified in skeptical waiting for the decisions of conformity. Something deeper and more reconstructive is required than any actions so far taken. I refer now not to government, as we usually think of it, of cities, states, or the nation; I refer to government of productive enterprises, of social bodies of all sorts. Are the decisions being taken there of a kind which will assure the economic well-being and security our ingenuity has made possible? Are they of the kind

which recognizes the necessity of democratic participation in direction? I profoundly hope that I may be mistaken in believing that they are not. For we shall have some amazingly disturbed and unhappy years if our present social and industrial leaders prove themselves unable to conform to the American faith. Have they rediscovered our lack of attachment to a given set of things and our driving impulse toward the dignity of life? Rather than feverishly scan all horizons — England whose fiscal recovery so enamors our bankers, Russia whose collectivism is so enchanting to our radicals, Italy and Germany upon whose systems some of our industrialists cast so wistful a gaze — it would pay them to study the American spirit, our ideas, our institutions, in a disciplined effort to find and cling to the social ethic which must give direction to our national policy now as it always finally has done.

III

Just now American society is struggling again, after years of apathy, to find its adaptation to this as yet undefined social ethic, this feeling that the good life for the individual is the end and purpose of civilization, and to find that adaptation through the materials put at its disposal by the recent technological revolution in industry and agriculture. To chart the course of this recurrent ethical struggle, to judge its direction and force, is extremely difficult. Each of us ought to do it for himself, I suppose; and I have reached at least a few bearings in which for myself there is some satisfaction.

One of these suggests a characteristic invincible determination to get the necessary thing done regardless of the cost. The colossal frauds and speculations which accompanied the construction of our transcontinental railways seem to have been accepted quite

calmly as part of the necessary price for a national transportation system. So, too, we have accepted, over long periods of time, indefensible political graft and business profiteering, as part of the price for obtaining the necessary political services and economic commodities with a minimum of effort and thought on our own part. This is another form of the spirit which has often led us to neglect our national defenses in time of peace and to sacrifice men and resources without reserve in time of war; and which complacently accepts the accidents of traffic as part of the cost of running a system of individualistic automotive transportation, regarding the traffic officer — and the policeman generally — as a sort of chartered spoil-sport whose frustration is wholly worthy of praise.

Another bearing on the American spirit suggests that the individual American has a passionate desire to be let alone, not to be bothered with irksome details, not required to think things out or to fill out official forms. Among the first assignable causes of the American Revolution was a British tax — a nuisance tax we should call it to-day — on merchandise and on business transactions. The first organized defiance of the Federal Government was a rebellion against Alexander Hamilton's excise tax on whiskey, a rebellion which has persisted, with the Federal Government unable to obtain any decisive victory, for a hundred and fifty years among the Appalachian mountaineers. It is merely a continuation of this attitude which leads us to accept the dilatory administration of the criminal law and which manifests itself in an otherwise inexplicable attitude of sympathy toward the individual who is in the clutches of police and prosecutors. Possibly the orthodox demand for prompt detection and arrest, speedy trial, and immediate condign punishment of the criminal is not

a true representation of the popular attitude, which might regard such efficiency with grave uneasiness — as evidence that the police power had become so strong as to threaten effective interference with our daily lives. Perhaps we really feel that it is better that a few thousand men should be murdered each year than that 125,000,000 free citizens should submit to really effective policing.

Another related aspect of our attitude indicates that we have no more tenderness for basic property rights than we have for human life, when they interfere substantially with what we want to do. For example, from the dawn of our history on this continent a determined effort was made, through royal grants, through chartered companies, through conservation policies and restrictive laws, to deny to our people free access to the then illimitable lands of this continent. We know that the wandering pioneer — the 'squatter,' as he was later called — effectively nullified this prohibition. Finally, after generations of controversy, a Homestead Act was passed during the Civil War giving an effective and easy access to the public domain which facilitated its settlement. Those scientific conservationists who criticize the wastefulness of our recent easy land policies may fail to give sufficient weight to the fact that the earlier policy of conservation did not make sense in terms of what people wanted, and that it did not work. Our new land policies will certainly have to be worked out in such ways that we shall not stumble over the stubborn fact that a people which violated laws, fought Indians, robbed and cheated right and left, to acquire the land will not easily adjust themselves to even the wisest reversal of this indiscriminate process.

Possibly, as the squatter was the economic symbol of the unreality of our attempt at a conservative land policy,

so may the bootlegger be the true symbol of the unreality of some of our present restrictive industrial methods and policies. It is true that we did not hesitate to destroy vested property rights by our legal abolition of chattel slavery and by our national prohibition of the liquor traffic. Yet we quickly accepted a sort of bootleg slavery in the form of share cropping and Jim Crow legislation and, as we all remember, raised the art of alcoholic bootlegging to a national institution. And I am inclined to wonder whether the recent appearance of bootlegged petroleum, the so-called 'hot oil,' and the practice of 'chiseling' under the restrictive NRA codes are not a reassertion of some basic national characteristic of which in the long run our laws must take account. We must shape our policy so that impulses to squatting and bootlegging are taken advantage of or are sublimated in a programme which is an expression of competing impulses, rather than undertake the repression of drives too strong to be overcome by police methods.

Certainly, no account of our national attitude could fail to consider our ability to accept false objectives with whole-hearted enthusiasm for a while and then to abandon them unostentatiously when we realize that we have gone astray. We hesitate to admit openly our past mistakes. For many years we professed an unquenchable ambition to conquer or annex the entire North American Continent. We fought one unsuccessful war to conquer Canada, and another, more successful, to conquer a large part of Mexico, and spacious talk of our 'Manifest Destiny' crops up in our history again and again. Yet in practice this particular 'Manifest Destiny' has been laid away in mothballs for over thirty years, and there is to-day no doubt that any serious proposal for aggression against either Mexico or Canada would meet

with instantaneous and effective opposition on the part of our own people.

So, too, in 1898, under the stimulus of an almost hysterical demand for colonial expansion by Big Business, we embarked on a course of political imperialism in the West Indies and the Pacific Ocean. To-day finds us recoiling from the naval and political consequences of this policy, and while we shall never admit that our colonial escapade was either wrong or unwise, I believe that in practice we shall rapidly withdraw our sovereignty and responsibility for defense from distant lands inhabited by peoples who share neither our blood, our language, our ideas, nor our institutions, and who have no desire to do so.

For these reasons I feel that our industrial leaders who keep down production and reduce employment are doomed to be pushed aside, good-naturedly but ruthlessly, by the American people, so long as the present system operates to prevent them from getting what they want in the way of goods, services, and opportunities, and so long as its operation, whether as a carnivorous competitive system or under effectively policed NRA codes, results in a restriction of the life or a threat to the welfare of the individual. Certainly there is nothing in our social history which suggests that the American people will long be restrained, by any reverence for vested property rights or by any plea of consistency, from dealing with our economic institutions as ruthlessly and as completely as may be necessary to make them deliver the goods.

For, in spite of all our veneration for the successful self-made man and of our desire to maintain the possibility of his rise to industrial power on his own merits, we have never hesitated to lay rude hands on our business system. The fact that modern technology has multiplied the force and impact of our

economic problems has introduced no new element in our political life, but has simply intensified our traditional purpose to resolve these problems in a manner satisfactory to our undefined concept of the good life. This is nothing new, and the New Deal is new only in that it is the first great chance we have had to do this coherently.

These indications may sometimes seem irreconcilable. Yet they all have a relevance to the course we must follow. They point to an impatience with things, methods, techniques, when they seem unmotivated by gains we care about; they point to an incorrigible withdrawal of reverence for leaders and thinkers who depart from the tradition and when that departure is clearly exposed; they point to a positive desire for life lived in completeness and dignity after which no striving is too rigorous, no sacrifice too great; they point to acceptance of disciplines only when they are willfully undertaken and seem certain to produce results which are worth what is given up in the way of freedom; they point to an administration of government and industry which proceeds by the careful fostering of consent.

All this is of the stuff which we call, sometimes loosely, democracy, as to general method; experimentalism, as to technique; and, perhaps, the good life, as to faith. At any rate it intimates our direction and something of how we can get there.

Some of the problems arising by the way, particularly those relating to currency and finance, originated long before the American Revolution. Others, such as the rise of the huge industrial concentrations known as trusts and the concomitant appearance of imperialism and of economically disenfranchised masses, have originated within the lifetime of now-living men. For nothing could be more misleading than to pretend that our present difficulties are

altogether new and unique. They are the direct and logical outcome of certain ways of doing things, and unless we find other forms of behavior we can look forward in the future only to newer and greater crises and to more disastrous depressions, culminating finally either in political revolution or in racial withdrawal. The New Deal aspires to obviate these alternatives.

IV

I myself have thought of the New Deal as a battle for democracy. It is perhaps rather a battle to determine whether the political forces of democracy are yet sufficiently wise and strong to rearrange the economic and social environment on terms which will be satisfactory to the general ethical and moral sense. It is, in fact, the third of three great battles for that purpose which have been waged within the last forty years. There will be other battles, no doubt, if the systole and diastole of our public life maintains its rule. Yet this is the most hopeful battle in which the American people have yet joined. And, if it should be measurably successful, it will be the most merciful of recorded human revolutions. For our enemies are not individuals so much as they are institutions created by those who misread the strength of our cultural purpose. We shall need no firing squads, no guillotines, no deportations or concentration camps. A few disconsolate millionaires may take refuge on the Riviera and a scattering of self-conscious entrepreneurs may go into eager exile in Greece or any other country whose extradition laws are flexible.

An institution can perish without bloodshed or a habit can be changed without political compulsion if people discover that it leads to individual or collective disaster. This is the promise of democracy, that men can alter

their social arrangements without killing each other.

The New Deal is, as I have said, the third of three great recent efforts to do so. The first battle was that which we associate with the names of Cleveland and Bryan in the 1890's. Twenty years after the American people had established the political conditions precedent to great industrialism, through the Civil War and the protective tariff and the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, they looked upon the results and found them very bad indeed. The trusts, the railroads, and the banks which flowered in the hothouse of privilege constructed by the Republican Party, had inflicted a series of panics, including two serious crises in 1873 and 1893, an era of falling prices and depression, an era of agricultural distress and bloody labor conflicts, and had given rise to a mood of revolt. Henry George had written *Progress and Poverty* and Edward Bellamy had added to the literature of Utopia with his *Looking Backward* and *Equality*. The growing effect in Europe of the publication of Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*, with its political consequences in the Paris Commune of 1871 and the rise of the Social Democrats under the ægis of the Second International, combined with a heavy European immigration, had at last served to introduce the principles of philosophical anarchism and of syndicalism, with their associated actions, into the American scene. The new industrialism was spawning millionaires and armies of tramps with amazing indifference to social and economic consequences. Those were the days of the Haymarket riot in Chicago, of the Pullman and Homestead strikes, of the use of federal injunctions and federal troops to crush the labor movement, of Coxey's army, and of profound social uneasiness.

This first battle was doomed from the start. The Sherman Antitrust Law,

enacted to restrain the trusts, found its most practical application in judicial injunctions against labor strikes as being 'in restraint of trade.' When Governor Altgeld of Illinois refused to interfere in the Pullman strike, the Federal Government, without clear Constitutional warrant, sent the United States Army into Chicago and broke the effort of organized labor to win better working conditions. When Henry George, the Single-Taxer, ran for Mayor of New York, it created much the same panic as certain Californians felt toward the recent candidacy of Upton Sinclair, and he was ruthlessly opposed with all the methods of political assassination. When the farmers and populists and currency reformers of the time combined behind the candidacy of Bryan for the Presidency, in 1896, the conservatives attacked him in unbridled terms. His following was branded as a 'league of hell,' and wholesale intimidation, corruption, and wild campaigning were employed to defeat him. Wall Street and the gold standard — then hailed as the Ark of the Covenant, though long since stranded on the Mount Ararat of arid facts — went openly and joyously to war against the farmers and the monetary reformers, and then smothered the resulting bitterness with an avalanche of gold from Alaska and South Africa and with a successful foreign war. The answer of privilege to the demand for a better way of life was the Full Dinner Pail and the Martial Spirit; freedom for Cuba and the great privilege of being allowed to go to work with enough to eat. So ended the first battle for economic and social democracy, amid the meretricious yelpings of the yellow press, the antics of Ward McAllister's Four Hundred socially elect, and the Gargantuan vulgarities of the newly rich. Of twenty years of social and political agitation little survived except an ambiguous Antitrust

Act and the beginnings of federal control of the railways through the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Yet it was only an armed truce, not a final victory for privilege. The mighty stream flowed underground a little longer and then boiled to the surface again in the time of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, the years which began with muckraking and trust-busting and the Rooseveltian Square Deal, and took final form in Wilson's New Freedom and the emergence of the Republican Progressives under Theodore Roosevelt and the elder La Follette.

For neither the capture of San Juan Hill nor the promised filling of the workman's dinner pail sufficed to resolve the economic and social maladjustments which had accompanied the concentration of industrial and banking power in relatively few hands. The literature of dissatisfaction, as exemplified in the writings of Miss Tarbell, Mr. Steffens, and Mr. Sinclair, among others, was there to remind the public of a certain rottenness in their affairs. The American people, along with Theodore Roosevelt, did a good deal of thinking 'with their hips' in those days. This time the forces of democracy succeeded in gaining a foothold in the business system. A Pure Food and Drugs Act was passed which at least reduced a few significant privileges. The railways were legislated into a greater degree of control. The Sherman Antitrust Law was invoked against corporations, instead of labor unions; and Theodore Roosevelt's career of trust-busting included the dissolution of a great railway merger and led up to the dissolution of the Tobacco Trust and the Standard Oil Company, although the Supreme Court intervened promptly with its 'rule of reason' to save other industrial concentrations. A short reaction under Taft was powerless to check the movement,

and in 1912 Wilson proclaimed the New Freedom and, with the aid of the Progressive movement which split the Republican Party, was elected as a Democratic President on a great wave of reform.

His first administration saw the fruition of an entire generation of social and economic agitation. The tariff, that citadel of industrial privilege, was somewhat rationalized. The Sherman Law was amended by the more stringent Clayton Antitrust Act, which ended the use of federal injunctions against labor unions in the name of antitrust legislation. The Federal Trade Commission was established to function as a sort of Economic Supreme Court for preserving competition in our business system. The Federal Income Tax, with its principle of graduation, was established by Constitutional Amendment. The chaotic field of banking was invaded and reorganized by the government, through the establishment of the Federal Reserve System, with its hoped-for decentralization of the money power. For a few golden moments it looked as though economic democracy had really begun to flower.

Then came the war, compelling us, both for reasons of national safety and because of the determination of our bankers, manufacturers, and farmers to obtain profits from the urgent necessities of the belligerents, to go easy on further changes. In 1917 we were ourselves drawn into the conflict and our participation wrecked any hope that the Wilsonian movement would continue. The Espionage Act curbed political liberties and the Communist Revolution in Russia put panic at the disposal of our economic leaders in buttressing their position. The progressive idealists floundered after the mirage of international and institutional justice, while a grotesque 'Red Scare' usurped the headlines of the newspapers. The idealism which had

originated in an attack on domestic injustices degenerated into a futile effort to extend the political frontiers of democracy, without any parallel effort to extend its economic or social frontiers. When the second battle for democracy had come to an end, the Treaty of Versailles and the Empty Whiskey Bottle had been used as, twenty years before, San Juan Hill and the Full Dinner Pail had been used — as red herrings to distract the public from the pursuit of objectives consistent with our deeper purpose. The faith had not been kept, but its adherents had, for the time being, been driven to the catacombs.

V

This time the truce was longer and more tense. No Progressive Republican President arose to follow Harding, as Theodore Roosevelt arose to follow the murdered McKinley, and in 1924 the Progressive movement under the elder La Follette was crushed. Mass production, accompanied by reckless foreign lending and the forced sale of goods through the installment-selling system, kept the lid on for eight bitter years. The struggle of the farmers for justice was met with the illusion of tariff protection for agricultural produce, while the genuine relief measures which they espoused were vetoed by successive Republican Presidents. The public utilities were encouraged to form massive and privileged systems of exploitation, of which that associated with the name of Insull is the type, while the government was debarred from operating the power facilities which it had itself constructed at public expense at Muscle Shoals. Speculation on the New York and Chicago exchanges became a mania from which huge fortunes were extracted by the insiders, and control of the directorates of the Federal Reserve Banks con-

verted what was to have been a scientific banking system into one which failed as others had when the pinch came. The tariff system of protection was intensified by three upward revisions, and the labor movement was liquidated in a wave of indiscriminate expansion of plant facilities and output.

The climax and then the catastrophe came, as all will remember, in October 1929, when the stock market crashed. Then bankruptcies multiplied, banks failed, the lines of the unemployed grew longer and longer, until in the winter of 1932 they numbered over 14,000,000 able-bodied wage earners for whom no work could be provided by the business system as it was then run. The utter irrelevance of Prohibition as either a moral or an economic reform had been completely demonstrated, and the rise of dictatorial governments throughout the world demonstrated with equal clarity that our participation in the World War had not succeeded in establishing political democracy on a solid basis. And when the League of Nations failed effectively to restrain the Japanese aggressions in Manchuria, and when the system of treaties for the settlement of the Pacific and the Far East proved equally impotent to control a nation which found the status quo intolerable, the end was clearly in sight.

This time, whatever the result, there could be no alibi either for the institutions which sought to function in despite of the people or for the agents of the people themselves. The forces of economic privilege rallied behind the conservative candidate, only to see him defeated in one of the most amazing reversals ever recorded in an American election. The progressives, the liberals, the independents, the laboring men and women, voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt and a New Deal in 1932. Two years later they reversed all prognos-

tications and all conservative hopes for the traditional swingback by giving the New Deal stronger Congressional majorities than in 1932. The conservatives can claim no trickery in the light of these popular majorities, and the administration can offer no excuses if it fails to give the American people what they demand.

That life is good which seems good to the men and women who live it. With us, without our free traditions and our healthy dislike of the doctrinaire, it is conditioned on free institutions and comprehensive if unavowed desires. It reflects our belief that human dignity is more important than either numbers or wealth. We are, in fact, a nation of poor people. Most of us habitually live on the border line of destitution or below it. Yet we have survived and flourished under far more difficult material conditions than those which to-day beset us, because we believed in ourselves and had confidence that our ethical system and the institutions we continually create and re-create could be made to serve our purposes. To-day that belief and confidence have been so gravely shaken that unless we can restore them we shall fail as a nation and as a civilization. The New Deal is an affirmation of our purpose not so to fail. In this, as in its myriad manifestations, it is merely an extension of the national heritage which gave us both our independence and our forms of government. If they fail us, we can change them; but if this purpose departs, then we are lost indeed. The New Deal is something worked for, reshaped, every day by all of us joined in a great national task. No man, no group of men, possesses it. It belongs to our people, to their tradition. It can persist, a living and aspiring thing, in its present emergence if, this time, it can be defended from perversion or strangulation.

THE VANISHING GENTLEMAN

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

IN an earlier essay I attempted to describe the qualities that marked the gentleman according to the usages of near three thousand years. I spoke of his military service in time of war, his political service in time of peace, of his solicitude for manners, style, taste, modesty, privacy, and I suggested that the humanities had had a large share in fashioning him, for the humanities are the record of how in two great peoples, the Greeks and the Romans, the mind had struggled victoriously to overcome the body.

I am aware that many people much wiser than I, democrats, humanitarians, men of scientific attainments, take a different view — in fact, that there is a general consensus of opinion that the humanities should be poked away in our ancestral garret, and that the gentleman as he was conceived to be by hundreds of generations had better be poked away beside them. But, though full of respect for the judgment of the majority and the democratic doctrine that the *vox populi* is the *vox Dei*, I had the curiosity to wander here and there in the historical past for concrete examples of the personage that I had defined, and I rambled about from the time of Homer nearly till to-day.

I learned about the good that gentlemen had done and the evil that they had done, and — having in mind the criticisms of democrats, socialists, communists, humanitarians — I paid spe-

cial regard to their cost to society, in their privileges, in their taking to their own use and for their own consumption a portion of the good things of life so much larger than the portions allotted to other men. And in the course of my historical peregrinations I felt the full force of the democratic criticism. There is a great deal to be said against the institution of the gentleman; and a great deal has been said, and so well said, that there is now a virtually unanimous democratic opinion which has answered the question, 'Does the Guild of Gentlemen have such value to society at large as to repay society for the cost of the Guild's privileges?' in a decided negative.

It was idle for me, therefore, to attempt to make a brief on behalf of a defunct institution. My curiosity took another turn, and I pondered over the motives that induced democracy to reject the institution by so overwhelming a majority. These motives are clear enough. They appear to me to be of diverse origin and of different weight, but such as they are I will present them, not in the order of their importance, but according to convenience and a random habit of mind.

Science

Science prepared the ground for this rejection of traditional values. Her progress during the last half of the nineteenth century, and in the begin-

ning of this, has been one triumphant march. And the past victories of science are but preparations for future victories. Fifty or sixty years ago, physics was reckoned as one science, chemistry was reckoned as one science; now they are divided and subdivided, and each of the derivative sciences is more wide-embracing than its original then was; and so of a dozen other subjects. Science discourses on what is in the heavens above and the earth beneath, on the habits of the stars and the customs of electrons; it runs its outstretched fingers over the vague convexity that shuts in the farthest reaches of the universe; it delves into nature's secrets, and tells us what has happened and what will happen. Such magical success dominates the human imagination. Science has eclipsed her old competitors — religion and the humanities; she is the cynosure of all eyes; she seems to hold the destinies of mankind in her hand, and sits, without rival, on the intellectual throne.

All the world is shouting that science is modern and looks toward the future, that religion and the humanities are old and look toward the past; all the world clamors that science, which once was impeded and hindered by religion, has broken religion's bands as Samson broke the green withes, that she has ousted the humanities from the front seats in colleges and schools, and that she has shaken tradition to the foundation. And, with the decline and fall of tradition, all institutions that depend on tradition must decline and fall, too, and one of these institutions is the Guild of Gentlemen.

There is no more talk of the conflict between religion and science; the Church of Rome, with blindfold eyes, goes on its stately way; the Protestant churches are metamorphosing themselves into humanitarian societies, striving to soften and sweeten the com-

mon lot, to render it possible for the laboring class to produce all the babies it likes and to employ its leisure agreeably.

Humanists fight gallantly; they contend that man is a creature apart, endowed with will and intellect, and has a law of his own, quite different from laws that rule in laboratories; but nobody pays much attention to them. Science does not turn her head; her position is so secure that she reckons not that the Tree of Knowledge is the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, and proceeds upon her way, following the gleam of intellectual curiosity, regardless of what consequences may come to human society. Her discoveries have profoundly affected all our moral, mental, and material interests; she has changed the whole organization of society. It was inevitable that all former human values should be shaken, if not wholly overthrown; intellectual curiosity, attended by multitudinous creature comforts, makes such matters as manners, style, taste, modesty, love of privacy, look pale and lustreless. The scientific faculty has displaced the Guild of Gentlemen in the good thoughts of the world.

In short, science has made the way ready for those rearrangements of society that we have seen, and are seeing, take place.

Democracy

Science, by its attention to practical matters, lifted democracy into the saddle, amid the cheers of the humanitarians, and democracy proclaimed the dogma of human equality. I am not scholarly enough to say whether democracy was primarily a factor in the dogma of equality, or the dogma of equality a factor in the rise of democracy. The two are closely linked together whether for good or ill, and presumably came to us hand in hand.

It is obvious that under the government of a king, or of an oligarchy, there must have been discontent among the masses, who deemed that they had grievances; and as against a superior the dogma of equality is an excellent weapon — it is emotional, irrational, and simple.

Apart from the practical use of the dogma as a weapon against a superior class, some philosophers, in their wandering speculations, seem to have hit upon the idea that men were actually born equal. I am told that Locke said men are 'by nature free, equal, and independent.' Other philosophers and men of liberal thought took it up, and made it the fashion; ambitious men found it an admirable tool for their purposes, and demagogues scattered it as the wind scatters thistledown. 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.' Nothing, perhaps, shows better the working of fashion than the success of this dogma. Fashion is mimicry, and mimicry is the most valuable of the traits we have inherited from our ancestors. During the nineteenth century in America this dogma of human equality was accepted like the multiplication table — taught in schools, asserted in colleges, preached in churches, and shouted from the hustings.

Mr. Aldous Huxley says: 'In the case of the theory of democracy the original assumptions are these: that reason is the same and entire in all men, and that all men are naturally equal. To these assumptions are attached several corollaries: that men are naturally good as well as naturally reasonable; that they are the product of their environment; and that they are indefinitely educable.' But the fundamental assumption is that of equality, and this assumption, crystallized into dogma, went to work with a vengeance. It established political democracy, it is striving lustily for

economic equality, and it has gone far toward social equality — at least it has got so far as to measure social values in terms of money, and therefore, when economic equality shall have been achieved, complete social equality will come. Of these three departments of equality, — political, economic, and social, — the economic, no doubt, is the primary, and that department is rapidly moving on.

If all this be so, how could it be that the Guild of Gentlemen should maintain itself? How, with this rage for equality, shall privilege hold a plea? For the Guild was the product of all the inequalities and superiorities that are detestable to the patriotic American; and in saying this I do not mean to attribute any vulgar meanness or envy to this attitude, for the American, bred upon the Declaration of Independence, holds that these inequalities and superiorities, being contrary to nature, are mere pretense, affectation, putting on airs, mere tinsel, sham, frippery. The action of the many against this privileged Guild has been all the stronger because the true democrat is superbly self-righteous, and believes that another man's privilege is a personal injustice to him.

First of all, the gentleman's political prerogatives were swept away. You may trace the process, for example, in the gradual decline in importance of the House of Lords; and a general decline in the political influence of the aristocratic class in England, France, and America has proceeded *pari passu*. Bagehot describes certain aspects of the operation of a democratic constitution in this regard, and adds: —

'We have no room to notice the specific evils which would accrue from the adoption of an unmixedly democratic constitution. One, however, which has not been quite appreciated, follows naturally from the remarks we have made: there is a risk of vulgarizing

the whole tone, method, and conduct of public business. We see how completely this has been done in America. . . . Nor must we imagine that this vulgarity of tone is a mere external expression, not affecting the substance of what is thought or interfering with the policy of the nation: no defect really eats away so soon the political ability of a nation. A vulgar tone of discussion disgusts cultivated minds with the subject of politics; they will not apply themselves to master a topic which, besides its natural difficulties, is encumbered with disgusting phrases, low arguments, and the undisguised language of coarse selfishness. . . . The inevitable consequence of vulgarizing our Parliament would be the deterioration of public opinion, not only in its more refined elements but in all the tangible benefits we derive from the application to politics of thoroughly cultivated minds.'

Bagehot dreads vulgarity, but he does injustice to democracy if he imagines that democracy has any rude fears; for democracy is as bold as a lion in confronting vulgarity, absolutely without fear, for indeed it sees in vulgarity only the friendly and familiar. But he is quite right to expect the masses, the *vulgus*, to value their own standards and to act upon their own standards. Cicero says: '*Non est consilium in vulgo, non ratio, non discrimen, non diligentia.*' He thought that the people had not reason, or judgment, or persistency; that they voted from favor, yielding to emotional appeals and demagogic solicitations — in short, that the *vulgus* was vulgar. That was two thousand years ago, but human nature remains very much as it was.

However, I am not concerned here as much with democracy's pushing the gentleman away from his ancient place in the forefront of politics as with democracy's rejection of a gentleman's standards in other matters.

Business

Another most potent solvent of the old order is business. How remote the economic structure of the eighteenth century looks! Quiet as cows in a Constable landscape. Business is the child of machinery, the grandchild of science; as one might say, Gargantua, son of Grandgousier, and so on. Science made the tools, and tools made business. In America, more than elsewhere, there was elbow room to use the tools. Prairies, mountains, rivers, seas, opened their arms, and business proved itself a jolly, thriving wooer. Business dangled on high a protean prize, and each man saw in it what he longed for most. The gambler heard the rattle of the dice, and the clatter of Fortune's wheel. The romantic saw rosy gleams flushing the clouds, saw high emprise like a great ice mountain, scalable, if at all, by the skin of his teeth, and listened to the sweet croonings of danger. The avaricious man beheld bags of gold high piled in safe-deposit vaults; the glutton smelt the fumes of Haroun-al-Raschid's kitchens; the lecher caught sight of feminine forms fresh from the salt sea foam; the socially-minded fingered the jingling keys that unlock aristocratic doors and bedizened clubrooms; those born in hardship lay on imaginary beds of luxury; and the ambitious man held his shoulders back and his head erect to carry more easily the heavy burden of power.

Up to the Great War, business uncurtained its window fronts so that every passer-by, in rags or top hat, might see the Genii of the Ring and of the Lamp ready to work for such as nature had endowed with the right mental formula. Over the whole gamut of life, from lust of bread to lust of power, business shimmered and shone as the giver of all good gifts. The man of reason delighted in the nice adjustments and prophetic vision necessary

to success; the artistic man was enamored of the harmony in the processes and of the beauty of happy combinations of forces.

Inevitably business captured the imaginations of the young; and all the youth of America was on fire for material success. Those interested in the arts went to Europe, those that cared for literature withdrew from the heady current of national life. And the Guild of Gentlemen became like a once-glorious fire upon a hearth, which had licked and enveloped and devoured great logs of oak, of maple, of hickory, and now, for lack of fuel, dwindled and faded, to linger on as a faint glow among ashes.

The anti-Guild-of-Gentlemen influence of business in America was aggravated by a special circumstance, called by historians the Frontier. Along the western boundary line of that accumulation of usages and customs commonly called our civilization, bands of pioneers cleared forests, massacred Indians, ploughed fields, pastured cattle, in all the freedom of people ignorant of law and indisposed to self-restraint; conscious of an heroic element in their lives, they ignored other human values, and practised themselves, and handed on to the crowds following at their heels, a contempt of law, of covenants, of manners and other usages, that people enervated by tradition had been wont to observe. This heritage from the Frontier inoculated business with its spirit of enterprise, independence, heroic endeavor, and indifference to the usages and customs talked about in books on ethics. And there followed what persons out of sympathy with this economic development call the piracy of big business.

Let me quote Lowes Dickinson's description of the American man of business, as he saw him: 'Describe the average Western man and you describe

the American; from east to west, from north to south, everywhere and always the same — masterful, aggressive, unscrupulous, egotistic, and at once good-natured and brutal, kind if you do not cross him, ruthless if you do, greedy, ambitious, self-reliant, active for the sake of activity, intelligent and unintellectual, quick-witted and crass, contemptuous of ideas but amorous of devices, valuing nothing but success, recognizing nothing but the actual. . . . The impression America makes upon me is that the windows are blocked up.'

I mention these phenomena, without praise or blame, merely to explain how impossible it became for the Guild of Gentlemen, with its love of manners, of style, of taste, of privacy, of decency, of the humanities, to continue to be a social force under such circumstances.

Specialization

Another, but lesser, enemy of the Guild of Gentlemen is our modern device of specialization. This is a hybrid product of increased population and science; there are a great many more things to be done than there were a hundred years ago, and a great many more people to do them. Actual existing human wants are multitudinous, and potential wants, to be discovered as science shall more and more discover the means of satisfying them, will come to birth, turn into greedy appetites, and be more numerous still. The number of occupations keeps pace with the growth of wants, and each occupation demands labor of special kind, laborers of special aptitudes, and consequently workingmen are more and more divided and subdivided into groups, each group more and more concentrated upon its own task, and more and more ignorant of other occupations, even where such other occupations are necessary in the construc-

tion of a whole upon which all are at work.

The sum of knowledge is enormous, and putting it piece by piece to the satisfaction of human wants more and more obliges each man to limit himself to the bit of knowledge necessary for his task. This is inevitable, and, if blameworthy, no individual is to be blamed; if praiseworthy, no individual is to be praised. And in like manner as these material occupations have been separated and each put into confinement, so it has been, in a measure, with the notes, or such of them as survive, that used to mark a gentleman; you will find one set of men employed in naval and military service, apart by themselves; another set engaged in political life off by themselves; men of fashion by themselves, men who value privacy by themselves, lovers of the humanities by themselves. The centrifugal forces of society, while leveling and equalizing, have completely broken up the old fraternity in which were united men of many interests, all of whom shared the qualities common to gentlemen, although each one, according to his tastes or the circumstances of his life, cultivated one occupation more than any other.

Specialization has done away with dilettanti. But dilettanti are not held in good repute; no more were earthworms before Charles Darwin revealed their uses. The dilettanti take in ideas crudely, turn them over in their minds, peel off obscurities, smooth rugosities, and pass the ideas on in a form more readily understandable to other dilettanti, who continue the process of peeling and smoothing, and finally hand on to the mass of the less educated, not the original ideas, but ideas, smeared with the commonplace and deformed by ready intelligibility, which nevertheless possess a quality that the original ideas did not have — the quality of awakening general

curiosity. And some qualities, which I have specified as notes of the gentleman, — style, taste, and good manners, — the dilettante treats with great seriousness. In these matters, if not a profound critic, he is a stimulating virtuoso, if only by putting forth wrong explanations of theories concerning works of art, or national policies, or new biological hypotheses, and rousing the many to thinking at all about such things.

The dilettante, like an accomplished host, kept the Guild of Gentlemen together; he brought the whole company into mutual relations, into common sympathies and a common understanding; he reformulated their ideals and renovated their traditions. He maintained this consciousness of unity among them by a gay, sprightly insistence upon the transitoriness of things, and upon the essential value of transitoriness to the human soul; by doubts as to the knowability of the future, and a merry aloofness from every current philosophy; by preaching and teaching the value of sport, of the heroic, and of the useless; and by his debonair refusal to agree that the essence of existence is the grave matter that sad-eyed men declare it to be.

Specialization has, as we say, put the dilettante out of business; it loosed the cord that held the Guild of Gentlemen together, and so helped render it defenseless before the assaults of triumphant democracy.

Lesser Disapprobations

The old-fashioned notes that distinguished members of the Guild of Gentlemen — manners, style, modesty, taste, liking for privacy, making much of the humanities — are not, I repeat, in the good graces of democracy. Science opened the way, for science does not care for any of these qualities, any more than she cares for religion, or

beauty, or the welfare of mankind, or human happiness; those things are not her affair. She has but one interest, the increase of knowledge. But, despite the irrelevancy of what science thinks of these matters, her prestige is so immense that her indifference to them is always an argument ready to hand for the lovers of equality, and a justification for turning up their noses at them as matters of no moment. Democracy is, perhaps, rather indifferent than hostile to the traits in question, for, like science, democracy has other interests, other duties, as she would express it; she must busy herself with the elementary wants of the masses, with housing, with feeding, with providing work, with shortening hours of labor and increasing pay, and providing amusement. She regards manners as Harry Hotspur did the fop. To democracy, manners are a pouncet box; she would merely ridicule them if all were well with the masses, but when she sees hunger, disease, want, misery, vice, despair, she becomes savage and unreasonable; she denounces the care of manners as so much time and attention stolen from pity and help. And, more than this, democracy is the expression of the wishes, the appetites, the tastes of the many, and naturally she is indifferent to the wishes, the appetites and tastes, of the few; she prefers her own ways, as an Englishman prefers his ways to a Frenchman's. It is hard to strike a balance between the wants of the many and the tastes of the few; the shibboleth of the greatest good to the greatest number, preached by the utilitarians, is satisfactory to the greatest number but not to the few. Quality against quantity is a matter on which people differ. The aristocrat holds for quality, the democrat for quantity, and as, under a democracy, the many are the judges, the advocates of quantity have it. This brings us to another form of the question, Is civi-

lization worth while? The Guild of Gentlemen maintained that manners added a value to life; that they made human intercourse pleasanter; that, like other arts, they enriched human experience — the birth, growth, and development of the arts are proofs of their value; that the persistence of the minority in prizing them, in spite of the indifference or antagonism of the majority, shows that they really are essential to the human soul.

There are, of course, individuals who, without property, training, or privilege, have good manners. Emerson has much to say about nature's gentlemen. Such cases are exceptional. Manners, like other customs, are taught; fine manners are an art; they consist in a number of conventions — how to stand, how to sit; how to address the old, the middle-aged, the young; how to handle knife and fork; how to begin a conversation with a shy young lady; how to enter a drawing-room; how to dress; how, before looking, to hand the dictionary to the other person when there is a disagreement concerning the spelling of a word. Civility, in the eyes of those who have never experienced it, is a matter of indifference, like a watch to a Hottentot, but, once become familiar, it is like salt — without it human intercourse loses a great part of the flavor. The democrat says, 'I live according to Nature, who made men free, equal, and independent.' But how can we be sure that we should trust Nature in this matter? La Rochefoucauld says: '*La plupart des jeunes gens croient être naturels lorsqu'ils ne sont que mal polis et grossiers*' — most young men think that they are behaving naturally when they are really uncivil and rude.

Style is but a specialization of manners in various fields, and is displeasing to democracy for the same reasons; it appears foppish, an assumption of superiority, a diversion of attention from

the primary human interests to the minutiae of preciosity. Democracy believes that equality does or should exist among all men, and that therefore style should be alike for all — natural motions of the body, putting one's feet on the mantelpiece, unselected words proceeding from untrained throats, the vocabulary of the American reporter, the conversation of the smoking car, the civility of a taxi driver. Nothing troubles the democratic conscience so much as the exceptional, and style implies rampant individualism.

It is the same with taste. The classical theory was that taste, whether in matters of art or in ethical questions, is the trained judgment of a man of peculiar sensitiveness and education, or rather the collective judgment of men of peculiar sensitiveness and education. Aristotle made a clear distinction between the cultivated audience and the uncultivated audience: one derived pleasure from one sort of performance, the other from another. The distinction was one of taste. As the uncultivated majority is immensely larger than the cultivated minority, and the majority believes in equality, the standard of the majority becomes orthodox, and any divergence from that is discountenanced as part of the frippery of aristocratic theories.

As for modesty, the rights of the public are so dominating and domineering that any person who catches its attention is deemed public property by right of democratical eminent domain, and his life becomes as unveiled as a book by one of our physiological novelists; he lives in a glass house, and the natural rights of other men include the right to stare at him. Privacy is the very finest brand of caviar to the general; it is Sanskrit to them; they have the right to see, to inspect, to photograph, to intrude wherever curiosity may lead them. The man who would be alone, who does not care to rub

elbows with the crowd, who finds the mass of his fellow men unsympathetic and unattractive, is a monster. How the whirligig of time has brought in its revenges! How distasteful it is for us to read of Coriolanus addressing his fellow citizens: —

You common cry of curs . . . whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air!

or to hear the Tribune Marullus say: —

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

whereas now our public men are always very polite to their fellow citizens and lard their speeches with praises of the industry, intelligence, good heart, sound sense, ungullibility, and other such qualities that we, the masses, happily believe we possess. If we, the masses, are always right in our collective judgments, we must be right to condemn those guilty of the social fault of loving privacy.

The humanities fare no better. Science here as elsewhere prepared the way; she displaced religion, she displaced the humanities. Scholars in vain contended that man as man has his own territory; that he is not to be dismissed as an aggregate of forces held together by some wayward whim of cohesion, as a quantity of neighborly atoms crowded into an ape-like mould; that he is *sui generis*; that his history is of primary importance to himself, and has never been told so vividly, so concisely, or so beautifully, as in Greek and Latin literature. Their arguments were of no avail. Chemists, physicists, biologists, have crowded professors and teachers of Greek and Latin out of college lecture halls and out of school-rooms; and upon library shelves, public or private, in the place of Homer, Sophocles, Plato, Thucydides, Horace, Vergil, Cicero, and such, stand books by Einstein, Eddington, Jeans, Hal-dane, and other eminent men of science.

Democracy approves the change; she can understand the practical advantages of applied science, of mass production, of facilities of locomotion, of the pleasures of the radio and the cinema, of cheaper food and less work, and she turns indignantly upon the humanists and asks what they have done for the masses: Will they give Greek poetry to factory hands? Will they give Latin prose to navvies, long-shoremen, miners, stokers? The humanist can only urge that the man 'who has assimilated the riches of tradition and is harmoniously developed and wise in himself' is of necessity beneficial to his fellow men, and so back to the old argument that an exceptional cultivated class is of advantage to the community.

Humanitarianism

The cult of the genus *Homo* derives from altruism, and altruism is, as I believe, a far too sweeping deduction from the history of mankind. A man is a social animal, I admit; and more than that, he is the product of the society in which he is born. He receives his words, his usages, his habits of eating, dressing, talking, thinking, from the people about him. The baby is dependent upon its mother, the child upon its nurse, the boy upon his masters, the youth upon his father, and everybody gets his education from all the people with whom he comes into contact. The individual receives from society almost everything. Moralists assert that it is a man's duty to do everything possible for society, give labor, time, thought, affection, even his life, to his fellow men, grouped into a family, a city, a tribe, a nation, or wherever found. There is no such duty to animals in general, merely to the human species. And, in truth, man does give as much as he receives; he is obliged to. The shoemaker will not

part with his shoes unless he is paid, and paid the full equivalent, and so it is for whatever a man gets; he pays back in dollars, in thanks, in affection, in barter or exchange. But this is not altruism; altruism means that a man shall give something for nothing.

This social system has been so necessary for man that humanitarians assume, with charming enthusiasm, that a man should do everything for society, and that society should do everything for man. The theory passes rapidly from the realm of reason to that of emotion; it is so much pleasanter and more comfortable to float down on the current of emotion than to climb the steep hill of reason. Even philosophers become humanitarian. And the general cry is that altruism is virtue. And yet nothing is simpler than to perceive that this is an emotional fallacy. An altruist is one who does things for another person; an egotist is one who does things for himself. In Dreamland Avenue, a suburb of Utopia, live James and John, two altruists, who live according to their creed. The day begins badly, for they cannot wake each other up; but they do the best they can, for one wakes the other in turn, day by day. Once they are up, however, altruism is steadily practised. No Unitarian humanitarian could do better. John washes James and brushes James's teeth; James washes John and brushes John's teeth; after the bath they dry one another. At breakfast James feeds John his egg, John does the same for James. They simultaneously pour coffee into each other's mouths. This required much practice, and it was necessary to administer the coffee by spoonfuls — One! two! three! open! swallow! — before they even attempted pouring from the cup directly down each other's throat. Putting on, each upon the other, coat, hat, rubbers, and gloves was a gratifying ceremony. Un-

fortunately each had to walk on his own legs to the train. Once downtown, each did the other's job, and so on, each feeding the other at lunch and at dinner, and putting each other to bed. James and John are altruists. Opposite them live two fellows, Andrew and Peter, and each one does the various activities I have enumerated for himself; they are egotists.

From this I infer that although man is a social animal, and is the product of society, there comes a point at which altruism should stop and a man should think for himself and act for himself. If moralists think that egotism means self-indulgence, it need not. The task of the egotist — if he cares for duty, for stoicism, for effort, and ideal ends, as some do — is not easy. He may develop his body so that it shall be adequate for all sorts of labor, exercising at hard and dangerous games, — a task rarely performed by altruists, although they often build gymnasiums for others, — eating for health and not for pleasure, early to bed and early to rise. He may develop his mind by hard thinking, laboring over mathematics, philosophy, chemical formulæ, physical hypotheses, or over Lucretius and

Thucydides. He may observe all the rules of *Fortitudo*, *Temperantia*, *Iustitia*, and *Prudentia*, and tread, never overstepping, the golden mean.

As you see, the Guild of Gentlemen have always inclined to the doctrines of the egotist; they have striven after the virtues of the egotist, and they have fallen into the faults of the egotist — arrogance, self-indulgence, hardness of heart. The altruists, humanitarians, are products of the herd instinct, and love the herd; and the herd, with its passion for sameness, is steadily striving to establish universal conformity, and abolish all nonconformist bodies, and so it has been one of the active factors in the suppression of the Guild of Gentlemen.

There are, of course, other influences at work, which I need not enumerate. The reader will readily discover these for himself and interpret according to his personal equation; but all will agree that, whatever those destructive influences may be, they have done their job admirably, and that democracy, apart from its other successes, — for peace, for prosperity, for international amity, — should receive our respectful congratulations.

ALL LOSSES ARE RESTORED

BY VICTORIA LINCOLN

I

WHEN I was five we lived on the island of Ibiza. My mother and father were both painters. My father was an Irishman, with long black eyes and dainty hands, and he was as bowlegged as a jockey. Even to a child he seemed to be a little man. He had a choking, sudden laugh, and he was often angry.

In the daytime while he was at work I was afraid of him, but in the early evening, after our tea, he would play with me and tell stories and sing in a cracked voice that was now gruff, now high and falsetto, and then I loved him more than my mother and I was glad when he was the last one to kiss me good-night.

My mother was a blonde Scotch-woman. She was a better painter than my father, but I did not know that, because she did the cooking and taught me my lessons and saw that Father was n't disturbed at his work. She could do that without whining, because she was so sure of herself. She was a very proud woman. Last year the Luxembourg bought one of her pictures. I wish she had been recognized before she died.

We came to Ibiza because Father was tubercular and he hated the Alps. We lived in an isolated place, because he also hated English neighbors. He talked to no one, except in argument, but Mother knew the story of every peasant family in our village, and sometimes in the afternoon she would take

her sewing and go to sit gossiping with the priest's middle-aged housekeeper who had been born in Barcelona.

Mother was a convert and a devout woman. Father went to Mass on Easter, and once or twice during the year. He laughed, and said that that way he had more to confess. He was not a religious man, but I think that he was too lazy in spirit to make a more formal departure from the Faith. Or perhaps he wandered on as he did to please Mother.

I wonder, now, that we were always so careless about infection. When I remember how we lived, I marvel that I did not die, too, as they did. It is strange, because Mother was a sensible person. I think that perhaps she was too proud to admit the existence of the enemy. They both ignored their illness with a courage born of profound resentment. They felt that their human dignity was outraged.

Father would catch his breath in a fit of coughing to demand, 'Did you ever hear of such nonsense?'

And Mother, whose lungs were then still sound, would throw back her blonde head and say, 'Outrageous!' — as if the disease were a falsified butcher's bill or a neighbor's goat nibbling in our garden.

I can see them now as they were, and remember how I shared their exasperation.

I suppose that I spent my early

childhood in a beautiful place, but I really remember very little about it. There were rocks by the shore, and I used to climb on them and pretend that they were mountains, but of the real mountains that rose behind my back I have only dim memories. I have read in books since then about the color of that sea, hedged by the dusty olive trees, but then I used to pretend that it had a tide, like the tides I read about in English books, and I would run up the shore, screaming, chased by imaginary breakers. In my mind I can still call up their greedy curling tops that mumbled the rocks behind me, while I ran away, screaming. But the wine-dark sea I played beside in fact is only a literary memory.

Near us there lived a woman named Jesusa. She had a she-goat and a little kid. When the kid grew large, Jesusa tied a cloth bag over the goat's udders to keep the kid from nursing. It was a thief, she said. But it seemed to me that the shoe was on the other foot, and I stole the scissors from my mother's workbasket and cut the bag away.

Jesusa came out of her house while the kid was having his fill and marched me down the road to my parents, demanding that Father beat me. Father, raging at the interruption in his morning's work, cursed Jesusa and spanked me. His dainty little hands were hard and strong, but I howled less from pain than from the hurt of outraged justice, and my father laughed and remarked with a final, more good-natured whack that I might as well get used to injustice soon as late, for it was the general lot.

'I'm ashamed of you, Aengus Waterford,' said Mother. And there is no doubt she meant it, but her voice carried no sting. I saw them look at each other, and, though my buttocks still smarted with the spanking, I felt all tired and forgotten. I went out to the cliff, fingering Mother's scissors in

my pocket. I intended to throw them into the sea, and make her really angry, but as I looked at the blue-purple water the thought came to me surely that she would not really care at all, that she would only pretend to be angry because I was a child and needed correction.

I turned away from the sea and went back to the house. I put the scissors back in the workbox and went into my own room. I felt so tired, so excluded, so woefully impotent, and the comforting tears would not come.

I lay down on the bed and fell fast asleep.

II

One afternoon in late autumn I came up from the rocks and heard Father coughing in the garden. He was n't trying to stop himself or jerk out those angry protests. I looked around the corner of the house. Mother was with him, but she was just standing still, looking at him, and not saying a word. It was n't what I was used to, and I was scared.

I saw him thrust his handkerchief into his pocket and reach out his hand for hers. After a long time he stopped coughing, and the thick flush drained out of his face. He looked at her, ruefully.

'Well, Margaret,' he said, 'I expect I'm through.'

She looked all around the garden before she met his wet, heavy eyes.

'Go to bed, Aengus. I'll put away the paints and things.'

She let him go into the house by himself, and she stood tightening the caps on his paint tubes. I watched her until I knew that he was going to die.

I sat down behind the well, out of her sight, in the sun. I tried to think about Purgatory and how the dead people are happy in their pain because they love God and His will is being done. Only I was still scared, because

they had n't been angry with that coughing and said, 'Outrageous!'

Father went to bed and did not get up again. In the sun it was warm all the year long, but in winter it was very cold in the house. We had two little charcoal stoves that we kept in his room, but sometimes the smell of them made him cough and he would say, 'Take the damn things out and let me die like a gentleman.'

I knew that was just his way of joking, and it made me laugh, for by that time I had forgotten that he was going to die.

He died early in the spring. I don't think I went to the Requiem Mass, for I don't remember it. All that spring the priest used to come often in the afternoons and talk to Mother in the garden, and once his housekeeper brought me a basket of nice hard little cakes. She said that I could keep the basket, too. I knew that it was because Father was dead.

Mother and I went on the boat to Palma, so that she could buy black clothes. It was a great adventure for me; I had never been off our island before. I kept hearing people in the streets speaking English, our own family language, and I began to realize for the first time that it was not special to us and to the unreal people who made books for us.

In the hotel, that night, Mother cried again, and for the first time I felt that she was a little unreasonable; for Father was happy in the fire that was making him good enough for God, and the world was much bigger and more interesting than I had imagined.

I hung out of the window, watching the people go up and down, and thought that she was being babyish.

I hated to go home, but it was fun to run up the road and tell Jesusa all about the boat and the city of Palma. Jesusa had never been anywhere, and she was beginning to have white hair.

She asked me questions and made a fine audience.

Nothing much happened that summer. Mother caught a cold and did n't get over it, but when I asked her if she was going to die like Father she said, 'Nonsense!' so furiously that I felt that I had been foolish.

After I got used to missing Father at bedtime it was really nicer around the house than ever. I never had to be quiet, and I had Mother to myself all the time. We had picnics on the rocks almost every day and I learned to swim. Swimming made Mother's cold worse, but under the cliff there was a lagoon with a sandy bottom where the water only came waist high, and I could swim there by myself while Mother stood on the shore and worked at her last picture, a marine. I liked it because it showed the point our house was on, and the patch of orange was our own roof.

That September Mother began to talk to me about England, and my aunt and uncle and my cousins who lived there. My uncle was a vicar, which was something like a priest, and my aunt was Mother's sister, Janet. I had two girl cousins and a boy cousin, and they all spoke English, like me.

It seemed a very good idea when Mother suggested that I go to visit them while she went to Switzerland to be away from the sea until she got over her cold.

She took me to Barcelona, and Aunt Janet was there to meet us. Barcelona was a big city, bigger than Palma, even, and the people in the streets spoke a funny language. You could understand them, because it was like the priest and his housekeeper, but it was different from the island talk. So a lot of people spoke their language, too, just as a lot of people spoke English.

I was so excited by the new world that I hardly noticed my mother's going.

She called me away from the window and pressed her mouth against my cheeks.

'You have n't been kissing her like that, Margaret?'

'How silly, Janet! Of course I have! . . .

'Good-bye, darling. You're going to have a fine winter. Janet, will you take her to Mass, Sundays?'

'Yes, dear, if you like.'

'Good-bye, darling.'

I pulled away from her arms.

'Mother, I saw four motor cars!'

I ran back to my window.

Why did Aunt Janet think that mothers should n't kiss their little girls like that? Saying good-bye was horrid. I hoped that it was all over.

III

So I went away to Wiltshire, to another life in another world.

My uncle was Vicar of Lawton Benger, a little village midway between Bath and Swindon. It was a meagre living and he hated it. The bumpkins, he called his flock. But he had a fine Early English church, and a big, square, stone vicarage of which only about half of the rooms were furnished.

His name was Cedric Claude Somerset Talbot-Slade, and he was no bigger than my father, but I did n't think of him as a small man because he was so narrow and straight, like a soldier. He said that his family had offered him the Army, but he took the Church instead, because he disliked the tropics. In my mind as a child I could see the Army and the Church extended on platters, like fruit tart and trifle. No Army, thanks. Just a small helping of Church and a cup of tea.

My Aunt Janet was his first cousin, and sixteen years younger than he. When I came to live with them she was twenty-five, and her oldest child, Noel, was seven. It was her father's

Scottish blood that had made her face, big-boned and ruddy under a mop of rusty hair. She was not beautiful like my mother; her cheeks were too high and her teeth were prominent; but she had sad gray eyes and a fresh, merry laugh. She was a coltish, innocent sort of person. Before the journey from Barcelona to Lawton Benger was over I had grown fond of her. Poor Aunt Janet.

My cousins were named Noel Cedric Cadogan Talbot-Slade, Caroline Elizabeth Somerset Talbot-Slade, and Francesca Beaufort Talbot-Slade. When Aunt Janet told me their names I felt humbled that I was simply Mary Margaret Waterford.

We drove up to the door just before tea time in the dusk of a clear October afternoon. They heard the carriage wheels and all came out. The three children rushed at Aunt Janet, crushing her. Uncle Cedric paid the driver. He was wearing his cassock. I thought, 'So he's almost exactly like a priest.'

I stood to one side, eyeing the children. The fresh, wet English air was still strange in my nostrils. There was a strange look to the trees and grass, familiar and unfamiliar. It was so different from Ibiza, and still it was homelike. I was only six, and not given to examining my emotions, but I was shaken with a powerful feeling, not loneliness or shyness, that made me stand aside, staring.

I suppose that I must have been tired with the trip, and frightened by the actual moment of meeting my new relatives, but that memory is gone. There only remains in me the cool, moist evening, the gravel walk and the laurel hedges, a bird talking in the ivy, and the penetrating, drenching sense of familiarity, the realization that I had always lived in a foreign country.

My cousins were, in fact, a little shy at meeting me. They prolonged

the wild, puppyish greeting of their mother beyond its natural term, so that the first to notice me was Uncle Cedric.

'Well, well,' he said, 'and how is the Spanish lady?'

The lovely evening blew against my face, the sweet air was so friendly, so native to my nostrils. 'I'm Irish, Scotch, and English,' I thought. 'And I'm not a lady. He's just trying to be funny.'

'I'm very well, thank you,' I said. 'I did n't get sick on the boat, either.'

I let him touch my cheek with his dry, inturning lips.

The carriage rolled away, and now the three children stood and stared at me. I knew their names, Noel, Carol, Franny. Carol was chubby; Franny was dark and small, like the peasant children.

Noel gave me a long look out of blue eyes.

'Are you afraid of mice?' he said.

I shook my head. 'I like mice.'

'That's good,' said Noel. 'Then there's one apiece.'

'We found a nest and four babies,' said Franny.

Carol stared at her toes and whispered, 'In the chimney.'

'Your hair's almost as yellow as mine,' said Noel. 'We expected you'd look like a nigger.'

He came closer to me, smiling. I felt no resentment. It was n't like Uncle Cedric's calling me a Spanish lady.

'I can swim,' I said. 'I learned this summer.'

'They can't,' replied Noel, jerking his head toward his sisters, and I felt his approval.

Someone suggested that the new cousins kiss, and then we went into the house.

I think that Noel felt how strange everything must be to me, for he took my hand in his and led me along. He was a very sympathetic child.

IV

The first Sunday it rained so hard that Aunt Janet could not take me to Mass in Chippenham, and I went to church with the children. It was Communion Sunday, and the service was familiar. I thought nothing of its being in English, for this was England, and I supposed that it was done that way here. It was also a delightful, important feeling, having the priest a member of one's own family.

The next Sunday I asked to go again, and after that no one said anything about taking me to Mass. So easily I slipped away from the Faith.

Mother died in March. I think that she would have lived if we had stayed in Ibiza. But after she went away Father must have become much more real to her than I was and it was easy to let go.

I could read then, and I still have one or two printed notes that she sent me, always with a present. They told me that an old man she met had a goat that looked just like Jesusa's, that the snow would come to my ears if I dug a hole and stood in it, that her chambermaid had a black kitten called Toni, who sneezed when the sun got in its eyes. They sent me her love, but without many words.

She wrote to Aunt Janet that frequent letters might make me homesick, and that it was better to be sensible. I think that she was right, and that she learned it by finding how homesick it made her to write to me.

I'm not trying to paint at all [she wrote to Aunt Janet]. This absurd feeling of tiredness all the time, and then coughing half the day. It's so humiliating. But I'm getting better.

You know, Aengus's last pictures are all with Lomax, whom he always suspected of trying to do him, rather. If you get up to town I wish you'd look in and see what they're asking, and what's being shown.

I can just hear him stamping about the garden with a letter from Lomax in his hand, and cursing so — God be kind to his dear, dear soul. We used to have such fun, Janet. That was my life, out there, us together under that hot good sun before we began coughing like simpletons. This is something else, the shadow of it. That was real. How he'd hate to see me wasting my time, dragging about in this nonsensical place. And all these smug invalids with their fevers. Illness makes people so smug.

I babble like a querulous old woman. Never mind, dear.

Love to my dear little Molly. Slip it into the conversation somewhere, or if she mentions me you can say, 'And by the way, she just wrote and sent love.'

I'll write you a more heartening letter when I'm feeling vigorous, in a few days. With love.

That was her last letter. There were a few reports from the sanatorium doctors, and then the telegram that told us she was dead.

When Aunt Janet told me I was frightened because I thought that I should have to go back to Ibiza and live alone. I felt better when she said that I should never have to go away. And Mother was in Heaven. It sounded a much nicer place than Purgatory, because it was comfortable and happy at once. I asked Uncle Cedric, too, if he was sure it was Heaven and not Purgatory. I thought that Aunt Janet must have been mistaken. But he said, 'Certainly,' and that I was not to bother my head with notions about Purgatory, and his cassock whipped about his legs in the wind up the garden, outward and visible sign of his authority in such matters.

I hoped that she would not be too lonely in Heaven without Father. It would probably be some time before he was good enough for God, because he used to miss Mass so often, and swear so.

I remembered his cracked singing, —

'Alas, my love, ye do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously,
And I your lover been so long,
Delighting in your company,' —

and Mother looking at us and saying, 'Tell me the truth, Aengus — have I married an Irish tenor?'

I cut the cloth bag off the goat and he spanked me, and then they forgot all about me. And something, what was it, about throwing her scissors away? Only I did n't. What was it that happened? Some of it would come back, but not all.

V

Suddenly I began to cry, and it was not because I missed Mother or wanted her, but because she was in Heaven and Father was in Purgatory, and they would be lonely for each other.

Carol and Franny came upon me crying, on the floor beside my bed with my face hid in the coverlet. I peeped at them out of the corner of my eye, but I went on crying.

They stood close together, awkward in the face of my distress. I had become an orphan, which gave me an importance and set me apart. They were not imaginative children, but the only effect of that, in this instance, was to make them assume that my grief was greater than it was. I pressed the coverlet closer against my face, and sobbed afresh. My sobs were genuine, but I was highly conscious of them standing there, impressed and pitying.

After a time they went away without speaking to me, and then my tears flowed freer, relieved of self. I was so sorry for Mother and Father, so sorry.

Someone knelt on the floor beside me and put an arm around my shoulders. It was Noel. I shrugged him off. 'Go away,' I said.

He let his arm fall, but instead of going away he sat down on the floor.

'Molly. Molly, I want to show you something.'

I sniffed and wiped my nose on the thick linen, keeping my head averted.

'Carol and Franny told me where you were. I want to show you something. Molly, it's a present for you.'

I looked around at him.

'Who sent me a present?'

My throat was choked with tears and the woeful sound of my own voice nearly sent me off again.

'Nobody. Me. Molly, it's something I'm going to give you.'

I used the underside of the coverlet for a handkerchief and straightened it down so that it would n't show.

'I want you to have it, Molly, only you'll have to come out in the bicycle shed, where they won't see us. It's a secret.'

'Is it?'

He nodded at me kindly, gravely, his dark blue eyes wide with sympathy. He got up and pulled me to my feet.

'Come on out,' he said.

We slipped out of the house by the scullery and went into the bicycle shed. Noel pulled the door to. The light came down dimly through a dusty skylight.

'Well,' he said, 'they did n't see us. We'll be all right, I expect, if you keep still.'

His hand went into his pocket, but he did not withdraw it at once.

'This,' he said seriously, 'is something very, very beautiful and it belongs to me. Now Carol and Franny would rather have it than anything in the whole world, and if they found out I'd given it to you, and you not even my sister, they'd probably never speak to us again. So look here. Don't you let them see you've got it, and if they do see, you just pretend you found

it, and then I'll say, "See here, that's mine. Give it back."'

I became anxious. 'And then do I have to give it back?'

'Oh, no. You just say, "Finders keepers." And I'll let on to be in such a wax, and I'll say, "Very well, you pig," and hardly notice you for the rest of the day. But I won't mean it, you know.'

My eyes dwelt on him with love and admiration.

'Can I see it now?'

Slowly, slowly, he drew out his hand and opened it.

'Do you like it?' he asked, anxious. 'Do you think it's beautiful?'

I thought it was the most beautiful thing that I had ever seen. It was a little gold penknife, shaped like a woman's slipper. There was a bit of blue glass at the instep for a buckle. I took it out of his hand with delicate, lustful fingers and stood opening the blade and closing it again. In our island I had owned very few toys; I was not cloyed with possessions. My own, my own beautiful dear little knife.

Noel watched me and was satisfied.

'I daresay you'll not feel like crying for ever so long, now,' he remarked.

'Oh, Noel,' I said.

I pulled aside the top of my pinny and buttoned it away in the pocket of my sailor blouse. We looked at each other with peaceful, rested faces, wonderfully content.

'I wish I was your sister, Noel,' I said humbly.

He nodded, and then he smiled a full, gentle smile.

'Oh, well,' he said, 'I'll marry you when you grow up, so it will come to much the same thing.'

He took my hand and we walked quietly out into the garden. Suddenly we began to laugh and scream and run up and down the paths like savages.

FREE INQUIRY OR DOGMA?

BY JAMES BRYANT CONANT

I

SCHOLARSHIP is under fire to-day from many directions. The ever-recurring suspicion of man's creative intelligence has once again become a powerful force and threatens to sweep all before it. The universities and colleges as focal points for speculation and research are the subject of hostile criticism and in at least one country have suffered a devastating persecution. Man's restless spirit of inquiry has always been disconcerting to those who demand a final and unchanging picture of the universe. The Paduan professors whose orthodoxy did not allow them to look through Galileo's telescope have had many followers. A group movement supported by a dogmatic philosophy and rushing toward an apparently definite goal is necessarily impatient of the detached thinker and observer and will ride him down on the slightest provocation. The scholar's faith in the human mind is a faith alien to the fanatic social reformer, who will attack it with every conceivable weapon. Such has been the case in countless localized combats during the development of the universities, such was the case during one phase of the English Puritan Rebellion, such is the case in Germany to-day.

To throw defiance at the enemy is always comforting: we can meet verbal attack by counterattack and proclaim our opponents as the forces of evil and darkness. This was Robert Boyle's

method of answering the scoffers and critics in 1664; the theology of that period allowed a delightful simplification of the problem in the following words: 'The Devil is not only a *Liar* but the *Father of Lies*, that is, the great Patron and Promoter of falsehood, and, as such, he studiously opposes all useful Truths; not only those for which we must be beholden to Revelation, but those also which may be attained by Ratiocination, and the well regulated exercise of our natural Faculties: And he were much less an *Adversary* and an *Old Serpent* than he is, if his Enmity to God and Man did not justly make him think that scarce anything is more his interest than solicitously to divert men from thinking, and discourage them in it, there being few things whereby he could more effectually oppose at once both the Glory of God and the good of Men.'

Recast in the impersonal and non-sulphurous language of the twentieth century, Boyle's statement can still stand as the scholar's defiant reply to those who question his faith in the significance of man's power of understanding. But a courageous enunciation of a belief rarely converts anyone. A great mass of people to-day have not as yet taken the offensive against our institutions of higher learning, but they are quite rightly asking searching questions. Every institution must justify its existence to each successive

generation and explain its rôle in the new world which appears to be dawning every twenty-five years. In spite of their antiquity, colleges and universities cannot claim immunity from this inquisition. They must be prepared to support their creed with convincing arguments.

For evidence in his defense the scholar and investigator may be permitted to draw on the past, but he will also, if he is wise, outline his plans for the future and show the consequences of their rejection. He must also realize that the court of inquiry is no longer composed of a few men with great power — this is not the day for appealing to a princely patron for protection. The jury which will render the verdict is a multitude — a multitude fully conscious of its strength.

At the outset the case is made difficult by lack of proper historical documentation, and the man of learning has no one to blame for this but himself. Try to draw up a list of books which will give some idea of the Advancement of Learning in the last four hundred years and see how pitiful is the result. Leaving aside any attempt at popular presentation, there are few histories which deal adequately with even the separate phases of the great adventure in which man has been engaged since the Renaissance. If our young men and young women are to have an understanding appreciation of the spiritual values of the civilization which they inherit, they must be given an account of the historical development of our knowledge and of our philosophy. The History of Science (using this word in its widest sense), the History of Ideas, the History of Scholarship, and the History of Universities should now be occupying the attention of many instead of a few. A discussion of these subjects with the proper emphasis on their relation to social and political history might well form an

important part of a liberal education, but to find satisfactory teachers for such courses is now almost impossible.

Our political and to some extent our social history has been painstakingly explored by eminent men, and their labors have resulted in a plethora of books for the general reader, who is now in a position to understand something about the origin of our economic order, our political philosophy, and our governmental machinery. We can trace in detail the influence of this or that statesman and the consequences of the rise and fall of many movements, but an understanding of the genesis of our own intellectual background is woefully lacking. As far as applied science goes, of course, there is no difficulty. The history of inventions has been widely disseminated. For example, a great many people are at least dimly conscious of the steps which led to the development of the modern steam locomotive. But how many know anything of the steps in the recapture of the literature and art of the ancient world? How have we arrived at a chronology which dates with assurance a multitude of events stretched over more than four thousand years? How many have any appreciation of the importance of the Islamic contributions to the history of the sciences? Something about the history of philosophy is probably understood by anyone who has studied this subject, since the usual approach is historical; but who except the specialist has the faintest comprehension of the history of mathematics? How many college graduates know anything of the scholars who have developed our modern philology?

The impersonal nature of the scholar's contribution has necessarily led to his anonymity, but this is of little consequence — names and dates of individuals are only of passing interest. The important landmarks in the history of civilization are to be established

by noting the times and places of each successive phase of human thought and knowledge. Until we have an adequate survey of our intellectual history we cannot expect the world at large to understand the importance of the scholar's contribution to civilization. Without a widespread appreciation of what the creative human spirit has accomplished, the forward advance will always be subject to the danger of being halted by a mob demanding dogma, not discussion, and crying for a 'moratorium on research.'

II

It is being said that our higher education has no unity, that the influence of our colleges and universities is purely negative, that real problems are avoided or listlessly discussed by disillusioned old men, that endless time is wasted on trivial details and no attempt is made to coördinate our knowledge. It is implied that we have reached a point where it is impossible for our civilization to assimilate the fabulous wealth of new information and the new ideas which are being continually poured forth by a host of specialists. The critics who attack along these lines usually have as their objective an educational system which will be the means of propagating that particular set of ideas which they believe to be essential to the salvation of a nation. Some others who do not share their social philosophy are nevertheless carried along by the current, and demand that we abandon the whole enterprise of attempting to advance knowledge and understanding by investigation and inquiry; they would have us devote our entire energies to formulating a unified static doctrine (perhaps with peculiar national content) and base our educational philosophy on such dogma.

We can all agree that the rapid in-

crease of knowledge and the ever-increasing subdivision of subjects present a serious problem. We can further agree that higher education can benefit from criticism as much to-day as in the past — there is ample room for improvement. But I for one will not admit for a moment that there is any lack of purpose, any lack of a positive faith, in the great undertaking on which we are embarked. The fundamental issue raised by the hostile critic seems to me clear. Are we to have a civilization which draws its non-material sustenance from dogma or from free inquiry? Or, to put it in another form, *is the next generation to find its values in some closed system of thought now complete or in the process of completion, or will it push ahead with creative work, unshaken in its faith in man's intelligence?* To all friends of learning and to all lovers of real liberty there can be but one answer to the question when put in this form. Social forces over which we have no control may conceivably submerge the entire learned world, but whether or not we go down fighting may be of vital significance to a subsequent generation. A common unifying faith is implicit in all the labors of those who are sincerely devoted to the creative activities of the human mind. This is no time to minimize that faith; on the contrary, we should be well advised to make it more militant.

It is customary nowadays to divide the whole of knowledge into four large fields: the physical sciences, the biological sciences, the social sciences, and the humanities. I suppose no one takes this quartering process very seriously, but it has its conveniences. Within these boundaries, at least, we may strive for some interrelating of research activities, some coördination of the ground already won, some joint planning of new attacks.

As far as the physical and biological

sciences are concerned, it seems to me that we need have little worry about the specialists' getting too far out of touch with one another. Discouraging statements which emanate from time to time from a few weary scientists imply that no one can follow the rapid advance of science. I venture to think that the history of the last decade proves the contrary; the facts show that research workers are able to keep abreast of the times and that an interchange of ideas goes on with extraordinary rapidity. An important discovery becomes known throughout the world with almost lightning speed, and immediately a host of workers are off on a new scent. In a short time the original isolated new fact has become built into the fabric of the science, and this work has been accomplished not by one man but by dozens of scientists in laboratories scattered all over the world.

There is little or no difficulty in arranging for coöperation between the various specialists in the experimental sciences or between them and the mathematician. In the progress of biochemistry during the last year or two there have been a number of striking examples of the effectiveness which results when an organic chemist, a physicist, and an expert on nutrition collaborate. Great advances in our understanding of the vitamins have been accomplished by such teams. More and more we must look forward to providing sufficient flexibility in our universities so that this sort of spontaneous coöperation may arise. Wide and extended is the scientific front to-day, but coördination is possible, and, moreover, the recent trend is clearly toward an increasing unification. Those young men now entering upon a scientific career who realize this fact and set their course accordingly will be the leaders in the next great forward movement. Even with an acceleration in the

growth of the natural sciences, I believe the scientist twenty-five years from now will see the picture more as a whole than we do to-day.

When we leave mathematics and the natural sciences, which to a greater or less degree depend on mathematics, and turn to philosophy, it seems to me we meet a radically different situation. This must be faced in discussing not only philosophy but many aspects of the humanities and the social sciences. The physicists and chemists both start from essentially the same premises; they have agreed to isolate in the same way their *Weltanschauung*, at least for professional purposes. There is a mass of factual information as well as a multiplicity of concepts on which all scientists are agreed; the physicist takes the chemist's chemistry on faith, and vice versa. By and large it is difficult to provoke a vital controversy on strictly scientific matters. Such being the case, it is clear that the advancement of scientific knowledge will be accomplished by coöperation, not by debate.

But is not the situation exactly the reverse of this in philosophy and also in many of the fields of social science and in a large portion of the humanities? At the present moment, at least, in these subjects there is no such body of concepts on which all learned men agree — to a large extent there are rival doctrines, there are unsettled disputes which go to the heart of things. The clash of opinion is the essence of such subjects. Only from continued debate can new vistas be opened. On this side of the field of learning a university must be concerned not with providing for coöperation but rather with arranging an arena for combat. Above all things, the different camps must be represented by vigorous champions — champions preoccupied not with maintaining the cause of their own particular orthodoxy but with

developing new values and new ideas from the heat of battle. The vital importance to a university of vigorous controversy has never been better expressed than in a letter of William James to George Herbert Palmer, outlining his ideal for the Harvard Department of Philosophy.

'If our students,' wrote Mr. James, 'now could begin really to understand what Royce means with his voluntaristic-pluralistic monism, what Münsterberg means with his dualistic scientificism and platonism, what Santayana means by his pessimistic platonism . . . what I mean by my crass pluralism, what you mean by your ethereal idealism, that these are so many religions, ways of fronting life, and worth fighting for, we should have a genuine philosophic universe at Harvard. The best condition of it would be an open conflict and rivalry of the diverse systems. . . . The world might ring with the struggle, if we devoted ourselves exclusively to belaboring each other.'

It seems to me that there is a certain tendency among our scholars to avoid debate. Perhaps a false analogy with the natural sciences has had a stifling effect. One seems to feel that the opposing forces are at times sulking in their tents, enjoying their own brand of orthodoxy, damning all heterodoxy in private, but not engaging in open discussion as freely as might be desired. Our colleges and universities must not only guarantee the right of free inquiry, they must also see that the various points of view are represented so that a conflict of opinion really takes place. From such clashes fly the sparks that ignite the enthusiasm in the students which drives them seriously to examine the questions raised. We must have our share of thoughtful rebels on our faculties. It will not suffice if each college or university has its own brand of doctrine. The conflicting views must

be brought in as close contact as possible; only thus can all sides be presented to the student and the true meaning of the phrase 'free inquiry' be made evident.

If I am right in my diagnosis, the various fields of the social sciences and the humanities only rarely can be brought into effective contact by teams of specialists. What is needed more often is a wise and learned man with wide interests and a roving commission. A fortunate academic community might have several such men, ranging over the same broad field, but perhaps in complete disagreement as to their fundamental points of view. Then indeed might 'the world ring with the struggle.'

This phrase of James's has deep significance for all who are concerned with the future of our institutions of higher education. The controversy must be, of course, strictly academic, a combat of sound learning and thoughtful scholarship, but, unless the fundamental issues are to a considerable degree vital to the world, the struggle may soon degenerate into rather a sham battle — at all events the world will not ring with the struggle. It has been well said that a university, like the poet's garden, should not stand in the market place, but should be hard by. It is no accident that the English universities attracted the largest number of students, in proportion to the population, when they were the centres of a vigorous theological controversy which soon developed into civil war. Oxford and Cambridge in the first half of the seventeenth century were vital organs of the body politic because the profoundest scholars of the day there debated issues which had significance for the whole nation. The by-products of this fermenting period of scholarship are the valuable intellectual heritage of a later age. The problems then discussed with so much passion leave

us cold to-day. But we can hardly overestimate the significance of the quickened pulse of intellectual life stimulated by these now discarded questions.

III

The connection between intellectual freedom within the academic walls and liberty without is obvious. Substitute dogma for free inquiry, and open discussion ceases. The spirit of inquiry is too deep-rooted in a modern democratic land to be banished by the wave of a magic wand. It could be exterminated only by a stern and ruthless persecution. Abandon our faith in the value of the dispassionate search for the truth, and by a series of definite steps we shall find ourselves living in a spiritual prison with an organized mob for our jailers. Some think that under such conditions 'non-controversial values' might be enjoyed, 'non-seditious research' pursued with success. To my mind this is an illusion. Under such régimes I do not believe really original research will develop even in those special fields where it may be permitted. Highly organized and luxuriously equipped laboratories may make important advances in the sciences along clearly indicated lines, but the really important step in advancing knowledge is by its very nature in a totally unsuspected direction. I do not believe that a regimented social life will produce the genius who will turn the corner.

Now one of the serious charges brought against modern scholarship and research is that a great deal of it is alleged to be trivial. I think any candid observer will admit that a fair proportion of present-day research is trivial, but no one regrets this more than the scholars themselves. However fascinating stamp collecting may be as an avocation, no one would suppose that it should be a university subject, and

the line between stamp collecting and certain types of research is admittedly very thin. No one wishes to encourage the uninspired plodding which often is supposed to pass for creative work. (Contrary to the popular opinion, I am inclined to think there is as much of this stamp-collecting type of research in the sciences as in the humanities.) But when you come to legislate against this or that special phase of man's intellectual activity you are on dangerous ground. The search for the truth has been profitably pursued in more than one instance on swampy land that looked hopeless to all the bystanders. The history of scholarship shows clearly that a great deal of time must be wasted by many men on profitless intellectual adventures in order to provide the proper milieu from which significant contributions may emerge. There are many competent tacticians, but the able strategist is rare; this is as true in research as in war. But it is only after the war is over that the generals may be justly evaluated. It is not easy for the contemporary world to follow the progress of a campaign, and it is folly to shut off the supplies for an expedition because popular judgment condemns it. Mere research, even if in the words of Daisy Ashford it is 'very mere,' must be tolerated if we are not to discourage the whole great undertaking and sap its spiritual vigor by overemphasis on the immediate objective. Above all let us beware of setting up standards which measure the value of research by its utility — even its social utility. This is nearly as bad as measuring the worth of a scholar by the number and length of his books and articles!

In the last analysis it seems to me that, when judgments have to be passed (and they do have to be passed in the world as it is constituted), it is the scholar as a man who must be judged. And he must be judged *in toto*. The

students who flock to our colleges and universities, the outside world which supports them, will in the long run demand that type of academic scholar who has characterized our institutions at their best. The sympathetic understanding and inspiring enthusiasm of a great teacher are soon recognized; the fire in the eye of the real creative worker is hard to counterfeit; in the course of years the sincerity and self-sacrifice of a devoted scholar win the appreciation of an ever-increasing circle. At their best, academic communities have been composed of men living consecrated lives — lives devoted to the passionate but almost selfless search for the truth. Such men have profoundly influenced the students and the world at large; they are honored and revered for their sincerity and their unswerving attachment to an ideal.

I am sorry to say that there are signs that another element has been injected into many colleges and universities in recent times. We all know too many cases where a man once appointed for life to a professorship proceeds by slow degrees to betray his trust — he enjoys the security of his office and neglects all but the most formal duties. To anyone who ponders on this problem the fate of the monasteries in the storm of the Reformation comes grimly to mind. If the time arrives when a considerable proportion of our professors have their eyes solely on their 'outside income' and spend most of their time in writing 'potboilers' or acting as high-salaried consultants on problems of no real scientific value, then the mob will be quite justified in storming the academic gates. As long

as the members of the faculties of our many colleges in this country hold fast to their faith in the sacredness of their trust, I believe we can weather many gales. Without this we are lost no matter what may be our material resources.

Now finally one may still ask, Why all this emphasis on the advancement of knowledge? Free discussion, yes, but let us just thresh over the old straw; we have enough information and enough ideas to last us for many generations. Let us concentrate on the teaching process, on the process of assimilation, and stop wasting time and money on this so-called creative work, on investigation or research. To those who incline to this view I recommend for consideration the state of Greek culture at the end of the tenth century. The following passage describes the inhabitants of Constantinople at this period: 'They held in their lifeless hands the riches of their fathers, without inheriting the spirit which had created and improved that sacred patrimony: they read, they praised, they compiled, but their languid souls seemed alike incapable of thought and action. In the revolution of ten centuries, not a single discovery was made to exalt the dignity or promote the happiness of mankind. Not a single idea had been added to the speculative systems of antiquity, and a succession of patient disciples became in their turn the dogmatic teachers of the next servile generation.' Dogmatic teachers of a servile generation — these words should stand as a warning to all who would shackle our universities and call a halt to the Advancement of Learning.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

BY A YANKEE

‘Where was th’ hand, I ask ye? ’Twas in me face when I bit it, sez he.’

— MR. DOOLEY

WHEN Mr. J. B. Priestley visited this country a few years ago he exhibited both in his greeting and in his manner thereafter a burliness and bad taste remarkable even for a Yorkshireman. His American hosts could only infer that the novelist had been instructed by some previous traveler to these shores to bite the hand that fed him whenever it was extended — which he did. When that charming emissary from *Punch*, Mrs. E. M. Delafield, was with us a year ago she was widely entertained, as indeed she deserved to be. But in the Notes which the Provincial Lady subsequently recorded about her tour one failed to find the grace and charm so evident in her person.

Is it our steam-heated air that so sours our cousins when they come to call? Or does our relationship encourage a kind of plain speaking which should be excused since it is all in the family? The association between the English and the American world of letters is obviously of immense value to both parties. But I wonder if it might not be better for a little airing. In what I have to say I shall hope to avoid on the one hand the condescension of the average English lecturer and on the other the condescension of the American tourist when he talks about plumbing, dentistry, and God’s Country.

The prophecy made by a Tory parson shortly after the Revolution to the effect that we Americans would now suffer a ‘speedy relapse into barbarism’ was not, happily for us, borne out in fact. Despite certain barbaric survivals such as our fondness for spitting and our generosity toward strangers, we prospered, and began gradually to develop a thin but indigenous culture of our own. Not unnaturally, England was slow to take this in. In the early years of the nineteenth century, English audiences, if they thought of American books at all, thought of them in terms of those Anglo-American writers, Washington Irving and N. P. Willis. With the emergence of Poe and Emerson and Whitman, English readers became more respectful. But the writers who pleased them most — the writers who seemed to them most characteristically American — were, I’m inclined to think, Artemus Ward and Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and Mark Twain, men who caught the rough humor and the daring of our uncultivated life, who wrote with the peculiar exaggeration and vigor we like, and whose stories incidentally flattered the English conception of us as tough country cousins.

That conception has survived the nineteenth century; it lives on to-day. Even as recently as 1923, I was asked by an English undergraduate if I trav-

eled with my 'shooting irons' — and, unlike the Virginian, he did n't smile when he said it. Perhaps I can furnish another illustration when I ask if you know where the biggest market for Wild West stories is to-day. Not in this country (where Bar-Z's and hard-riding cowboys have grown stale), but in England.

The Englishman bears his white man's burden philosophically. Prevented by the Revolution from colonizing our industries, he dedicated himself instead to colonizing our intellect. All through the nineteenth century it was fashionable for English men and women of letters to visit the United States, traveling widely and taking careful and usually caustic note of everything that displeased them. Dickens did it and so did Mrs. Trollope, Fanny Kemble, and Mrs. Basil Hall. The fact that we are, as I have said, very generous to strangers made their missionary expeditions easier and certainly a great deal more comfortable than if they had gone to the Congo. And our long-suffering appetite for English celebrities of course placed the undertaking on a profitable basis. The volumes which they wrote on their return to England could hardly be called bread-and-butter letters. With the superiority of our elders and that rudeness of which the Briton has always been past master, they put us in our place.

The patronage of these missionaries was best described by James Russell Lowell in the year 1869. 'I read,' said Mr. Lowell, 'the other day in print the remark of a British tourist who had eaten large quantities of our salt, such as it is (I grant it has not the European savor), that the Americans were hospitable, no doubt, but that it was partly because they longed for foreign visitors to relieve the tedium of their dead-level existence, and partly from ostentation.'

I grant you they sometimes hit the nail on the thumb. It was not only his strenuous speaking campaign that wore down Matthew Arnold in this country. He said of us, 'Their universal enjoyment and good nature are what strike one most here. On the other hand, some of the English qualities are clean gone: the love of quiet and dislike of a crowd is gone out of the American entirely. They say Washington had it . . . but I have seen no American yet, except Norton at Cambridge, who does not seem to desire constant publicity and to be on the go all day long. It is very fatiguing.' When Oscar Wilde, who conferred two hundred orchidaceous lectures upon us in a single season, remarked that Niagara Falls would have been more wonderful if the water had run the other way, he said something I am glad to remember. And when George Bernard Shaw, who once declared he would not come to America for a million (pounds) a minute, put his bank account out of mind and came for the fun of it, he gave us as a nation some of the most apt and tonic advice we have ever received from a stranger. But these are exceptions.

I intend neither compliment nor insult to American listeners when I say that the present generation of Englishmen who lecture and travel still regard us as the geese who lay the golden eggs. Mind you, an Englishman at his best, with something to say and keen to say it, — as John Galsworthy was on his last visit, — is one of the most eloquent and persuasive creatures on earth. But an Englishman at his third best or at his careless worst ought to get the hook just as quickly as any poor hoofer in vaudeville. After all, hospitality has its limits — even among barbarians. Unless I am wrong, the day is approaching when the worm will turn — or rather when the geese will hiss. It betrays no confidence if I recall that, following the dialogue which V. Sack-

ville-West and her husband, Harold Nicolson, performed in Boston last winter, one of the audience rose and said, 'Mrs. Nicolson, may I ask if you would have given this lecture in London?' 'No,' was the quick and disarming reply, 'because no one would have come to listen.' There are evidently occasions when celebrities should be seen but not heard.

Literature, thank heaven, penetrates without the aid of missionaries. Mrs. Virginia Woolf does not have to address our women's clubs to make sure we appreciate *Mrs. Dalloway*; Kipling had staunch American friends, but they had nothing to do with the nationwide devotion that goes out to Mowgli, Wee Willie Winkie, and Soldiers Three; Dickens would have been as well read if he had never set foot on this continent. There is something to be said for *remaining* within a room of one's own and allowing one's books to do the talking. The welcome we extend to the work of contemporary English authors can be demonstrated by the fact that, between 1924 and 1932, 30 per cent of our best-selling books were of British origin. I should doubt if during the same period as much as 10 per cent of the popular books in England came from the U. S. A.

There is very little snob appeal in our attitude toward English books. We read such quantities of them because we like them, because we realize that in matters of technique and style English authors, by and large, have a certain superiority to our own. The size of our reading public enables us to pay popular English novelists royalties many times greater than what they receive from the Empire. But more to our credit than mere cash is the recognition which we occasionally afford to those who are prophets without honor on the other side of the water. The books of Havelock Ellis were recognized here at a time when he was little

sought and less read in England. Indeed, a wag has quoted him as saying that after he had published his first volume on *The Psychology of Sex* he received so many letters from confidential Americans that he soon had material enough for the five more volumes which followed. Arthur Machen had a loyal if limited band of American supporters before *The Hill of Dreams* began to stir the English imagination. Americans — and I wish they had been more — had read Mary Webb before the Prime Minister reminded England of its duty. Dutton in New York, the *Atlantic Monthly* in Boston, gave Henry Williamson an enthusiastic backing when his own country was little aware of this delightful dweller in Devon.

Now let's reverse the picture and see what we see. England, as I have said, has always been disposed to welcome our bizarre figures: less sensational and more enduring talents, such as Miss Jewett's and Emily Dickinson's, have had to wait for acknowledgment. But a change has slowly been taking place. English scholars, once reluctant to give credit to the American investigation of English literature and still apt to deal more sharply with our research than with their own, have come to realize that we can produce scholars who are also gentlemen and worthy of trust. The academic interest in the late Irving Babbitt, the excitement created by the detective work of Leslie Hotson, and the instantaneous applause which greeted *The Road to Xanadu* by John Livingston Lowes, are cases in point. And when I remember how prompt John Murray II — or was it III? — was to accept Herman Melville's *Oomo* and *Typee*, how cordially the English interested themselves in Walt Whitman, Stephen Crane, and more recently in Robert Frost, how stoutly they compensated for our early neglect of Santayana, when I am told that an English schoolmaster has his

class read aloud the translations of Horace made by F. P. A., I am gratified by an attention which seems increasingly alert.

There is, of course, one set of men whose business it is to encourage and to exchange the current works of literature. I mean the publishers. Year after year American editors make their annual pilgrimage to London, where, reading fourteen hours a day and wining, dining, and flattering for the rest, they pick and choose those authors worth importing. Until the war, English publishers reciprocated these visits infrequently, but since then they have been scouting the American market with regularity. Here are shrewd, material critics with a recollection of the literature that has endured and an insatiable zest for the good new books. Their comments are illuminating. Says the American in London: 'Don't talk to me of English fiction! They're doing technique to death. Every day I have to go through a dozen smoothly written novels. The first 240 pages lead up to an act of fornication and the last 80 pages lead away from it. That's all there is—there is n't any more.' Says the Englishman in New York: 'Some of your novels seem ragged and uncouth, but, my word, they've got originality. Your people seem to put such hard work into them. . . .'

It always amuses an American to think what he would do if he were king. If my word were law in English literature to-day, I'd take off a few heads—principally of English reviewers. Where do they find such superlative, such windy and cream-puff appraisers? Let me give you a few choice quotations taken from the literary supplement of the *London Observer* and the *Sunday Times*. When Compton Mackenzie says of a biography (now fast gathering dust) that

it is 'the best biography since Boswell,' I confess that my temptation to read the volume is discounted by my suspicion of such exaggeration. When I read that Miss Doreen Wallace, author of a novel entitled *Creatures of an Hour*, 'seems to be destined to do for Suffolk what Hardy did for Wessex,' I know that I, personally, am a gentleman from Missouri. When Gerald Gould, one of the most persistent offenders, tells me that 'Robert Hichens is a wonderful man. If his book is not a big, a very big, a "howling" success . . . but I need offer no "if's." It will be,' I feel as if I were standing under a shower bath of maple syrup. The Englishman used to be renowned for understatement. Why have his reviewers lost that faculty? Well, I'll tell you. If a man writes books, and if he and his wife are likewise employed as editorial advisers to a publishing house, and if in a third capacity he also receives pay as a book reviewer, how the deuce can he avoid the back-scratching I object to? Is not this within the prohibited degree of consanguinity?

Then for a change of scene I'd turn my attention to Americans. I'd have them taught to discriminate between paying money to look at celebrities and paying money to listen to men who have something to say and can talk. I'd limit our annual quota of celebrities and lecturers, I'd submit them to a good-tempering process at Ellis Island, and I'd see that England kept the lesser of each at home.

Finally, I'd borrow an idea from our hog farmers. The government pays a certain number of them not to raise hogs. I believe I could think of a number of American—and British—authors who should be paid not to write any books for the next three years. I believe the money would be well spent.

THE BELOVED DOCTOR

In Memoriam: Dr. William H. Welch

You chose secure delight who so combined
With lusty comradeship bright solitude —
A clockless room where the untemporal mind
Attentive only to the common good
Searched the dark chemistry of being, sought
Residua of power against man's pain,
Counting each pregnant particle there caught,
Truth's cloudy hint, an incandescent gain;
And found this enviable recompense:
Remembrance rescued from the level grave,
The pure flame kindled in our bone, our breath,
Burning in quickened hands — here where you gave
To life more life, your gift will ever hence
Ride in the memoried cell high over death.

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

RELIGION AND THE GOSPEL OF SUCCESS

BY PHILLIPS P. ELLIOTT

OUR estimate of religion is bound up to some degree with the success of religion. One does not need to be a doctrinaire pragmatist to believe that. One need be only a garden-variety minister, doing what he can by preaching and praying and calling. To such a man success will not be the sole criterion of religion's value, but it will be one. He believes that his labor is not in vain in the Lord. If he keeps hewing away at the job, eventually there will be some measurable success to reward his efforts. If enough men keep hewing away, the success will be greater, and perhaps society itself may be changed.

He may think of this success as consisting of numbers added to his church, or decisions made on special occasions, or increased programmes and activity in the church. Or, less selfishly, he may conceive of success in terms of a cleaner city or a more peaceful world or a more just economy. Or, less selfishly still, he may think of success as meaning lives made richer, character stronger, and hearts more outpouring. These things give the man of religion a warm glow. He is in a successful undertaking, he is proud of his calling, and he girds up his loins to achieve future victories in the name of religion.

But all the while he is being beguiled and betrayed. He is all unconsciously shifting the ground of his work, and indeed of his whole life. For the joy of success is succeeded by the despair of

failure. Members are not added, no cards are signed, the city does not get cleaner, peace does not come upon earth, the characters of men remain hard and the hearts selfish. Then his faith begins to slip, imperceptibly but actually. What is the matter with this thing that it does not work? Why should one be a bond servant of a movement that shows only a continuous succession of failures? If religion does not bring in the Kingdom of God, clearly defined as it is in his mind in terms of social justice and well-being, then better to desert it and find something that gives at least a glimmer of hope of ultimate success. Many have so reasoned, and many have gone.

The trouble, of course, lies in the original assumption that religion has anything to do with either success or failure. These things are alien to its genius and life. Must religion succeed? No. Must religion fail? No. Religion must simply *be*. It is concerned, not with achievement, but only with existence. The decay of religion in any life begins at the moment when that life begins to wonder what religion is going to accomplish. The fine edge of the spiritual experience is dulled the instant the question is asked: 'What am I getting out of my religion?' The question is thoroughly irrelevant. From that point on, the individual begins to be unhappy because religion is not measuring up to his standards of suc-

cess. It ought to make him more poised, he thinks, more courageous, more useful, more buoyant, more what not, and in his concern about these attributes and results he forgets all about the simple, satisfying, quiet faith which was his before he tried to force it into the mould of a successful movement.

There is a current form of this harassed mood which is called 'sharing.' A man might be quite happy in his religion if it were not for the sense of obligation, of necessary achievement, which the theory of sharing involves. Here is a life perfectly content in its faith, capable now and then of high and exalted moments of communion with God. In one of these moments the thought intrudes, 'But I must share this,' and at once the whole experience has lost its radiance. The poor man, laboring under the sharing obsession, struggles into his overcoat and goes out into the streets to find someone — anyone — to whom he can exhibit the pathetic fragments of what might have been an unforgettably lovely and empowering experience.

This confusion of religion with achievement is seen not only in individual life, but perhaps even more frequently in religious societies and groups. I remember being present at a meeting of a woman's missionary society where the president gave an able and stirring plea for the cause, picturing the difficulty of the struggle and the need for strength of life and purse to wage the fight. And then she ended with this: 'And we know that it is God's cause, and God's cause cannot fail.' At once a cloud seemed to shadow the room. The glory had departed. The introduction of success all but destroyed the religious interest and enthusiasm which the earlier words had aroused. It was almost as if she had said: 'And we know that it is God's cause, and God's cause cannot suc-

ceed.' The effect then would not have been much different. An alien element had entered, and all felt it.

This is not to say that the ethical note does not enter the religious experience. It enters in such a way, however, that there is still no surrender or even reference to success or failure. The essentially religious man in conflict with an unjust and chaotic social order continues to hold his faith apart from what it might achieve in the remedy of these wrongs. His social passion never comes to him as either a guarantee or a product of success. It comes at a point far deeper than that, in the sense of obligation, the persuasion of what he must do. The consequences do not enter in.

This, then, marks the clear division between the religious and the nonreligious person. I talked a few weeks ago with several people who consider themselves evangelical Christians, while at the same time social radicals. Their passion for economic justice was superb, and is now being demonstrated in their works. But that was the goal, the standard, the touchstone for all else. Even their religion was welcomed and retained because it contributed to that end. They were perfectly candid about that. The ideals of Jesus, the power of prayer, the dream of the Kingdom — these things would help, more than anything else, in achieving the new world. But in this seeming success of religion lay its defeat: it became a thing lashed to the chariot wheel of a cause, used and then tossed aside when the goal seemed within sight and religion no longer needed, reduced to the status of aide to the general who plans and executes his successful campaign of social reconstruction.

That is the inglorious end of the religion which tries to succeed, and which forgets that its function is not to win, but to be; not to achieve, but

to exist; not to be expressed, but to be enjoyed. Religion cannot stand unless presented as being an autonomous experience, which may or may not conquer the world, but which, nevertheless, has its place and right and value forever. That is the reason for fearing such a name as 'The Fellowship of Socialist Christians,' no matter how much one may endorse the aims of the organization. Which word comes first? Is Socialism accepted because it helps Christianity, or is Christianity accepted because, and as long as, it helps the Socialist cause? Men are really Christians, not when they want the powerful tool of religion in achieving some end, however good, but when they recognize that there are these things they must see and do, and whether or not the end is achieved remains forever secondary.

Basically, all people who have any religious impulse whatever recognize this autonomy of religion. How otherwise can one account for the resiliency of faith? Here are two sides in a social conflict over such problems as slavery, child labor, prohibition. Religious people are on both sides, and in the stress of the moment they are all asking

of their faith that it bring their side success. One side fails, religion has not succeeded, and we might expect a general desertion. But faith goes on living, fed by some hidden springs, and it is soon forgotten that in a particular issue religion did not 'succeed.' The enjoyment, the imperative, the autonomy, remain.

The very story of creation verifies this sense of religion's independence. 'And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold, it was very good.' I am glad that God did not regard it as being good for something. Simply good. Viewed by our standards, there was no point in the creation. I do not believe any point was intended. It was and is simply a gift, from that day to this, to be lived in and enjoyed. So with all God's touch with man — neither success nor failure, but simply Himself.

If this seems like a retreat, all that can be said is this — that it is better to retreat from the world than to retreat from God. But it is not a retreat. On the contrary, this kind of religion is the only power in human experience which cannot be stopped, and will some day overcome the world.

ALCOHOL AND MOTORS

BY CURTIS BILLINGS

SINCE the repeal of national prohibition the American people have been faced with a particularly unfortunate pair of circumstances making worse a situation which was bad enough before. The first is that a huge portion of our population is now engaged regularly in the admittedly hazardous activity of driving an automobile. The second is that intoxicating liquor has become cheap and very available. The most flagrant symbol of this dual danger is the roadside bar. Prior to prohibition many cities and states, now dripping wet, were dry and had been so for years. During prohibition a great and increasing number of persons were driving, but the liquor was not so palatable, so cheap, or so readily available.

A large number of us looked forward to repeal as a means of correcting a multitude of obvious abuses, not the least of which was the breakdown of the traditional attitude of respectable people toward drinking and even drunkenness. We feared the danger of increased automobile accidents, but we hoped and rather thought that the improved quality of the liquor, the assured supply, and the opportunity to buy it and consume it calmly in decent places would offset the disadvantages of quantity and ubiquity.

In thus thinking, we failed to consider the body of knowledge developed by workers in the medical and associated sciences on the inescapable physiological and psychological effects which

ethyl alcohol has on man. I say we failed to take this information into consideration. Most of us knew nothing about it. We are finding it out now.

We are discovering that it is just as impossible to argue away the effects of alcohol on a human being as it is to legislate away an ancient, popular, and ingrown habit. If you expose yourself to smallpox or measles, you are liable to get smallpox or measles. Nobody disputes the fact. If you drink, you are not the same as you were before. And that cannot be controverted either.

The reader is probably thinking: 'Of course this is true if you are considering a quantity of liquor such as most prudent people would not think of drinking.' But unfortunately I am talking about the effect of an ounce and a half of ethyl alcohol or less, such as is contained in no more than three ordinary highballs. It is a cold fact — as I shall attempt to show — that the many drivers who have merely been drinking, as distinguished from the few who are patently drunk, present the real menace to safety on the highways to-day.

I

What is the effect of alcohol on the automobile driver? Not long ago a scientific inquiry into this problem was completed by Poul Bahnsen and K. Vedel-Petersen of the Psychotechnical Institute, Copenhagen. Their work was reported in detail in the *Journal of*

Industrial Hygiene for September 1934. Other experimenters have also been busy, some of them in the United States, but for various reasons it would be well to mention the Danish experiments first. Danes are nowise different from Americans, and since ethyl alcohol is the same the world over, this study should throw a great deal of light on our problem over here.

Fourteen experiments were suggested to the two scientists — all contrived to determine the effects of alcohol on functions used in driving an automobile. They selected the four which tested functions having the closest similarity to those which play important parts in driving and which at the same time permitted an accurate measure of performance.

The dose was fixed at 0.6 cubic centimetres of absolute alcohol for each kilogram of body weight of the subject. In other words, a man weighing 150 pounds would receive about an ounce and a half of alcohol. Since whiskey was to be used in the familiar soda mixture, this meant that each subject would drink about three highballs. The dose was given on an empty stomach and the tests were made forty minutes later, because the concentration of alcohol in the blood normally reaches its maximum after this period.

Two groups, each consisting of more than fifty young men, served as subjects. Each group was divided about equally between students and chauffeurs. Many of them were moderate drinkers. The procedure in each experiment was the same. The first group was given preliminary practice and instruction in the experiment, then a first test without alcohol, and then, after the dose, a second test. The second or 'control' group followed the same programme except that the alcohol was omitted. The purpose of the second group was, of course, to check the results. To determine the effects of

the alcohol, it was necessary to know how normal people would react to the successive tests in each experiment.

The first experiment was designed to measure the effects of alcohol on the speed with which a person makes a selective reaction to a stimulus. A selective reaction is one in which the person must pause to think before acting. For example, if one is driving an automobile and sights danger ahead, one is usually presented with several possible ways to avoid the danger. One may jam on the brakes. One may step on the accelerator. One may choose to swerve the car either to the right or to the left. The danger is the stimulus, and what the driver does is the reaction. It is up to him to select the reaction which will bring him through safely, and ordinarily he has to be quick in making up his mind.

The apparatus used in this test consisted of an oblong piece of cardboard lying on a table, with six circular holes in it of two-inch diameter. The holes were labeled in order from A to F, printed in plain black letters. Behind the cardboard was a square block of metal set on edge. In the face of the block was a slot in which one of the six letters appeared when a trap was sprung. Each time a letter appeared, the person being tested was required to put a stylus in the hole of the cardboard which carried the corresponding letter. The time required to perform this simple operation was measured by an electrical device.

Did the consumption of a few drinks slow up a person's ability to react in this way? Yes, to the extent of 9.7 per cent, according to these scientists. In other words, if the average man with three drinks under his belt is driving at forty miles an hour when danger pops up ahead of him, he will travel from five to eight feet nearer that danger before deciding what to do about it than he would have traveled if he had

not taken the drinks. Any experienced driver knows how very important that margin may be.

The second experiment was contrived to test a muscular reaction. In this there was no element of selection or discrimination. The subject sat before two iron bars suspended vertically. Each bar was about an inch and a half in diameter and a yard in length. A metal plate was struck with a hammer; this released the bars and the subject was required to grasp them, one with each hand, as soon as he could to stop their fall. The height of the fall was recorded on a fixed scale to measure the time of reaction.

The importance of quick muscular reactions is at once apparent to every motorist. If it is necessary to apply the foot brakes, how soon will the driver's muscles respond? A tire blows out: how soon can he redouble the force of his grasp on the wheel to hold the car in the road? A delay of a fraction of a second might very well mean the difference between a mere flat tire and a tragic wreck. Does the consumption of alcohol affect this vital ability? The answer again is, yes. In this experiment the muscular reaction of the 'alcohol' group was 17.4 per cent slower than that of the 'control' group.

The third test was devised to measure the subject's power to concentrate his attention. Three strips of white paper about five feet long and four inches wide were suspended vertically and contiguously along a wall. The centre strip was held stationary, while the one at the left moved up and the one at the right moved down. On the strips were painted thick horizontal black lines. As the two outside strips moved, these lines occasionally came abreast of one another to form a straight horizontal line across all three strips. The subject, who was seated back about nine feet, was required to touch a trigger each time this occurred.

Good performance, according to the two scientists, required continuous concentration. Should attention wander for only a moment, the concurrence of a set of lines might be missed. Moreover, the test required the ability to distribute attention, making it cover a large field rather than a single point; for if the eyes were fixed too long on a single place, other combinations would be overlooked. And the test called for the ability to anticipate the meeting of the lines. The subject did not suddenly see a concurrence and then react; in most cases a precalculation took place. Two horizontal lines moving at different speeds — one coming from above and the other from below — were seen approaching one of the lines in the middle stationary strip, and the question arose: Will the three lines cross simultaneously? In deciding this question a more or less conscious estimate of the distance between the three lines was made and the speed at which the two were moving. The picture as it appeared to the subject was ever changing; it consisted of a number of situations in development. Sometimes the subject missed a combination; and again he erred by touching the trigger when he expected a concurrence of lines which did not take place.

The importance of the ability to concentrate one's attention on the various circumstances which constantly develop at busy street intersections is sufficient to convince any thoughtful person of the great value in determining what effect, if any, a few drinks of whiskey have on this mental attribute. One approaches a corner and sees a car coming from the right and another from the left. Will one have time to cross safely? What if the driver from the left decides to turn to his left? What if the driver from the right accelerates? What if a driver in a car parked at the curb starts up? Can one watch all these factors and judge dis-

tances and speed as well with three drinks in one's stomach as with none? By no means. For in this experiment the subjects who had taken the liquor made 35.3 per cent more errors than those who had not.

The fourth and last experiment of this series was carried out as the subject stood bending over a rotating circular plate about a foot in diameter fitted with metal spikes which stood about an inch high. The spikes were distributed all over the plate. A red line was drawn among the spikes winding circuitously from the centre of the plate to the edge. As the disk rotated, the subject endeavored to move a metal stylus along the red line and within a boundary marked by a flattened wire hoop without touching spikes or hoop.

Here good performance called for the nicest coördination between the eye and the hand, a mastery of the muscles of the hand and arm, concentrated attention, and 'intellectually determined dexterity.'

Again the attributes which the test calls for are so important to the driver that little comment is needed. His ability to do what his eye tells him he needs to do, his control over his hands and arms, the power to concentrate, and the dexterity required to follow through traffic a path sometimes safe and easy, sometimes difficult and dangerous, are fundamental to good driving.

If it were found that an ounce and a half of ethyl alcohol affected adversely these important attributes as much as 50 per cent, would it not be clear that alcohol is deadly stuff in the body of a driver? Well, in this experiment the alcohol group of subjects made a record of 59.7 per cent more errors than the non-alcohol group.

II

Still another experiment, this one by an American, ought to be mentioned.

Dr. H. A. Heise, of Columbia Hospital, Milwaukee, developed a test which was made while the subject was actually driving an automobile. The car was rigged up with a gun, so that without warning it would shoot a bullet on to the roadway while the subject was driving. This was the signal for the motorist to press the brake pedal. When he did so the gun would fire another bullet. The distance between the bullet scars was the measure of reaction time. It was found that at the driving rate of thirty miles an hour the five subjects when normal averaged sixteen feet between the marks left by the bullets, but after drinking from one to five ounces of alcohol the distance was twenty-two feet, or an increase of 37 per cent.

All these tests only go to corroborate facts which earlier work on the effects of alcohol had well established. Dr. Walter R. Miles, in his admirable chapter on the 'Psychological Effects of Alcohol in Man,' published in the volume *Alcohol and Man*, reviews the whole subject and presents exceedingly significant data. All of them do not apply specifically to driving an automobile, but they do show conclusively that even tiny quantities of the drug have a measurable effect on the human mechanism.

To demonstrate the effects of a very small quantity of alcohol even after the lapse of considerable time, one experimenter, for two weeks at ten o'clock each morning, threaded needles for twenty minutes. He could do 180 in that time. Then at eleven o'clock at night on the fourteenth day he consumed twenty-five cubic centimetres of alcohol (about an ounce and a half of whiskey) in seventy-five cubic centimetres of liquid. The following morning at ten he threaded needles again, eleven hours after drinking. The drinking and threading continued for ten days, followed by nine more days

with no alcohol and finally ten more alcohol days. Despite the small quantity of liquor and the eleven-hour delay, his efficiency in threading needles was 6 per cent less after the doses of alcohol.

Two experimenters desiring to find the immediate effect of increasing quantities devised a 'dotting machine' which consisted of a moving tape on which small circular dots were printed. The subject was required to prick the dots with a stylus. Between one and two hours after taking ten cubic centimetres of alcohol, the efficiency of the subject (a very intelligent woman) decreased 21 per cent from normal. Experiments with fifteen cubic centimetres resulted in a decrease of 42 per cent; a dose of twenty cubic centimetres cost 39 per cent in the efficiency of eye and hand coördination; and tests with twenty-five cubic centimetres showed increases in errors averaging 113 per cent.

Exhaustive tests made of marksmanship and typewriting confirmed these findings. Tests of speech, of speed of eye movement, of body sway as the subject stood still with his eyes closed, all revealed decreased motor control after the drinking of very moderate quantities of alcohol. Tests showed that learning was slower after drinking and memory less sure; that ability to distinguish between noises and between colors diminished after drinking. Tests of attention and concentration confirmed the findings of the Danish experimenters. Tests of reasoning and thinking showed measurable losses in ability.

III

Three methods are now being employed by enforcement officers to determine alcoholism in drivers. According to most of the physicians and psychologists who have studied the problem, alcoholism can best be determined and proved in court by an

analysis of a body fluid. On the other hand, Dr. Theron W. Kilmer, police surgeon at Hempstead, Long Island, in a recent address before the convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, expressed the opinion of many when he declared that such accuracy is not necessary, but that a general examination by a physician is all that is needed. Then there are hundreds of policemen in the country who have been more or less successful in securing convictions with only the testimony of the arresting officers.

A theoretical but interesting objection to the first and most scientific of these procedures is that a driver, regardless of the state of his intoxication, may not be required to give a sample of a body fluid. This is because of the basic law which provides that a suspect need not testify against himself. In actual practice, however, this is not a formidable objection, because drunken people are usually in no state to raise constitutional questions.

Dr. Heise, who became interested in the effects of alcohol on drivers while at Uniontown Hospital, Pennsylvania, reports the results of using a chemical test on drivers in Fayette County. 'In 1924,' he says, 'before a chemical test was used, fifty-five persons were accused of drunken driving. Of these only twenty-one, or 38 per cent, were found guilty or pleaded guilty. In one hundred later consecutive cases in which urinalysis demonstrated that the drivers had been drinking, eighty-seven of the one hundred drivers were found guilty or admitted guilt, while six were pronounced not guilty, but were directed to pay the court costs (meaning, "You are not guilty, but don't do it again"), and only seven were acquitted.'

In Butler County in the same state, according to both Dr. Heise and E. H. Negley, district attorney, it was almost impossible to get a conviction for

drunken driving in 1931 before urinalyses were used. Acquittals on the basis of insufficient evidence were the almost invariable rule. Then a local physician equipped himself with apparatus for urinalysis. During 1932, practically all cases continued to go to court on pleas of not guilty, but in twenty of the first thirty-six cases the test was used and resulted in twenty convictions. Later convictions became so sure that almost all of the accused admitted their guilt. For example, in September of 1934 there were sixteen drunken-driving cases on the docket; no fewer than fourteen of the suspects promptly entered pleas of guilty.

Dr. Kilmer advocates a simpler method. He uses a record card on which he makes detailed notes of the condition of the defendant, and refers to these to refresh his memory in court. When the driver suspected of being 'under the influence' is first brought before him the opening question is: 'Is there anything the matter with you?' The common reply, he says, is 'Not a thing!' This reply, entered on the card, averts any claim in court that the driver had been in a daze because of illness. The next question: 'Have you been taking medicine?' always brings a negative reply, and it then becomes impossible for the defense attorney to claim later that his client was light-headed because of too much medicine. The doctor's examination then covers such items as the driver's temperature, the condition of his pupils, his reaction to light, the tremors of his hands, his ability to touch his forefinger to his nose with his eyes closed, his ability to read and tell time, to walk across the room and turn around and walk back again, to pick up a coin from the floor, his general physical and mental condition.

In defense of the accuracy of Dr. Kilmer's method, it must be said that when Dr. Heise was making his urinalyses of two hundred persons charged

with drunken driving, using both a routine examination not unlike Dr. Kilmer's and the chemical test, the correlation between the two was so obvious that his colleague attempted to predict the amount of alcohol to be found in the urine from the physical examination alone. The agreement was accurate except in one case, in which the estimate of alcohol content was .30 per cent when the actual amount was only .18 per cent. Later a brain injury was found which accounted for the man's peculiar reactions.

And now come the policemen, who say their own officers can detect drunkenness and testify successfully in court. The attitude of some of these officers is changing. Lieutenant Franklin M. Kreml of Evanston, Illinois, recently said, 'I have always considered the drunken-driving question as a sort of "alibi" for the police to hide behind — to distract public attention from inefficient enforcement of traffic rules as they are violated by those who are cold sober; but now I and others are learning that the drunken driver does not present the serious problem in traffic — it is the drinking driver we must detect and discipline. Police who continue to rely on the arresting officer for testimony will not be successful, I am afraid.'

Since it is the drinking driver who presents the real problem, it would seem that the accurate determination of the effective alcohol in a man's system — that is, the amount in his body fluids — would be the fair and conclusive way to decide whether or not he was unfit to drive. Drunken driving could then be defined as driving when the blood, or urine, or spinal fluid, or even the breath (if apparatus is perfected) contains more than so much alcohol per unit volume. This appears all the more feasible when one considers that there are numerous pathological conditions such as the brain injury mentioned above which create symp-

toms easily mistaken for intoxication even by physicians. This method also takes account of variations in *tolerance* to alcohol. It is well known that one man can drink more than another without becoming intoxicated and that at times a man can drink more than he can at other times. Scientists have found that there is a closer correlation between the percentage of alcohol in the body fluids and intoxication than between the amount consumed and intoxication. In other words, once the most capacious drinker absorbs as much alcohol into his blood or urine as the man with the least tolerance to the drug, he shows the same evidences of intoxication as his much-despised brother.

IV

The national prohibition laws were rescinded in December 1933. It is now time to inquire into the effect of repeal on the motor accident rate. Did more people drive after drinking in 1934 than in 1933? And did more accidents involving drinking drivers and pedestrians occur in 1934 than in 1933? Complete statistical answers to these questions are not possible at the time of writing this paper, but the data available are adequate for the practical purpose at hand.

Of twenty-three cities sending special reports to the National Safety Council last fall, twelve indicated that *arrests* for drunken driving had increased in 1934 as compared to 1933; seven presented figures to show that *accidents* involving drunken drivers or pedestrians had also increased; two reported that arrests had decreased; and three had no information on the subject.

Arrests for drunken driving during the period from January through October 1934, as compared to the same months of 1933, increased 80 per cent in Duluth, Minnesota; 13 per cent in San Antonio, Texas; 100 per cent

in Rochester, New York; 90 per cent in Erie, Pennsylvania; 49 per cent in Richmond, Virginia; 29 per cent in Syracuse, New York; 41 per cent in Elizabeth, New Jersey; 37 per cent in Newark; 39 per cent in Springfield, Massachusetts; 15 per cent in Chicago; and 25 per cent in Milwaukee. An increase of arrests for drunken driving in Cleveland of several hundred per cent may indicate greater vigilance on the part of the police as well as an increase of the dangerous malpractice.

Berkeley, California, for the same period reported that *accidents* involving drunken drivers increased 14 per cent, and accidents involving drunken pedestrians 125 per cent. Buffalo showed an increase of 55 per cent in the number of fatal automobile accidents in which drivers under the influence of liquor figured. In Chicago the fatal accident experience of drunken drivers showed an increase of 330 per cent, while accidents of drunken pedestrians increased exactly 500 per cent. In the month of September 1933, by the way, 22 drunken drivers were involved in two fatal and 20 non-fatal accidents in Chicago, while in September 1934, 76 drunken drivers were involved in two fatal and 74 non-fatal accidents. In September 1933, 15 drunken pedestrians figured in accidents on Chicago streets; in September 1934, 66 drunken pedestrians were struck by cars.

Detroit experienced a 90 per cent increase in accidents involving drunken drivers and a 52 per cent increase in accidents to pedestrians during the first nine months of 1934 as compared with the same period of 1933. Neither St. Louis nor Pittsburgh presented figures on the increases in accidents involving drunken drivers for the year, but the former reported that while in 1933 intoxicated persons figured in 10.4 per cent of all automobile accidents, in 1934 they figured in 11.8 per cent of the cases. In Pittsburgh, accidents involv-

ing drivers who were definitely 'under the influence' amounted to one per cent of all accidents in 1933, while in 1934 they amounted to 4.5 per cent of the total. A corresponding increase from 2.5 to 6.5 per cent was noted in mishaps involving drunken pedestrians.

Los Angeles was the only city to report a reduction in fatal accidents attributable to intoxicated drivers — a reduction of 17 per cent. But there was an increase in the number of intoxicated pedestrians killed of no less than 600 per cent.

Baltimore reported a decrease in arrests for drunken driving of 39 per cent in 1934 as compared to 1933, and Wilmington presented figures to show that such arrests decreased 12 per cent.

A report from Massachusetts shows that the registrar of motor vehicles suspended 4675 licenses for driving under the influence of liquor during the first ten months of 1934 as compared to 3409 suspensions for the same period of 1933. This represented an increase of 38 per cent.

All this information, fragmentary though it is, would seem valid proof that driving while under the influence of intoxicants has increased since repeal. But how does alcohol compare with other factors as a cause of accidents? We have already seen that in St. Louis and Pittsburgh accidents involving drunken drivers were only 11.8 per cent of the total, or less. R. L. Forney, statistician of the National Safety Council, reports that fatal accidents involving drivers described as 'had been drinking' increased 29 per cent in 1934 as compared with the previous year, and fatal pedestrian accidents 53 per cent. In non-fatal accidents drivers reported under the influence of liquor increased 50 per cent and pedestrians 65 per cent. Even so, however, such accidents amounted to only 7½ per cent of the total for 1934. Mr. Forney, as well as state motor

vehicle commissioners, registrars of vital statistics, and city police officials, are convinced that these figures represent, for the most part, only cases of flagrant intoxication, since there is as yet no widely used method for determining whether a driver, though not drunk, has been drinking.

Evidence of woeful under-reporting of alcohol cases comes from many sources. For example, Dr. Heise says that he made an analysis of 119 automobile accidents which resulted in injury or death to 216 persons. These persons, he says, represented a fair distribution of urban, rural, and tourist drivers. The study revealed that 60 per cent of the accidents in which 75 per cent of the injured or killed met their fate involved drivers who had been drinking. It was also found that the 'alcohol' accidents were a great deal more severe than the 'non-alcohol' accidents; for the latter resulted in the injury or death of about one person per accident, while the 'alcohol' accidents accounted for two victims each.

The conclusions to be drawn from this article are inescapable. Drinking is a social custom. It is a style — right now unhappily in the mode. Thus the responsibility of leaders is particularly great. One invites twelve friends in for the evening. They all come in cars. Should cocktails be served? People of influence and strength must set a proper example if drinking driving is to become in the popular mind as reprehensible a practice as it actually is. The problem is one which is more likely to find its solution in law observance than in law enforcement. People must acquire the habit of not drinking if they intend to drive, or of not driving if they have been drinking. Influential citizens can also do much to spur police on to more efficient handling of the incorrigible few who, undeterred by social disapproval or their own conscience, *will* drink and drive.

THE ART OF DYING

ANONYMOUS

I HAVE recently undergone an operation for cancer; though it seems successful, the doctors tell me they cannot be certain for five years that the disease will not recur, and there are other factors which make my tenure of life more than precarious. Barely past my first youth, with a completely happy marriage and everything else in life that I could wish for, except health, I looked forward serenely to what seemed an undisturbed future. But I found with Leonardo that 'when I thought I had been learning how to live, I had only been learning how to die.'

At first I tried to follow my doctor's instructions not to worry, but the thought of death obtruded itself between me and each of my daily occupations. Not until I had faced and admitted the worst possibility, a painful death within five years, was I able to reach a certain peace of mind. Thousands of others are at this moment undergoing the same ordeal; thinking of them I have written an account of mine, and the meagre comfort I have been able to wring from it; for though I have not the arrogance to believe that any words of mine can instruct them, who must each endure his individual Gethsemane, yet the very knowledge that others have passed by the same road will give to them, as to me, a measure of relief.

It may seem strange that I should speak first of behavior; but, though I have often rebelled against the code

that manners are more important than feeling, I have now come to realize that they are actually the mark of civilization, the restraint man imposes on his selfish and useless impulses. Suffering has to be borne; no clamors or complaints can mitigate it for the sufferer, and their only result is to make others suffer also. First, therefore, I resolved to keep my mental agonies and adjustments to myself. I dread and avoid the facile expression of sympathy, because it makes this resolution harder to keep; on the other hand, real affection was never more precious to me than it is now.

Further, there are three unfortunate mental attitudes which I must avoid if I am to keep my self-respect: self-dramatization; a demand for special rights and privileges because of my condition; and another usually caused by one of the preceding, a feeling of isolation from normal life. The first two are private or public ways of capitalizing misfortune; the third can bring nothing but unhappiness. I must not forget that certain things which seem infinitely puerile and ridiculous to one under threat of death are of infinite importance — in fact, the very stuff of life — to those who look forward to years of continued existence; and it is right that it should be so. Who would wish the world in general to resemble a Trappist monastery where the sonorous '*Memento mori*' takes the place of all the pleasant

words men use to convey to one another their interest, friendliness, and affection?

One is lonely enough in one's abnormal and inevitable preoccupation without setting up egotistical attitudes as further barriers. Suffering should bind, not separate. Since we are men, we must endure the common lot of men; we can never become or do anything that is of value to others until we have understood the common human experiences. Happy love first draws us into the great stream of human life; the shared suffering of the body unites us to the myriads of other women who have borne children; but the mental agony of anticipated death breaks down the last barrier between us and the most alien of human creatures. That we must cease and the world go on without us; that the sun will still shine, and spring still come, though we be not there to enjoy them; that other lives will continue, though the place we filled in them be empty — these are words whose import unites us in understanding and compassion with all who face death as we must face it, whether for a noble cause, in defense of those they love, or simply and unheroically because they must.

This feeling sustains me too in my darkest moments — the moments of panic which must come. Even those who believe in the soul's immortality fear death; if we do survive, it must be in a very different guise, and because our imaginations are limited we cannot conceive of any other happiness than the one we treasure here. What heavenly pastures, we ask ourselves, can be more beautiful than those of earth's May, white with drifts of daisies? But for those who, like myself, have no faith in the possibility of survival, the fear of death becomes the fear of annihilation. To dissolve, to vanish, to be forgotten! — this thought strikes the

soul with a terror like the paralysis of sudden cold. The thought is bitterest of all that I shall leave so little of myself behind me. Of all my thoughts and loves and sensations and delights and endurances, so vividly experienced, is nothing to be left? I dreamed of serving humanity, of accomplishing great things, but I have done nothing except to produce children as any woman does. I have not used at all my special talents, the qualities by virtue of which I differ from other people, by which I might have made a contribution to the happiness of the world over and above the average human contribution. Have I even attained the minimum, the lowest common denominator, the obligation of all human beings to comport themselves decently and decorously in the various relationships of daily life? The question is not so much whether I have succeeded, but whether I have even honestly tried to be a faithful friend, a careful mother, a loving wife.

One day at a funeral I heard as if for the first time these words: —

Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days: that I may be certified how long I have to live. . . .

O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength; before I go hence, and be no more seen.

I thought: Perhaps I am more fortunate than I know to have time to realize my shortcomings. Most of us live in the present with no reason to compute values, to see things in their relative proportions. Only the genius plans his life as a whole; the average person like myself needs a shock to make him realize emotionally as well as intellectually that the time for accomplishment is limited. But how often that shock comes too late! Death suddenly puts an end to him, or he is doomed to invalidism with its handicaps and impaired faculties, and at best a meagre

opportunity to redeem himself in further years of normal life.

For me the possibility of death has changed life, as a spotlight thrown on the stage brings objects hitherto unnoticed into relief, and relegates to shadow others which seemed the most important. I have sometimes wondered whether, seen thus, life is seen correctly, or whether parts of it are given an unnatural and false prominence. On reflection, however, it is obvious to me that as a matter of objective fact our small desires, hopes, and aspirations are important in the general scheme only as they contribute to the good of the race. In the light of death, — or, if you like to call it so, of eternity, — this is seen to be true; in normal everyday life our selves and our immediate wishes fill the stage to the exclusion of larger issues.

A psychiatrist has defined the adult as the person who is able to forgo immediate momentary satisfaction in order to attain a greater and more permanent one later on. In the contemplation of death everyone must become really adult who is to find even a measure of serenity. Time for giving happiness is so short — I do not want to waste a moment of it in the gratification of selfish desires. I have no time to spend on disliking people, on being bored, or ill-tempered, or shy. Every action assumes significance because it may be by that action that I am remembered in time to come. Every sensuous impression is treasured because it may not be experienced again. And the trivial things, the dull duties, the mechanical tasks, are all precious; I love them as I love even the faults of my friends. They, no less than the ecstasies and delights, are part of life — life which I adore so much the more passionately now, when there is a possibility that I may soon leave it. And yet, though we all live under sentence, for some it is long suspended; and in

living by this death-illuminated standard, as by any other, one must beware of demanding that others shall conform.

Having by thought and contemplation dulled the edge of fear (for that which is familiar ceases to be quite so terrible), I began to think about death in its more impersonal aspects. What is death? It is a negation. Science has been able to provide no positive definition; scientifically expressed, death is the cessation of the process called life, no more. It is personified in mythology and poetry as an evil creature, the final conqueror, the triumphant hater of Life; but as good and evil may be regarded as different channels into which human energy is directed, one beneficial to man, one harmful, so death and life can be considered as different manifestations of the same force. Death is not-life; and life, not death, is the great mystery. My personal death will be the incidental result of some processes within me, of which I am now unconscious and over which I have no control, the effect of some intrinsic quality of my body, without which it would be impervious to death as a stone is impervious. But the same quality which makes me subject to death also makes me able to live and enjoy as no stone can. Therefore death is a part of me, death also inhabits my flesh; death is the condition on which I live; death is life.

But death has another meaning also. I am not one who believes in the discipline of pain or the chastening effect of grief; to me such a faith seems to imply an infinitely cruel and infinitely petty Supreme Power. But I do believe that by rising above the personal and attaining the impersonal and detached vision we are able to a certain degree to conquer our misfortunes. Any individual disaster, no matter how great, holds something on which the triumphant spirit may be nourished and enlarged, as it is nourished and en-

larged by love and happiness or any other experience to which it has fully surrendered.

It was not by refusing to contemplate the sometimes tragic facts of life and the great tragic fact of death that the liberators of the human spirit — the poets, the philosophers, the artists, the musicians — learned how man might be greater than his fate. It was not by shrinking from pain and evil that they learned how man might transcend them. It was not by denying the conditions on which we live that they learned to

create the words and gestures which continue to comfort following generations. They have taught us that nothing in heaven or earth is horrible in itself; it is only in its effect on us that it acquires such an aspect. There is no misfortune that cannot assume a tragic beauty when it is finely endured. If I can 'make a good end' I shall have bent death to my uses as the poet bends words, and made of it a work of art. I shall have mastered it; it will be my instrument, my creature; and I, not Death, will be the conqueror.

MUD TIME

BY PAUL HOFFMAN

No more shall ringing hoofbeat pound
The rutty road; no more shall sound
The echo winter's play recalls;
But sun shall sear from skyey walls,
And browning ooze shall clog the tread,
And fear shall violate the bed
Of peace, and malcontent the heart
Shall know — and anger's restless dart.
Be brave, my heart, and strong to sing:
'This brings the spring . . .'

THE CROW

BY CHARLTON OGBURN, JR.

I

ACCORDING to old superstition, the splitting of a crow's tongue will enable it to talk. But why anyone would wish to add another advantage to the many already enjoyed by the crow in his dealings with man is still a question. Perhaps it was assumed that nothing could make the crow more harassing to his unfeathered friends than with his natural endowments he already is. Yet anyone who has raised a crow, as I have, knows what formidable new talents domestication alone can release. What speech would do! But that bit of folklore must have been intended more as a warning than as a recommendation. If the crow is not a popular animal, the reason lies not in his deficiency but rather in his plethora of accomplishments.

Since that is probably what the other animals would say of man, it follows that the ethos of a pet crow is something that bears thinking about, if man himself does. At least, I am convinced, it is something that bears writing about, writing being the only form of revenge I have discovered with which a crow cannot cope.

I acquired a crow by an accident such as might befall anyone who lives in the country. His parents had been shot by a local gunner for the sake of the bounty which is paid only in that season when the death of the adults will mean the starvation of their offspring. In this case a humane alternative was

found in dividing up the young among their well-wishers. I was known to favor the preservation of our forests, of our vanishing wild life. Then surely I would take the little crow? I did.

The bird was reassuringly helpless. Curiously, however, his helplessness seemed not juvenile but senile. This was a reversal of the terse rule of embryologists, that 'ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny.' Instead of recalling the youth of the crow species, he appeared to forecast its final decline. He was dumpy, pot-bellied, and spindle-shanked. His voice was querulous, his eyes as colorless as black-centred pearl buttons. His gait, when it kept him on his feet at all, was that of the very aged, or of the very drunk who sway to offset the undulations of the floor. But his curiosity was youthful, and his appetite would have pleased the embryologists, for it recaptured the glory of his dinosaurian ancestors.

He was no squeamish feeder. No infant, in fact, could have proved more adaptable — a good augury for the future of his species in a world where the maladjusted get eaten. I think he never suspected that a transfer from forest to house was not a part of the curriculum of every corvine youth. A chicken so situated, with countless domesticated generations behind it, would have flown into a panic; for the Crow nothing would do but that he must sharpen his wits by testing the

consistency of every bright object and the perching potentialities of all articles of furniture within reach. In the single day of his stay indoors the house became his oyster and he severed every bond with the wild existence of his tribe. Those who believe in a racial memory will be saddened to learn that he never thereafter, so far as one could tell, even recognized his own kind.

Nevertheless, he was a crow, now and forever. With growing strength and agility he mastered every turn of the household routine. Even before he could fly properly he was supervising all outdoor operations. The car could not be polished until he had eaten a mouthful of the wax and wrestled with the rags. If work was being done in the garden, he would be there, squirming perilously under our legs and leaping upon our backs. Generally he participated. Once while setting out some seedlings I discovered him quietly following me down the row, uprooting each one and tearing it to bits. So acute were his powers of observation and mimicry that he had remarked my inattention to the surrounding weeds; he disturbed none of them.

He was equally quick in making aural associations. While cows, horses, and cats sometimes never learn, or learn only after a long while, to come to a food call, the Crow grasped the idea on the second trial, and afterward would respond to the rustle of the brown paper in which his beef was kept. I began to discern reasons for the crow's success as a species.

II

It has been said that birds constitute the answer made by their progenitors, the once lordly reptiles, to competition from the parvenu mammals. If so, the answer has been a sound one. Birds have done well. Even the rise of that paragon of mammals,

the super-killer, man, has probably been of as much benefit as harm to birds: his relentless war against the lower mammals has annihilated millions of potential bird-eaters.

Of course it could be said that those birds which have prospered under man's dominion have done so through his toleration or active protection, but to that dictum there would be one exception, flagrant, bronze-throated, demoniac: the crow. Other creatures as well have thrived on man's hate, — mosquitoes, parasitic worms, rats, mice, — but they are slinkers in dim corners, knifing-in-the-dark. The crow comes out in the open and bawls his designs. He is a distinct slap in man's face on the part of the whimsical powers that be. His mere presence gives the lie, flatly and finally, to those ancient Ægean mariners who announced that the Great God Pan was dead. He mocks scarecrow devices and unarmed men. He caws from housetops at dawn, tormenting the weary suburbanite. He robs the song birds' nests of their eggs and young. He uproots and eats good corn. Poison it, and he pulls it up and lets it lie. He carries on at his worst under the very muzzles of our hostile guns, the range of which, I am told, he gauges nicely.

The civilization which has eased him of the pressure of natural enemies and provided richer hunting grounds the crow accepts as an easily mastered and happy trick — which puts him one up on us. That in itself we could overlook. The unforgivable insult is the attitude with which he pulls it off. Whether crows are gathering in a spruce grove on a winter evening, crouching low against the bitter cold of night with its danger from prowling owls; whether coursing over the northern beaches, shot down-wind or tossed aloft by the freezing gale; whether doing battle in a summer sky with a proud hawk embarrassed by such igno-

miny; or whether barking down the fox hounds in ringing autumn woods — the world at all times bears for them the same aspect. It is that of a shiny bawble. It is that of a toy to be investigated and cawed over, to be shrieked at with meteoric indignation when it pinches a toe and then exulted over with raucous screams across the green forest top. At best it is a wild delight; at worst, a gewgaw whose impertinence is soon forgotten in its endless novelty. The crow inhabits our own planet. But among us, who look upon the world as an awesome creation and debate through the centuries its terrifying complexities, the crow's caw rings out like a whoop in church. The crow is the arch defier of the System, by whatever name the System may go: Osiris or Industrial Progress; Quetzalcoatl or Dialectical Materialism. As a spectacle he is superb.

How does he get away with it? Formerly his applauder, I had been willing and eager to concede the crow every quality that would fit the rôle of rebel against the powers of darkness: a knife-edged intelligence, a sense of humor, an invincible soul. There was no need to analyze him scientifically. In these days when psychologists have so thoroughly discouraged us by dissecting our heroes and ideals into their component nothings, one has lost one's taste for casual analyses. Along with the gift horses whose mouths should proverbially not be looked into, many other horses should be included.

Alas! These things cannot always be controlled. It is actually the gift horses whose mouths do get looked into, and my crow was a gift horse, with a mouth agape most of the time. (In this he differed from my parrot, who opens his mouth only to draw blood from my finger, whose eye is full of old evil, whose sole apparent purpose in life is destruction. *He* was brought from the malaria coast of

Guatemala at an exorbitant cost in worry and trouble, and though we have little in common besides a susceptibility to psittacosis, I could never give him up.)

In the beginning I would hardly have parted with the Crow. He seemed on the way to becoming an ideal pet. Unlike a dog, he made no demands, asking as little of one's sympathies as of one's time or money. He was there — upon the lawn or wherever — when wanted, and his ways were engaging. He would perch upon a shoulder, contributing to the general conversation a complaining monologue, startlingly human in modulation and almost, if not quite, in words, like speech heard from a distance. Or, tiring of that, he would relapse into a doze, breathing lightly into one's ear. Again, the shocking image of an octogenarian courtier with monstrous nose and pale, nearsighted eyes, his long, knock-kneed legs encased in black silk hose and his thighs in black satin knee breeches, he would falter forth into a group of people and gravely, and as it were absent-mindedly, untie their shoelaces or tuck beneath their shoes or into their trouser cuffs a coin dropped for his use.

He was profoundly unpuppylike. A puppy lets it be known that he shares all the amusement his pranks provoke; no one is putting anything over on *him*. The Crow performed his most ridiculous antics with dignity, however closely his dignity might resemble the too-carefully-preserved variety of the inebriate, which it did. The humorous implications of these antics he failed to grasp. This made him even more comic or strangely disquieting, depending upon the point of view.

The Crow's growth was a process of juvenation. The frowzy old fowl who met me at the door each morning with scarlet, toothless gums spread wide became a slim and shapely youth, a dandy, long of wing and tail, with sable

plumage smooth and glossy, who flew daily to my window to rap me out of bed with the dawn. So rapid was the revolution that it was over before we were aware of what it implied, though what it implied was simple enough: our home had been taken in charge by an indomitable animal who had dedicated himself to dismantling us to see how we worked. To accomplish that end it was soon clear that he was prepared to make any sacrifice on our part.

III

The Crow! This became the pivot about which our daily life revolved, the point of interest that gave it artistic unity. He had adapted himself to our routine; we could now adapt ourselves to his. The smallest action now demanded forethought of the Crow. A sewing basket left unguarded out of doors would be raped on the instant, scissors and thimbles borne into hiding, socks hung fifty feet up in a spruce tree which soon came to resemble a giant cotton plant in bloom. Invitations to tea could be extended only to friends hardy enough to bear up under the Crow. It was useless to prepare them for him. What could we say? 'We have a crow who's likely to drop on your head at any moment, but don't mind him'? No, we could think of no rebuttal to 'What do you mean, "don't mind him"?' And their heads were inevitably pounced upon, their lips despoiled of cigarettes, their breast pockets of handkerchiefs.

I was surprised to learn that most people find contact with a feathered creature as uninviting as intimacy with a snake. It was alarming to observe that a race which has exterminated most of the larger carnivores could have members who were terrified of a crow. Yet I would come upon a group rigid with apprehension, the Crow executing a Dance of Kaa in their midst.

Admittedly there was some justification. Among his habits was one of perching on the back of a steamer chair and dealing its occupant's head hammer-like blows with his sharp beak, as if to uncover the mechanism of the human brain. Short of departing altogether or dealing him a blow strong enough to maim him, there was nothing for the victim of these frequent occasions to do. The bird knew no fear and resented nothing unless it affected his dignity. A cuff which merely unperched him he would receive as a scientist on the verge of isolating the last element might take the interruption of a thoughtless, prattling infant, and he would return to his task, protesting loudly.

The Crow's insensitiveness to disapproval was, it developed, but one aspect of a profound lack in his nature, of a blank side which underlay his tragedy — for he was tragic, both for us and in himself — and which forced me reluctantly to revise downward my high estimate of his species. He had no depth. He could neither feel deeply himself nor perceive any feeling in others, outside the emotional gamut of a robot. That prodigious failing was blatant in his milk-colored eyes, which were simply incapable of registering anything other than changeless, dilated attention. His black pupils, it is true, were alert and efficient, but so are the lenses of a camera, and as 'mirrors of the soul' the former could reflect but little more than the latter.

What did lie behind that unalterable stare, however, was a bundle of sleepless wits. In divining purely mechanical cause and effect the bird had genius. A moment or two was all that he required to master the secret of a safety-match box, to open it, remove the matches, and close it again — this on the initial trial. His first glance at a lighted cigarette disclosed to him its dangerous property. I have seen him

pick up or steal many of them, but never one by the wrong end.

When, in the course of evolution, higher animals with an artistic impulse and response and an intuition began to be developed, the crow's ancestors were presumably among their number. But if so, the crow himself has let those gifts atrophy. While my bird had the scientific mind typical of the lower animals, he differed enormously from them in his superior mental calibre and his fanatical curiosity, which drove him to try anything. He regarded people as merely complicated, and hence more entrancing, matchboxes and he devised marvelous methods of working them. One of these finally turned our country home into a hell. Observing someone walking down a path, he would station himself on a hidden overhanging branch until the passer-by had proceeded a few paces beyond him. Then he would launch out and down, and, with a mighty swish of his wings and the momentum of a cannon ball, would clear the subject's head by a bare two inches. The magnificent result of the experiment — and no amount of experience ever mitigated the victim's near collapse from the sudden terror — would bring forth an ecstatic burst of cawing. It worked! It worked!

IV

For us there was no salvation. Sometimes it was half-heartedly suggested that I 'let him go.' But what that meant I never could guess, since he was at perfect liberty to depart whenever he pleased. Punishment was useless, for success in punishment depends upon the culprit's awareness of its significance. Everyone has marveled at the psychic equipment which enables a dog to grasp his master's emotional state; one might as well, however, have hoped for rapport with an alarm clock as with the two-dimensional intelligence of the

Crow. Caging him was out of the question; our nerves would sooner or later have snapped under the consequent uproar. Had his transgressions been followed by any other sort of punishment, he would have regarded the unpleasantness as the direct result of being caught by me. He would have begun to dislike me and continued to misbehave. In order to connect crime and punishment, an animal must apprehend psychological relationships, and to these the Crow was blind.

As a doleful consequence, mankind was generally a painful enigma to him, for human actions are seldom linked to their causes in ostensible and mechanical sequence. He could never comprehend why his contacts with men should result sometimes in gales of laughter and at others in fisticuffs, or why delectable beef should be surrendered gratuitously while for a worthless silver pencil he must fight beak-and-claw, shrieking with indignation. But instead of ignoring what he could not fathom, as all other animals of my acquaintance have done, he chose to howl it down. What could not be explained had no right to exist; so reasoned this arch-scientist. No doubt we should have pitied him in his everlasting bewilderment had we not been up to our necks in pitying ourselves. When a sizable black fowl sweeps down from a housetop to land, wings spread, in the nucleus of a garden party, to the accompaniment of a vast eruption of tea, china, and silverware, the spectator is apt to lose that sense of serene detachment from which alone can true understanding arise — especially that spectator who is coming to share the bird's unpopularity on a fifty-fifty basis.

There were, of course, compensations: one could not consistently disapprove of a creature who made matutinal trips to one's window sill for the sole purpose of watching one shave. And I still recall, as the moment when

all was forgiven, the occasion when I pointed out to an uninitiated friend a crow, whose wildness there was no reason to doubt, flying high over the treetops, and who, at my whistle, wheeled in mid-air and with artful swoops and twistings came in a breath-taking glide to my wrist.

But, if the reader still thinks the keeping of a crow a small matter, let him consider the problem of sanitation. Let him, I say, stop a moment and dwell upon it, bearing in mind the rapid metabolism of birds and the fact that the Crow's favorite perches were chairs, heads, and shoulders. That Crow poisoned for me the entire body of pet literature, and that includes *Robinson Crusoe* and *Treasure Island* as well as *Rikki-tikki-tavi*. I hereby accuse their wretched authors of a conscious intent to insult the intelligence of their pet-keeping readers to the point of rage. Robinson Crusoe and Long John Silver kept parrots on their shoulders. All right. Had their birds no digestions? Did they starve them? Or what? You may search the whole of English literature and find no answer. Doctor's theses have been written on the use of the comma in Shakespeare, but from Æsop to Beebe no writer has accepted the challenge of bird sanitation.

The Crow's most amiable trait, therefore, was his disposition to spend a fair part of the day by himself, high on a spruce bough. We rested easy in the assurance that he would respect this Truce of God, for by now — it was late summer — he had been analyzed and I knew that he would never be drawn to our society by any warmth of feeling for us. When, with the waning of the season, his shallow emotional reservoir overflowed with a passion for our companionship, it was unbelievable — until the thought struck me that he was simply responding auto-

matically to the flocking instinct, aroused by the approach of autumn.

Whatever the cause, — to which the other members of the family seemed indifferent, — there was no ignoring what had happened. He ceased ever to absent himself from us. He hung over our heads like a Sword of Damocles, with the added capacity of falling into our laps, pulling our hair, snatching at matches, teacups, pens, and watch chains, tearing up flowers, turning the pages of a magazine with care only to rip it to shreds a moment later in an abandonment of boredom, baying his excitement from morning till night, and even accompanying us on our walks, flying ahead and then back close over our heads to spur us forward on what he considered, I suppose, the southward trek. At his mildest, he minced about at our feet, articulating his still knock-kneed legs with stiff precision, as if his knee breeches were a size too small, twitching his wings, and turning his sloping forehead upward to peer at us with a glassy, slightly cross-eyed stare over his black-horn beak.

He did n't know it, but the crisis had come. One of us must crack.

It was the Crow. One day, as suddenly and as inartistically as it is told, he disappeared. He had not taken to the wilds, for he still could not feed himself. He had simply vanished, leaving only one possible clue: a shot heard down the road soon after he had last been seen.

It is easy to picture such a demise: the gunner creeping up, unaware of his quarry's tameness, the Crow fascinated by the light on the gun barrel, knowing no fear, the shot too quickly effective to leave time for bewilderment or wrath. The poorest mongrel dog would have fled, his nerves set on edge by the unexpressed hostility of the enemy; the Crow to the last had no mind for the psychic. He had no soul.

HEART-UNBROKEN

BY HAROLD GOLDMAN

I

THE train creaked slowly out of the Gare de Lyon. Julian stood in the passageway outside his compartment, his forehead pressed against the glass, until only the haze of the station remained. Against that haze he could still see the slight figure of Elissa, surging and ebbing in his memory, long after Paris itself was a blue, smoky smudge in the distance. That visual memory was like the hum of a motor that persists after the plane has vanished beyond the eye, now softer, now stronger on the changing wind. But sounds vanish in time, or are lost in the amalgam of other sounds, or become so used to being heard that they are silent. This was different. The picture of Elissa was ever renewed in his mind, growing in definition and poignancy with every momentary effacement.

Now he could see the pale blue dress he had not noted at the station, the tan hat, the bag he had given her. She had not cried, nor had she smiled bravely. She had just stood, young and straight and broken, and looked at him. And a curious thing had happened. It seemed not to touch him then, and he noted it almost with the impersonal concern of a student in behaviorism, for he had never seen it before. But now it remained in his consciousness with an insistence that blurred out the station, the crowds, even the pale figure of Elissa herself. No, she had not cried, but all the while

tears had been rolling down her immobile face from dry eyes. All during that endless minute while he had stood on the platform step, waiting, hoping for the straining tug of departure to end this useless, this pointless agony, he had watched that strange phenomenon. No, she had not cried. . . .

He wandered down the corridor and found his compartment. Thank heavens, it was unoccupied. The inevitable French lawyer, French soldier, French business man, with his wife and a baby or two, had apparently found other places to strew their baggage, open their bundles, feed their babies, and close the windows. And, greatest blessing of all, there was no American tourist. For this he would ever be grateful.

As he stretched out in his seat, he realized that he was still holding a square package Elissa had given him. He did not even remember taking it from her, but it had been in her hands when she met him at the station and now it was here with him. He picked at the knot carefully, laboriously, although he could easily have slipped the string over the side. For some reason this seemed important to him. Perhaps it was an unconscious slowing-down process to meliorate the long passage of the hours until he would be in Rome; or an effort to keep his fingers mechanically occupied while the figure of Elissa was rhythmically fading and

deepening in his memory, the tears always falling from her dry, pale eyes. He took off the paper and opened the box. There was a note on top. And underneath, in neatly arranged order, — he had to smile, — were all the things a mother would pack for her boy's first journey away from home: aspirin, bicarbonate, laxatives, foot powder, — his feet had been sore from walking around so much in Paris, — even a little *briquet*, for he was always without matches.

He opened the note. He almost knew the words she would use: ' . . . no matter what, I shall always be waiting. For you? Maybe not — only waiting. . . . I shall try honestly not to miss you too much. . . . Our beautiful month . . . I would have gone with you, but I felt you needed to be alone. . . . I shall not be really unhappy while I am still living on fresh memories, but — oh, darling! . . . ' He put the note in his pocket and re-wrapped the package.

II

Yes, it had been a beautiful month, for him as for her. True, he had not done as much work as he had intended, but that could be as readily blamed on Paris as on his seeing her so constantly. He had done a few small sketches of the lesser-known corners, and he had written a piece for an American magazine, with drawings, but other than that, nothing. Well, Paris was n't the place where he could work. It was too shrill, too volatile, too — or maybe it was Elissa. He could n't know exactly. But it had been beautiful — and he had n't done any of the serious things he had come from America to do.

And now Italy, with six months of roaming and painting and studying, was lying ahead for him to explore. He was free and unencumbered for the first time in his life. Free and un-

encumbered? He laughed at himself for the thought. He had left things behind him in America, things that he had thought were precious and dear and intimately a part of what he was and always must be. Yet here he was, thinking of himself as being free. Free for six months or seven, free to be alone, free from financial worry for the moment, free — until the time would come for him to return. It was a long chain that he had, but the stake was fixed fast in a distant ground. Free!

He was glad he had told Elissa about Freda so soon after their meeting. It helped his conscience a lot, and his conscience was needing a lot of help those days. But at least she knew the situation. He had not deceived her for a moment. And he had not tried to make her fall in love with him. It had just happened. Their meeting on the boat, the lazy, sunny voyage, the sudden impact upon them both of ancient and unusual beauty, the weeks of spring in Paris, that strange, false feel of freedom — all these had formed the background of an inevitable love affair. For he had fallen in love with her, too. At least . . .

Again he skimmed through the letter she had written him. It was so like her. It epitomized so completely the things that awakened his response to her. Response — that was it. That was what he had for her. There was no strength of resistance in him against the tender flow of her devotion, her utter abnegation of all that was not part of him. Nor had he tried to resist it. It had caught him piercingly and sweetly, her need and her courage. For he had told her that this thing could be only of the moment for him. His roots were elsewhere. Their lives, but for this incredibly lovely interlude, were separate. And this she had accepted, and this was her bravery.

He wondered if Freda would understand. How he would love to tell her

when he returned. He had referred passingly to Elissa in his early letters as the p. g. o. b. — the prettiest girl on board — and she still remained, for Freda, one among the many people he had met. He repressed an intense impulse to write her fully into his letters. That impulse also was conscience, he supposed. A kind of self-extenuation through confession. But that would have to wait. It was too late now to do that by letter. Perhaps it was too late ever to do it. Perhaps Freda could never understand.

Even as he said it, he knew that this last was true. Through the five years of their married life, she had given him sympathy and encouragement in his work. She had not been impatient of the tedious journey toward success in his career. She had been willing to forgo the material pleasures of the moment, in view of the longer objective. In a word, she had been a brick. But to all things that challenged the conventional morality of her code she was deaf and blind and dumb. She did not even go so far as to consider them menaces to happiness. They were menaces to decency.

Why should he tell her? Just for the selfish fulfillment of his desire for absolute? To give her moments of pain that would poison subtly but cumulatively their entire future together? It was n't as if he were going to do things about Elissa that Freda would have to know. He was n't making a new choice. He was n't giving Freda up — ever.

Yes, that was another thing. Why was n't he? He did care deeply for Elissa, whether this was induced by her tenderness or her loveliness or Paris in the spring. No, he was using her courage, her unfaltering willingness to take the punishment and give him the freedom of the road. He was utilizing this chivalry of hers so that he might have the easiest path, exactly as he was using

Freda's timidity before new ideas for the purpose of saving himself the pain of hurting her. That was it. He was the Opportunist Magnificent. Elissa's heroism and Freda's cowardice — he turned them both to his ends.

'I wonder if I'm really as bad as all that,' he said to himself as he took out a pad and started a letter to Elissa.

III

In 'the grandeur that was Rome' he forgot himself completely. Days of precious research in the Vatican Library, hour after hour in the Museo delle Terme, the churches, the *campagna*, Tivoli — all went to his head like wine, but left him crystal-clear and excited. He was doing water color now. Something in the fluency of the medium seemed to meet him in his desire to get it all down, quickly, vividly, in the hot glow of his impression. His notebooks were filled with stuff he thought he would use some day but knew that he would n't. That's why he had to capture it fast. This thing called inspiration, which was really only the desire to tell somebody all about it, to communicate somehow the high level of his emotion, was a dangerous thing to put off. It could be so easily dissipated. You could cool down, or you could talk it away, or your physical energy could give out. In any case there would be no painting left — nothing but technique and memory.

Often he longed for Elissa, but not sentimentally. Yes, one night in the Colosseum he needed her, cruelly, desperately, romantically. This was a moonlit beauty that reached back into antiquity and gathered about itself the chiaroscuro of slow-moving time and historic memories. Such shadows were not made to fall on men who were alone. And he had painted himself out that day. The surplus energy of his emotion could not be canalized into the

fluent expression that was most natural to him, nor could he switch it into those fields that other men less fastidious than he — and maybe a lot saner, he added grimly — would have chosen without knowing they were making a choice. And yet there was nothing of loyalty to Elissa in this abstinence. Essentially it was not doing the thing he did n't want to do. The emotion engendered by the Colosseum was not something to be spent in cheap substitutions.

Through the days of his work, he did not really miss her. He needed someone to talk to, and yet, somehow, he was glad there was no one. He had talked lots in Paris, but in Italy he was painting — and painting as he had never painted before.

But this desire for words, light words, frivolous words, unfinished words, was a real need. He took it out in letters a good deal, writing her all the amusing things that happened around him. They were gay letters, filled with external incident, the progress of his work, the color of the Pincio at sundown. How he had overheard one tourist saying that Switzerland was really a very big country if they'd only flatten it out. How he had shocked a little group of art commentators by calling the Della Robbias a 'family of distinguished mediocrities.' And through all that he wrote ran the omnipresent beauty of Rome and the prodigiousness of its treasures.

He had heard from her only once, the day after his arrival. It was a brave little heart-unbroken letter, and again he could follow those curious tears that moved down her face from nowhere. But that had been a week ago — he looked down at his desk pad — no, two weeks. How the time had slipped by! Two weeks! Could that be possible? Was anything wrong? He felt like a beast not to have thought of this before, not to have realized. . . .

He dashed off a note, full of concern and tenderness. She must write at once. How could she expect him to do his work if he was n't to know what was happening to her? 'Let me know that you are well,' — and he hated himself for adding this, but he had to, — 'and not too unhappy.'

His mind was caught by a deep uneasiness for her now, and the days that followed, with no word or sign, no answer to his notes that became more and more urgent as his feeling of selfishness gave way to a genuine sense of panic, were contaminated by his ever-present anxiety. He found himself confining his work to the locale of the Spanish Steps, for that was near the American Express, where he would ask for mail two and three times a day, even though he knew Elissa had his permanent hotel address while he would be in Rome. He was working in oil now. It fitted more the tempo of his mood. Gone was that necessity for catching things on the high wing of his emotion. He could wait for the creative impulse without losing what had gone before, and the greater laboriousness of this kind of painting gave him something of peace through keeping him mechanically occupied. But the work was commonplace. He knew it. There was nothing he could do.

Yes, there *was* something he could do. He could go back to Paris. He could find out for himself what was wrong. He owed it to her. He owed her more than that. And he owed it to himself.

What did that mean, he wondered. One of those things that slip through the lips — to owe it to one's self. He would go to Paris to clear his mind of this anxiety about her and then he would be able to work again, and that was that.

Now that his mind was set, he felt a lot better. He scribbled off a telegram at the Express: 'Desperately worried.

Starting for Paris to-morrow unless return wire by morning.'

He was so sure by now that he would not hear from her that already in his mind he was making preparations for departure. He hated the idea of leaving, of being forced to stop work for something he was unable to evaluate. If she had only written. If he only knew what had kept her silent for so long. He did not resent going back if she needed him. He would stay with her gladly if she were ill.

The wire came early next morning: 'Sorry you worried. Inexplicably happy. Letter follows.'

He turned it over in his hands. He reread it. He studied carefully, and without object, all the cabalistic marks and signs and abbreviations that take up most of the space on a foreign telegram. 'Inexplicably happy.'

Julian went to his table and drew out his writing pad. He carefully unscrewed the cap of his fountain pen and made sure that the ink flowed readily. Then he pushed aside the books and magazines and, sitting down, wrote a long, tender, beautiful letter, to his wife.

IV

Julian was doing a water color of the cloisters of St. Paul Beyond the Walls. He was working on a wave of cold rage now, rage against Elissa, rage for having let himself be deflected from the thing he had been waiting so long to do — painting in Italy. The letter had not followed yet, although it was a week since the telegram, and it was strange that he was almost without curiosity as to what she would have to say. He wondered how the Freudians would get around that, the psychologists who laid everything to the ego and its frustrations. If it had been merely the fear of having been ousted from his position of emotional dominance over Elissa, then surely he would

be worse off now, catching from the glibness of her 'inexplicably happy' the full sense of his diminished importance to her. No, he hated himself for the tenderness that had reached out to her in what might have been her pain — the tenderness that had as its answer, 'Sorry you worried.'

Well, rage was a good motive power, too. Maybe that was still another name for inspiration. Perhaps any excitement, anything that forced you into a gesture, would work. Here he was, under those languorous arches, with their shadows quieting like cool hands the exuberant mosaic of the arcade, turning the excitement of his hate into the depiction of unearthly peacefulness. He had recently seen the advertisement of a mechanical ice box, and he had to smile at the niceness of the analogy. It too utilized heat to produce cold, just as he was transmuting venom into serenity. And the water color, drawn with the exquisite sureness of his hand and eye, might have been done by some old monk who knew nothing of the world or of Elissa — who knew only of God.

Then came the letter. She wrote in a curiously elliptical style that flattered him in its assumption of his understanding and annoyed him with its spasmodic tangencies. Yes, the first three days had been rather terrible . . . Paris had become merely the place where Julian was not . . . the very beauty of the parks and streets had become unbearable. . . . And then somehow . . . Did he know Byron, the American composer? She had bumped into him recently — had been seeing quite a bit of him, in fact. . . . Loads of bridge, too. . . . The work at the Conservatory was a dull bore. She almost wished the session were over. . . . Oh, but they were stuffy — still thought no music had been written since Beethoven. . . . Byron was fascinating . . . interpreting *surréalisme*

through the quarter-tone scale. . . . The night before last, a *vernissage*. . . . She had met Manari and Darvas and . . . they were doing things. You'd hear from them some day. . . . Poor Julian, sunk in the Christ-bitten Italian renaissance! . . . He'd have to snap out of it soon. . . . She was n't getting much sleep . . . felt fine . . . was absolutely cock-eyed last night. . . . Byron had put Julian's telegram to music. . . .

Yes, Julian knew Byron. He knew Byron and Darvas and Craig and Manari and the rest — knew them for what they were, a crowd of cheap sensationists, riding the hobby of iconoclasm, with no voice of their own but to howl down standards. Fine. Howl down standards if you like, but after that say something, sing something, paint something. Or maybe they called that pathetic stuff of theirs painting. Maybe Byron really thought that 'advanced' music of his was an advance in music. No, they did n't even think so themselves. They were debauchers without taste or scruple — and to Elissa they were 'fascinating.'

And with that he locked up the compartment of his heart labeled 'Elissa.'

V

The heat was beginning to descend on Italy. He would have to get down to Naples before the height of it, and then be up north, through the hill towns and the Lakes, where he could work without discomfort all during the midsummer. These days in Rome would have to be used to their full.

Elissa's infrequent letters were all about the same, differing only in the recital of what had occupied her during the few days previous. He had written her no word. He read her lines with perfunctory attention, and forgot them as he was reading. One letter he held in his pocket for two days, without even

remembering he had received it. Now as he fished through his pockets for a stray Macedonia and found only crumbled tobacco and torn tissue, he came upon it. She had not heard from him for weeks. . . . What was wrong? Was he well? . . . Please write . . . please . . .

It was in Sorrento that he got her telegram, forwarded on from his hotel in Rome, for she had no idea where he was by now. Her letters had been becoming more and more urgent. She was really frightened. She knew she had lost him, but also there was the fear that he was unable to write, that something had happened. He would have liked to be moved by it. It was impossible. He had no answer to her suffering, a suffering he understood so well from having gone through it himself. It did not touch him. She was merely a girl he had known in Paris, whose name happened to be Elissa.

But this telegram, he could not ignore that. She prayed him for a word, any word, just so she heard from him. He went to the hotel desk and scribbled it off on a blank. 'You wish this sent by telegraph?' the clerk said. Julian nodded and walked off. The clerk looked after him and shrugged. The telegram said: —

'The Bay of Naples is a silver mirror under the moon.'

VI

November. The train seemed to crawl all the way from Chartres to Paris. It was cold and dark and drizzly, and had been so for weeks previous while Julian had slowly made his way up from the south of France. After the Lakes, he had gone to the French Riviera to rest up a bit, but he had struck Provence and the Château Country in the meanest time of the year. The light would fail at four in the afternoon, the days were wet and

miserable, and he was tired, hopelessly tired.

He was sure Elissa would be at the station. He had sent her an occasional card, just to assure himself that he was not merely going through the motions of an unswerving indifference, and a wire saying when he would arrive. He had heard from her once or twice, artificial, unintimate glimpses of her life, and he knew that by this time her mother must have come over to see her. She was expected in October, and Elissa had chafed and fumed under the prospect of having her on her hands. 'She does n't speak a word of French and she won't like any of my friends,' she had said, but Julian knew it was deeper than that. Elissa was doing the rounds of the salons and cafés and *vernissages*, and Julian had a great pity in his heart for Mrs. Mallin, who would have come all that way only to be a nuisance.

Elissa was not there. He looked through the station, into the telephone room, and waited around for a while in the event that she had been delayed. He had been so sure. Finally he gave it up and called a taxi.

At his hotel he found a note: 'Sorry I could n't make it. Lots of people here. Come over.' He crumpled the letter in his hand and went upstairs to unpack and bathe. He was tired. And for the first time in many months he felt utterly alone.

Two hours later he realized he was walking toward Elissa's apartment.

Byron was sitting on a couch with his leg thrown over one end. Darvas and Craig and Bender were arguing over cocktails in a corner. Elissa's mother was sitting apart, straight and ill at ease, with a fixed little smile on her lips. When Julian entered, Elissa left Manari and a dark, boyish-looking girl and walked unsteadily across the room toward him.

'Hi,' she said.

It was strange to note her face and compare it with the one he remembered, the one with those funny tears. It was hard now and drawn, with a hint of desperation. In some subtle way she looked like a French girl. Even her accent, he noticed later, was just slightly foreign. Her hair was different, the spots of rouge on her cheeks were higher up, her lips belied the design that was superimposed. She linked her arm through his and presented him around.

Byron looked up. 'Oh, the man who discovered Italy,' he said. Darvas snickered.

Julian took a chair next to Mrs. Mallin. She looked a good deal like Elissa, but she was rounder and somehow fresher. 'She must have been beautiful as a girl,' thought Julian. 'Much more beautiful than Elissa.'

Her daughter put down an empty glass with one hand and raised a full one with the other. He watched Mrs. Mallin's eyes follow her in silent protest. Elissa dragged him away for a moment.

'Keep your eye on the mater,' she said. 'She came over here with a shotgun — but you were in Italy.'

'There seem to be a number of other targets,' said Julian, looking around. Elissa ignored it.

'People saw us together and went back to America. She suspects the worst.'

'And knows . . . ?'

'The least,' answered Elissa. 'Except that you're married.' She left him for a fresh cocktail.

Julian again sat by her mother. 'She really should n't drink so much,' Mrs. Mallin said.

'No,' said Julian. He walked over to Elissa. 'You've had plenty. I don't think I'd take any more,' he remarked.

Her eyes blazed for a moment, but she put down her glass. 'I've gotten

along fine for the last six months,' she said.

'I'm delighted to hear it,' said Julian. He went back to his seat.

'Thank you,' said Mrs. Mallin.

VII

During the first few weeks of the time that remained before Julian's boat would sail for New York he saw Mrs. Mallin frequently, Elissa hardly ever. He was full of compassion for the poor woman who was being left so alone by Elissa. One does n't know what the word 'aloneness' means until one has been alone in Paris. The gayety of the city, the width of the boulevards, the eternal vistas, the forbidding intimacy of the cafés, all close in upon the heart and make its solitude an active, tangible thing. He knew, for he had never been more alone. And he recognized that it was not only out of his pity that he was devoting some time to Mrs. Mallin, but out of his own need for contact, a contact that was not wholly divorced from the theme of Elissa, who once, long ago, had been Paris in the Spring. The bleak incidence of winter was almost too perfect a setting for his fallen estate, too formal a contrast to the April he had known. There was something cheaply dramatic about it. Good playwrights avoided such pat fitness.

But wait. This thing was getting a bit mixed up. How much real pain was he suffering? And how much was it a simple matter of his nose having been put out of joint? The ego works in subtle ways. It's a great little device for getting you to think noble, tragic thoughts about yourself when what you're really trying to do is to save your face. Maybe those psychologists were n't so wrong after all. He did n't want to be any softer on himself than he was on the next one. He wondered. He did n't know. This was nothing but

a maze of speculation. But there was one fact that he could n't escape if he wanted to; it was inescapable: that if he had stayed in Paris this could not have happened. He had gone away and relied on her bravery without being sure that she was brave. He had been too willing to accept her easy assumption of courage, because it had worked in with his design for living. He had left her to fight alone and she had not fought — she had succumbed.

Well, if this was true it changed the complexion of things. He could n't have anything like this hanging over him for the rest of his life. In the beginning, his choice seemed free — the choice between Freda and Elissa. Not that he had ever seriously considered choosing between them; but at least there was nothing of duty in it. He was following the path of his inclination, and happily this coincided with what the world would have considered his first, his only obligation. But now there was a wrecked human being to account for. Something had to be straightened out, he knew not how.

He was having dinner with Mrs. Mallin that night in a little restaurant near the Bois. She had come somehow to rely on him in her struggle for Elissa's spiritual and physical well-being. To Elissa he had become merely 'a friend of Mother's,' and in that damning category he was automatically excluded from among the people who mattered to her. He had been discredited. As an artist he had been put into a class that Darvas and Byron and their group despised too much to laugh at, and she had accepted their standards as part of the movement called 'modernism' which left Julian, struggling and pathetic and a little ridiculous, among the ruins of a classic art which they cried down. With the loss of his prestige in the field that had once aroused her interest, the rest of him faded out into the general mediocrity

that had been assigned to his taste and talent.

But this change in Mrs. Mallin toward him was almost funny. Gone was the hard suspicion with which she had first looked at him, the man against whom her daughter had to be safeguarded. She had never spoken a word about his relation with Elissa before Italy, nor had he; but to-night, somehow, it was all around them.

He came right out with it. 'You knew, of course, that I was in love with Elissa,' he said.

Mrs. Mallin seemed not to realize the swift cutting away of nonessentials. 'I knew she was in love with you,' she said. 'She could n't keep it out of her letters. Then I found out that you were n't free, and I — I did n't want Elissa to be hurt.'

'Neither did I,' said Julian. 'Can you understand that?'

Mrs. Mallin looked down into her cup. 'You did n't do anything about it.'

'No, I could n't,' said Julian. 'It would have been swapping one tragedy for another. And besides, it did n't seem like tragedy. It was just — a month in Paris. I thought she'd get over it.'

'She did,' said Mrs. Mallin.

'I know,' said Julian.

He lighted her cigarette and crunched his out. 'It's too late now, even if I were ready to — do things about it.'

'I don't think so,' she said.

Julian looked up at her quickly. 'Look here,' he said. 'We're talking about old-fashioned things now. We're going to have to use old-fashioned words. What we're trying to do is to "save" Elissa, is n't it? And she can only be "saved through love," and I'm the man she does n't love.'

Mrs. Mallin's cigarette was giving off infinitely rapid, tiny vibrations of blue smoke. She looked at him steadily. 'You could get her to — again.'

'Would you — would you want me to?' Julian said.

Mrs. Mallin said, 'Yes.'

'And after that?' asked Julian.

'After that? . . . I don't know,' said Mrs. Mallin.

VIII

Julian never knew just how he set about doing this thing he had been called upon to do. In a specific sense, his tactic was wholly unplanned and spontaneous; in a general sense, it was highly organized and deliberate. No villain, whose motive was the betrayal of a woman, could have been more calculating in his approach toward her. Here was a strange irony: now that he was embarked upon a 'good work,' his method was that of Machiavelli, but in creating the situation that had turned into something so close to tragedy he had been completely without guile. He wondered how much of the world's sorrow could be attributed to those who 'just did n't know,' whose hearts were innocent and without wisdom.

One of his chief difficulties was the arranging of any time with Elissa. Her days and nights were extravagantly frittered away in a procession of self-conscious parties with her 'Post-Revolutionists,' for that's what they called themselves, and, while Julian could easily have gone along with the group, he knew instinctively that this would be futile. He had once read in Cabell the definition of a 'two-ser' — one who was only at his best with one other person — and he felt that for his purposes this was what he would have to be.

Then one evening she had been too tired to join them and he had sat with her in the apartment. Her fatigue had seemed to dwindle away under his unobtrusive solicitude. He had stayed and talked with her until very late, about Italy mostly, confining himself

to those impressions that had to do with its natural beauty, so that the question of æsthetic standards would not be precipitated. There would be time for that later. Now he had to build from noncontentious ground. But when he tried to give her something of what had caught him that night in the Colosseum, she interrupted.

'It must have been too divine,' she said. 'I know, because every honeymoon couple and sophomore and love-sick maiden I ever knew came back with the same story. And I've seen it on the loveliest picture postcards.'

'It's true,' he said, ignoring the irony, 'but there is some beauty so clear that the artist feels it no more strongly than the peasant. These things,' he fumbled, 'go beyond, outside of taste. Maybe they're the things from which all taste, all standards, come into being.' He smiled a little apologetically. 'The mother, whose function it is to bear, and not be judged by, her children.'

He told her what he thought were his successes and his failures. How he had done a technically stunning water color of St. Paul Beyond the Walls, which was a complete fiasco because it might easily have been done by someone who had been dead for three hundred years. And here he skillfully used what might have been one of the tenets of Post-Revolutionism and showed her that the only thing that was important was how the artist felt about the thing he was doing, and when what you had to say was three centuries old it was n't worth the saying. He derogated, but without naming names, those who were filled with shouting and empty of craftsmanship. He tried to give her his methods of judgment, without ever implying that they should become her methods. He had to make the battle on the field of his æsthetic rationale, for it was from this ground that

she had dismissed him and his values. The romantic approach would come later.

'What a marvelous villain I would have made,' thought Julian.

IX

Julian had said good-bye to Mrs. Mallin at the apartment. He had seen very little of her during the last few weeks. All his time had been spent with Elissa, except for an evening or two when he had taken her mother to dinner or the theatre. Elissa lent these occasions a gracious air of magnanimity, as though she were giving Julian over to her mother for the evening. It was a gesture of dependence and possession at the same time. It was a straw in the wind, a sign that he was perhaps unconsciously waiting for.

Mrs. Mallin, more lonely now than ever, watched the curious and gradual change that came over Elissa as Julian's influence became more pronounced. The apartment had become more or less free from Post-Revolutionists. The hard tiredness of Elissa's face had been replaced by something sound and happy and tender. But Mrs. Mallin was lonely, very lonely. The thing she had instinctively sought had come to pass. The bridge had been built, but it stretched to an unknown land. And neither she nor Julian knew whether the thing they had done was for the better or for the worse. For now the time had come for Julian to go away.

The Gare St.-Lazare. Not many Americans were left in Paris by this time of the year and the station was quite different from the way it would have looked in September, when the tourists were thronging the boat trains that emptied into the big ships at Havre.

The porter, standing near Elissa and Julian, motioned that it was time to go. She looked so young as she stood there,

so straight, so broken. And those tears without source, magically appearing, tremulously falling . . .

Julian read her letter in the train. She had slipped it into his pocket. She knew now . . . this last month had cleared her eyes and her heart. . . . There would never be another . . . she was without hope and without pain. . . . Oh, dearest! . . .

X

Julian had been back three weeks when her first letter came. His eyes ran down the page avidly, fearfully. Yes, that first week had been a kind of agony. . . . Her bravery had been stupidity. She never knew a thing could hurt like that. . . . She still missed him, especially when she was with David Johns. They were so much alike. . . . She had met him while he was sketching some architectural detail at the Cluny. He was a prize man at the Beaux Arts, and positively brilliant. Architecture was fascinating. . . . She did not know what had become of Byron and that crowd. Most of her

time was spent with David. . . . Her mother liked him, too — probably the first time they had ever agreed about anything. . . . They had decided to stay in Paris for the year. . . .

Julian put the letter back in his pocket. A faint smile lightened his lips. What had he accomplished? How long would this new infatuation last? One could n't predict about Elissa, except that in her fickleness she was open to every influence and would always be. The certainty of this knowledge was something of a shock — and yet had n't he known it before? Had n't he used this very fact as a working basis in seeking his own exoneration — in extricating her from the debasing relationships she had formed after he first left her? And now? Well, it was a piece of luck about Johns. He knew of him, had heard he was brilliant, a solid student. Now let Johns hold her if he could. But that was none of Julian's business. His responsibility was over. He turned to Freda.

'Sometime you must remind me to tell you an awfully funny thing that happened in Paris.'

THE GREAT RICH VINE

BY JOHN HOLMES

I

THE poet is an accident combining a boundless variety of sympathies, quick physical responses, a tough saneness of resistance, an incredible conviction that he stands under the middle of the arch of the world, and a hard necessity to share, to teach, to tell — all these in one body owning a set of five sharp senses, a heart always a little too full, an eagerly curious mind, and a greed for every possible experience.

It is no easier for him to cultivate his inward estate to something like orderly productivity and endurable habitation than it is for someone else to bound that area and enclose it with a sturdy definition. His borders are forever shifting. He hopes they are enlarging, and his peculiar acquisitiveness for lively memories from the country of the mind makes it rather certain that they are. Sometimes his estate seems to shape itself with a wide emphasis south southeast, while his customary latitudes are abandoned. Sometimes his residence and activities are at the opposite direction of the compass. But in the course of time he pushes his borders farther and farther out from the centre, and makes them symmetrical; within he seeds here and harvests there, repairs highroads and tramps out fresh bypaths, inspects old ideas and fences in new ones. Some fields he passes by and looks the other way. He is as patient as nature with

others, and eager as the wind with still others. And somewhere in this soil the deep-thrust roots of the tree of life draw nourishment, and find it rich.

Having language, the poet is able to tell what it is he feels about his world, both the inner and the outer. Before he had language, we do not know what he did; he may have run up a hill and looked abroad, like stout Balboa on a peak in Darien, and shouted loudly. But a shout cannot be written down for second performance. He may have found satisfaction in pounding the trunk of a tree with a good thick club; but that, too, would be a little difficult to record. He may have danced his delight, or his terror, or hatred, or reverence, and probably did; the dance could be remembered and repeated.

But when there was a language, and therefore determined meanings for certain sounds, it was his great pleasure to make words dance with the exact posture, the same swiftness, the same satisfaction of rhythm that patterned his dance. There is even a mode of taste that returns through the nameless centuries to catch again that shout, that hearty tree-drubbing, in what is also called poetry. However, in imitation by words lies the art of poetry; and at last, when the words themselves have come to have such rolling reverberations of meaning, such

ghostly genealogies of memory, such Saturn rings of light around them, all the dance is in the words: poetry is words. The poet finds himself under a compulsion to arrange words in patterns, the most tangible parts of which seem to be printer's ink on a white page. Actually what drives him is a necessity for summoning these ancestries of meaning into significant order; for arranging these overtones into a symphony; for translating the subtly outgoing signals into a newer message. These intangibilities rise from the black letters into the astonished and illumined brain of the reader, and that is poetry.

It is when words have been put together, and words so plain in themselves joined to make phrases like 'this goodly frame, the earth . . . this majestic roof fretted with golden fire,' or 'the bright boroughs, the quivering citadels there,' or 'how sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this banke,' that there falls that inexplicable radiance upon the page, and round the very room where the page is read. It has taken more than words to do this; there was an urgency in the poet that brimmed and he could not help it; it overflowed and he was glad. Unless that surge of wonder, that intolerable beating of wings in the poet's mind, had found the right words, we never should have cared. There is poetry in words, much blood in words, but there is a thing that moves behind them, a spirit that puts them on like a garment and wears them, filling the infinite possibilities of their drapery with a body that lives and moves, and goes up and down to delight us with its grace and stir us with its vigor.

II

It is the sum of what the poet teaches himself that determines his quality. In the midst of external ac-

tivity, he may, like Yeats rehearsing a play, suddenly perceive that 'tragedy must always be a drowning and breaking of the dykes that separate man from man'; or gradually come to place, like George Moore, the capacity for revision of the written page above all the virtues. All this and much more is hidden behind the greatness of the poetry we read, and has added its beam to the light. The poet may have learned Mozart's lesson, that 'when I am feeling well and in good humor, thoughts come in swarms and with marvelous ease,' or it may be that, as an artist, those are not at all the conditions for getting things done. Analogies may teach him, if he has the eyes for them, like the one Hazlitt drew between the writer and the Indian jugglers of knives. Or he may discover, because of his knowledge of the poetry of the past, that one of his contemporaries, by adapting, accepting, exaggerating old methods, has fashioned and used a new one.

Failure teaches him that all failure in the arts may possibly be mended in the next attempt. Praise teaches him, perhaps, how imperfectly he has transmitted himself, so unpredictable and often so absurd praise is. All pronouncements on style, by poets of his own generation or those of years ago, help him to shape the idea of his own, for he knows that his style must be his own or nothing. He learns, by experiences he would hardly care to tell about, what medicine cures or eases an unwillingness to make an imaginative effort. The weather of his mind is an affair of low pressure areas and sudden storms that he must learn to predict with unfailing accuracy. He watches the least stirring of leaves that indicates a rising wind, and he knows what planets draw his tides. He supports the findings of an almost instrumental skill in self-knowledge of this kind with an old native wisdom of intuition

and shrewd speculation. Time concerns him, that he may not waste it; no waking day is ever quite long enough for creation. And at last he learns what all great artists know, each in their kind: to hold to a single ruthlessness of purpose, and that purpose poetry.

Any description of the poet as human being must underline his inclusiveness and his intensity; and it is easy to translate that truth into the part truth that this means an abundance of all that is good and happy and affirmative. But when Walt Whitman said that he, too, 'knitted the old knot of contrariety, had guile, lust, hot wishes I dared not speak, was wayward, vain, greedy, shallow,' he gave evidence of one extreme. But there was also Keats, 'happy as a man may be . . . with the yearning passion I have for the beautiful, connected and made one with the ambition of my intellect'; and there is William Butler Yeats, in one mood 'blest by everything, everything I look upon is blest,' and in another, 'timid, entangled, empty, and abashed.'

T. W. H. Crosland helps the variety with the 'furious wise will and heart of stone,' and D. H. Lawrence with his cry of 'My great religion is a belief in the blood!' Sir Thomas Browne had 'all Africa and her prodigies' in him. Conrad Aiken bids us 'laugh with fool's delight that heavenly folly made the world so bright'; Bliss Perry reminds us that the poet has always been *genus irritabile* — the irritable kind; John Donne must have the soul descend to affections and to faculties, 'else a great Prince in prison lies'; and Shakespeare marks bitterly 'the expense of spirit in a waste of shame.' John Masefield remembers, as most poets do, that 'man with his burning soul has but an hour of breath'; Emerson walks across Cambridge Common, 'glad almost to

the brink of fear'; Katherine Mansfield in the grimness of grief writes in her journal, 'To-day I am hardening my heart. I am walking all around my heart and building up the defenses'; and Keats feels 'an awful warmth about my heart like a load of immortality.'

And yet all these are not a fraction of the poet's capacity for life. There was Milton, who knew the courts of heaven, and Villon, who knew the alleys of Paris. Chaucer rode down to Canterbury with priests, shipmen, millers, knights, and nuns; George Herbert lived in the retirement of a country parish and his mother's house. Blake was mad (or was he sane?) and Alexander Pope was very sane.

III

'Not only poems, but songs, snatches and raptures of a flaming spirit,' said a seventeenth-century writer, of the psalms of David. It is the heat of the blood that differentiates the poet. It was clever of Oscar Wilde to say that several drinks of whiskey can induce an effect very similar to intoxication. But in one of the mightiest of short English poems James Thomson says, 'He reeleth with his own heart, that great rich vine.'

It is not an accident that the poet is articulate; for sometimes one feels that writers of all kinds have an unearned advantage over the rest of the world because they can get a hearing for their pains and joys, as if no one else felt at all. But the special quality of the poet includes the involuntary voice. With such a necessity laid upon him, seeing as he does the golden outline that defines people standing between one's self and the low sun, he may not silence the vivid sense of life in him. It beats and surges into words. The sum and total of the words may be only a declaration of being, an em-

phatic I AM: the world was thus when I was in it — active, growing, decaying, complex, passionate, pitiful, miraculous. It is simply that a current passes through his body; sometimes it convulses him with its enormous voltage, but more often he is a good conductor, pure metal, and passes on the flow of life to later times and other men.

For people who are afraid of the life in the wires, poetry is dangerous to read. Because the drift of days seldom makes the average man shiver and glow with a sudden shock of life, he feels in the unusual behavior of the poet something deplorable and not quite brave, because it is unusual. The average man has also had unpleasant experience of the poet of mixed and baser metal, the imperfect conductor of the current. But the real poet is the norm for mankind; in his quality of living, the man all would wish to be. It is T. W. H. Crosland who reminds us of the old falsehood to the effect that a writer of poems, especially of sonnets, is a person in precarious health, or of abnormal behavior. But, he says, as a matter of fact, the great poets 'are not only the sanest people in the world, but physically and temperamentally the toughest.' How could this not be so? Men and women weak in body and nerves burn out after a little of the current. But in the great spirits, Shakespeare, Goethe, Whitman, Yeats, there is a calmness, and a confident strength. They are in accord with the force flowing through them; there is room enough in them, and no obstructions.

But all metaphors are a view from one side. To speak of poets as good conductors is to imply passive reception and release; the figure is not the whole truth. This is because the poet also imparts a special quality to the life flowing through him, so that it is changed by the passage. One element

of this change is the new rhythm he gives to the stream of life. Each poet is tuned to a different pitch, not necessarily higher or lower, but more intense than another, or less so in a special way. It has been his study to discover his inner rhythm, and to make himself a resonant instrument for its music. All life that enters his perception beats thereafter to that unmistakable vibration.

Another and essential element of the change in the life the poet feels is his powerful affection for it. Proust, though not a versifier, transmitted his sense of life colored by love that dwells in every scene, on every hour, reluctant to be called away even to the next hour and the following episode. The poet knows that loving particularity. James Stephens says the poet makes grief beautiful — 'caring for grief he cares his grief away.' It may be, too, that a sharp sense of the appalling limits of time is what makes the poet wish to linger — 'the lyf so short,' as Chaucer knew. But after all, the poet is one who, because he feels in the air time rushing by, knows more than most men about it, and has power over it. He can stop time. By his passionately scrupulous examination of one moment, he can re-create it as it is and let it go. Nothing is ever lost, no experience is ever in vain.

And the poet, who can free all men as well as himself from time, loves what he writes of, and writes of what he loves. If he protests, if he mourns, if he hates, and writes about that, love is not far; it is that powerful affection thwarted of which he speaks. And to a certain extent he loves the hateful thing, if only it has life in it. 'As to the poetic character itself,' wrote Keats in a letter, 'it lives in gusto, be it foul or fair, high or low, rich or poor, mean or elevated — it has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen.'

IV

In containing and changing the flow of life, the artist who is a poet has enemies and allies, some within himself, and some, the least important, outside himself. The indifferent, the stubborn, the willfully blind, never cease to reproduce themselves in the world, and they are the enemies of art. But the temptation to publish what will satisfy nearly everyone, and not, in his own heart, himself, is the poet's more immediate adversary. Time is always a potential enemy. In merciless and unforeseen ways Time destroys all but the most honest poetry. Yet victory over the temptation to haste can conquer both indifference and Time.

Sudden inspiration, bringing completion of the poem, is a treacherous friend, for it glosses the surface with what seems to be the light of poetry. But the light fades, and the workmanship loosens in its joints, and the poem that creation without toil had fashioned falls apart. Or the waste of emptiness may threaten; but here, as Ben Jonson says, 'the mind is like a bow, the stronger by being unbent.' Infertile hours are not failure or defeat, but a part of the process of writing, a process that has, like green things growing, spaces of rest. Danger may come in an excess of loyalty to some one method, or poet, or audience, till proportion is destroyed. The complex pull of affections, habits, duties, or pleasures in one's life as a private citizen may also distort artistry; since these things go very deep into existence, one or another is sometimes the most corruptive enemy of all, having place and power within and without. It is an expensive but important chapter in the poet's history that tells how he learned to adjust his poetic to his private life, and both to his life in public. It is a story of the unflin-

renewal of an exact balance between the three.

His allies in self-preservation are his self-respect as an artist, the attraction of the goal still before him, and the height of his old vows. Knowledge of life and of all poetry is obviously a loyal part of his forces. Mastery of his creative power is something he has learned slowly and thoroughly, and can usually summon to the endeavor, and control. In composition his allies serve with a vital allegiance, but not always with their presence when it is most fervently asked. Health and peace of mind are his allies, or, lacking them, the drive of such a necessity from within that the writing gets done, but this is costly. The support of the subconscious mind, while powerful, is unpredictable. In the crisis a memory of things he had forgotten may rush in, and a knowledge of things he had never learned. But the subconscious mind may not add its final impetus at all, and it may desert at the time when it is most needed and used.

The object of all this complex and endless study, all this tireless application to the acquisition of knowledge of himself, of life, of the genius of language, is to write poetry. The poet wants that poetry to be an exact representation of his own peculiar inner rhythm, and that rhythm so confirmed and set free that it will sound its own note, original and significant, in the poetry of his age. And who will know whether or not he has succeeded? He will know. That is his greatest satisfaction, even though he may have found readers who have been pleased and moved by poetry he has written ever since before he knew what poetry really was. He knows, too, that other poets will know. He has learned to value most the praise of equals, and next the confidence of living men. To those of his contemporaries whose sense of life he has enriched he is grateful for their

attendance on his work, and he is fulfilled by it. As an artist he wants approval by his kind. 'The oration is to the orator,' said Whitman, 'the acting is to the actor and actress, not to the audience.' The poet values their response because they understand as artists, not only the finished thing, but the rigors of devotion to the art.

Wherever the poet stands, the hills and houses and the thinking of mankind centre on him like the spokes of a wheel or the threads of a spider's web. He looks out in every direction with as fresh an excitement as if the world had never been thrust upon the eyes of man till then. This is a mad conviction, but it is the key to the mystery of the universe, what Goethe calls the 'open secret,' open to all, seen by almost none. It never occurs to him not to dare to say what he sees and feels; to him it is an overwhelming wonder that he is there at all, and it seems only natural that, so placed, he should communicate his astonishment

and delight. This confidence is an element of genius, but every poet shares it. He feels a kind of godhead; not egotistic assumption, but the fullness of life and his nearness to the source. In vision he has time and space for latitude, as well as such intense apprehension that the commonplace is miraculous and the near-at-hand a wonder fetched home for his pleasure. Whenever the scale of things seems meagre to him, because the gods were tired, or daylight not illumination enough, he heightens through his own creativeness the proportions, and he focuses a single beam of light which the sun will not dim by its going down. When natural music is faint to the ears of mankind, the poet magnifies it. Gaps in the created order are his to fill, and the future, however impenetrable a curtain it seems to drop between it and ourselves, is his to prophesy. To do these things, to sharpen, to reinforce, to heighten, to prophesy, is to exercise his highest power, that of creator.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

BY LOUIS STARK

I

THE American Federation of Labor is a loose, voluntary federation of 109 national and international unions, each sovereign in its own field. (The international unions have members in Canada.) Its dues-paying membership, as announced in October, was 2,860,000. The headquarters is at Washington, where an executive council of seventeen carries on between the annual conventions, held in October and attended by several hundred delegates.

As a league of sovereign unions, the Federation is organized much like the thirteen original colonies under the Articles of Confederation. Jealous of their 'jurisdictions,' as outlined in the charters of organization granted them by the A. F. of L., the national and international unions accord the Federation extremely limited powers. Each autonomous union has sole discipline over its own members. These members are represented in the Federation only through their national or international union. With the exception to be noted later, each union member is a citizen of his national union.

A charter issued to a national union is a precious scroll and symbol about which many battles have been fought. The charter of the miners' union gives it the right to organize all workers 'in and about the mines.' In the early days of this union the machinists' and firemen's unions sought to enlist as members operatives in their crafts who

worked in the mines, but they were defeated in this purpose by the miners. Although the Federation has the power, through its annual convention, to suspend or revoke a charter of a national or international union, it seldom takes such drastic action, primarily because that would lead to two unions in the same field. 'Dual' unionism is anathema to the Federation.

The Federation serves as the sounding board for the general policies of organized labor; it aims also to 'aid and encourage the sale of union label goods and to secure legislation in the interest of the working people,' and to 'influence public opinion, by peaceful and legal methods, in favor of organized labor.' The national unions existed before the A. F. of L. Joining together to form the Federation, — 'a rope of sand,' Samuel Gompers, its president for forty years, called it, — the large units limited the Federation to the chartering of new international unions and to defining their jurisdiction.

Chartering a new union is like admitting a new state to the United States; its boundaries have to be defined, but it maintains the right to secede. The Federation reserves the right to charter a new union in a field covered by an expelled union or by one that has voluntarily withdrawn from the Federation. Thus there are two national unions of government employees, one which withdrew from the

Federation several years ago and another chartered subsequently. Each national or international union charters local unions, and limits their powers. It may abolish or combine local unions, and accord or withhold the right to strike. It disciplines a recalcitrant local union, and compels it to abide by the rulings of the national union, its constitution and by-laws and convention edicts.

Offices are coveted prizes, yet the same men seem to be selected year after year. When they grow old and their efficiency decreases, a loyalty for 'the old man' often holds them in office to the detriment of the union's work. Unions need retirement systems, but only a few have them. In every shop or place of employment there is a shop chairman or steward, usually unpaid except for time lost on union business. He collects dues and handles grievances, reporting to the union members at stated meetings and to the union officers.

The election of officers, a political process, demonstrates that there is politics in unions, as in chambers of commerce, lodges, clubs, or business corporations. In unions, as in stock corporations or in political elections, many persons are not interested enough to vote. Occasionally strong-arm tactics are used by officers to maintain themselves in power. In these cases there is constant turmoil within the unions. Eventually there is a change of officers. Sometimes the change of officers is so slow in coming that the fortunes of the unions are adversely affected. Most officers have to be elected either by conventions or by referendum vote of the members.

The men selected reflect both the needs and the wishes of the members. To outsiders a belligerent business agent seems to be undesirable. But while a union is fighting for its existence, and employers refuse to deal

with it, its members demand fighting leaders. Hostile employers, ever on the alert to put down incipient labor organization, are met with equally hostile union agents intent on furthering union organization. The inevitable occurs — strikes, lockouts, clashes between pickets and strikebreakers and law officers.

Balance of power at A. F. of L. conventions gravitates toward the larger unions. At national union conventions it rests with the larger local unions. Until the 1934 convention of the Federation, the balance on the Executive Council was adjusted between large and small unions with such nicety that there resulted an administration machine which was usually able to reelect its ticket year after year. But this arrangement was disturbed last year at San Francisco when seven new vice presidents were added to the Council. The larger unions now have such outright control that the smaller ones profess to be helpless.

The Council meets four times a year. In between its meetings the work of the Federation is carried on by the president, the secretary, the treasurer, and their staffs.

The presidency and secretaryship of the A. F. of L. are full-time positions paying \$12,000 and \$10,000 respectively. The vice presidents are paid by their respective unions. Salaries of union officers vary with the size of the organizations. The musicians, stage employees, and teamsters pay their presidents \$20,000 a year; the heads of the stationary engineers and iron workers get \$15,000; presidents of the elevator constructors and mine workers get \$12,000; bricklayers, electrical workers, lathers, plumbers, railway clerks, and commercial telegraphers pay their chief officers \$10,000. These labor chieftains are responsible for the welfare of from 20,000 to 300,000 union members, whose incomes range from \$1500 to \$3000 a year. In contrast to these, two

of the largest organizations, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, pay their presidents approximately \$7500 a year, and \$4000 to \$8000 is the average for the remainder of union presidents. Since the depression, many of the officers have taken considerable salary cuts.

The financial reports of the Federation and of some of its affiliates are probably more revealing than most reports of corporations to stockholders. The latest report of the American Federation of Labor shows: —

Balance on hand August 31, 1933.	\$402,132.80
Receipts	1,070,432.80

Grand total.....	\$1,472,565.60
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There are eleven items under receipts. The chief one is \$385,816.93, representing a per capita tax paid into the Federation by the national unions at the rate of one cent a month per member.

The *American Federationist*, a monthly magazine, turned in to the treasury \$239,747.96. Local trade and federal unions paid \$133,615.31 to the defense fund. Initiation fees amounted to \$248,757.79, and the remainder came from reinstatement fees, supplies, interest, and miscellaneous items. After deducting expenses of \$906,859.24, the balance on hand was \$565,706.36. Expense items included the salaries of organizers, together with organizing expenses, which amounted to \$323,874.67. Salaries of organizers are \$50 to \$75 a week, with expense allowances of \$8.00 a day when away from home. Office employees received \$184,092.91; the *American Federationist* cost \$135,459.18; legal expenses were \$2634.

Besides vice presidents, the unions employ organizers, managers, and business agents, all elected, their pay range from \$50 to \$100 a week. They have suffered drastic cuts in the last four years, and in many cases the shrunken treasuries have compelled unions to

place their officers on part time and to dispense with some offices.

II

Unions conceive it to be their task to organize workers into powerful, compact units, so that they may attain collectively a parity of bargaining power with their employers which they do not possess as unorganized individuals. Recognizing that cutthroat competition menaces fair profits and decent wage scales, they are seeking to organize the wage market, in order that all employers may compete on service and quality rather than on the basis of a low wage standard. To carry on this work, money is necessary. Money is also required to carry on the work of collective bargaining. The union is in competition with the employer who pays the expenses of employee representatives chosen under the employee representation plan and who also engages 'outsiders' in the form of personnel directors to advise on employee relations. Expenditures are enormous. Viewed in the aggregate, the labor organizations are engaged in 'big business.' And no wonder, for they have set themselves the stupendous task of gathering into unions a majority of workers in each line.

Their reasoning is simple. Take, for example, the miners' union, which had for many years an agreement with bituminous coal operators in the form of an interstate compact covering collieries in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Separate contracts existed, modeled after the one in the 'central competitive field,' for outlying states such as Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Iowa, Colorado, and those in the Far West.

In West Virginia, rich virgin outcroppings were being worked by the newest machinery, financed by new capital. The union had been unable to

obtain a foothold in that state. Wages were low compared with those of the Northern fields; sales prices were low, and output was high. Apparently the West Virginia operators would soon win a large share of the market at the expense of the Northern operators and their employees.

The union threw organizers into West Virginia year after year, hard-boiled men determined to bring the wage rates of these miners closer to those of the North in order to equalize competition. The Southern operators resisted unionization. Miners and operators fought pitched battles. Something like civil war reigned in southern West Virginia in 1920. They called Mingo County 'bloody Mingo,' and operators referred to McDowell County as 'the Free State of McDowell,' in defiance of the union. Federal troops were called out to stop an armed march of mine workers. Operators mounted machine guns on their tipples. They were fighting to retain their markets; the union was fighting for a higher all-round wage scale, and hours and working conditions comparable with those in the North. Miners who struck were evicted from their homes; the union had to maintain them. Barracks were built, and for several winters union funds provided doles for strikers' families. The union bought food by the trainload. Children were born in these barracks; the union paid the doctors' and nurses' bills.

Strikers and deputy sheriffs were killed and wounded. Thousands of the unionists were arrested; their families were clothed and sheltered by the union. Frequent injunctions prevented union activity in the vicinity of the coal camps. Congress investigated, and a Federal Commission made a voluminous and admirable report. Organizations adopted resolutions. The man in the street murmured, 'Why does n't somebody do something?'

But nothing was done. The union in West Virginia was smashed; the Northern operators lost out. To meet the sharpening competition they cut wages, and so did the West Virginia operators. Both wages and prices spiraled downward until the depression sent the structure of the industry crashing so fast that wages in the South dropped in some cases to an actual starvation level. Two years ago wages in some of the Southern coal communities were down to the 1890 level, coal was being thrown on the market at ruinous prices, and some coal operators joined miners on the relief rolls and in the bread lines.

Hardly had Section 7(a) been written into the National Recovery Act on June 16, 1933, when the miners' union again sent its organizers into West Virginia. This time the operators offered no resistance. Shopkeepers in the coal camps hailed the union organizers with an almost evangelical fervor, supplied them with gasoline for their shabby cars, and gave them a lift in the work of organization. The 'gospel of higher wages,' increased purchasing power, and the lifting of these levels through the NRA and union organization had had their effect on this sick industry, and on those who depended upon it.

In October 1933, I was present at a Washington meeting in which John L. Lewis, president of the miners' union, sat at one end of a table with his associates, and J. D. A. Morrow and coal operators from Northern and Southern fields sat at the other end. They signed a document which was drawn up to place coal production as near wage parity as possible in all the markets of the land. Some of these operators had sworn several years ago that they would never deal with the union. Now they were recognizing it as a stabilizing factor in their industry. To-day the operators tell me they would not consider giving up their union contracts

and returning to the former dog-eat-dog basis of wage competition.

III

Labor unions are of necessity missionary bodies. They carry on organizing campaigns in the hope that they may equalize competition among all craft and industrial units in a given field. Their organizers may work openly from the beginning, conducting mass meetings at mill gates, preaching the gospel of unionism, and enrolling as many members as possible before serving demands on employers. Sometimes they may slip secretly into a town, living with the workers and holding conferences with a trusted few, gradually widening their circle of influence until they are able to meet openly with enrolled members, make their demands, and, if necessary, call a strike.

Strikes may be called by local unions which have local autonomy; in some cases national unions insist on being consulted before a strike call is issued. In compact industries such as the needle trades, where a considerable number of local unions are to be found in the same city, the strike is decided upon by a joint board, with delegates from the affiliated local units. If they approve the walkout, they fix the date, and appoint committees to arrange for picketing, relief, and so forth.

A strike is rough business for employer and employee. It calls for a union agent who can get results from an employer resisting union organization, or, as he usually considers it, union 'domination.' When a union is recognized by the employer, however, and negotiations between him and the union officers and committees have been commenced, the work of the union leader becomes primarily business dealing and bargaining with employers. From this time on, the quiet, businesslike, and gentlemanly negotia-

tor is more successful in getting results for union members than the fighting kind. In a sense, the attitude of the employer determines the type of union leader the men select and send to him. The businesslike officers of the railroad brotherhoods and shop craft unions, the heads of the printing unions, coal miners, men's and women's clothing unions, are types of the successful negotiating group. These unions, which have a long history of continuous negotiations with employers, have leaders who combine the attributes of a skillful trader and business executive with those of a belligerent leader ready to compel employers regarded as unreasonable to make concessions.

Strikes are generally called by unions as a last resort. As a rule they are the result of a failure to obtain recognition of certain demands. Strikes called without the permission of the national union, in those cases where such permission is required, may result in drastic action by the parent union against the outlaw strikers. There are cases on record where local unions, refusing to obey the edict of the international union, have been deprived of their charters and reorganized, and the international officers sent in union men from other cities to work in the place of the strikers. Such action has also been taken in cases where local unions have broken agreements with employers.

The Federation is officially opposed to sympathetic strikes. Desiring to build up a pattern of negotiation and agreement, the leading officers strongly oppose the breaking of contracts, for that is what the sympathetic strike means. The San Francisco general strike last July was denounced by Mr. Green as a move that would alienate public sympathy from the unions. The sympathetic strike is not formulated as a part of an initial plan. In the case of the West Coast longshoremen, the unions believed that all organized

labor on the Pacific Coast was fighting for its life. They stampeded a meeting of the central labor council, and the delegates of the other unions approved the resolution for a general strike; the walkout was ordered in this instance on the theory that, contract or no contract, self-preservation is the first law of nature.

Veteran unionists hesitate before resorting to the strike. 'You must not test your strength too often,' is the caution of the successful leader. Only the inexperienced, eager to prove their economic weapon and not yet skilled in trade-union tactics, are likely to want action quickly.

The officers of the United Textile Workers fought hard at their annual convention last summer to keep the delegates from setting the date of the general textile strike last September. But when the more militant delegates set the date the officers were bound by it. Once the textile strike was called, it became a challenge to the Federation's ability to carry on a broad campaign to enroll the widely scattered employees in the local unions of the textile industry. The strike got under way despite the skepticism of government officials, employers, and even many trade-unionists.

But this campaign exceeded even the fondest expectations of those conducting it. One of the principal factors in its success was the extraordinary campaign of publicity conducted by the union. Enlisting the services of a labor publicist of imagination, experience, and vigor, the textile union showed for the first time what could be accomplished in the way of enlisting public opinion by the expert mobilization of the press and radio.

IV

Affiliated directly with the Federation, and chartered by it, are the 'Fed-

eral' labor unions. These local unions are chartered only in those trades which have no national unions. They may ultimately be combined to form national or international unions, or they may be assigned to existing organizations. The principal Federal organizations are in the automobile, aluminum, rubber, cement, furniture, radio, and aircraft industries. They are industrial unions, including all crafts, and are organized separately by plants.

In recent years it has been the practice of the Federation to combine the Federal unions into National Councils, as a step in the direction of forming them into autonomous unions. Last June the eighty or more automobile unions which met in Detroit and discussed their hope of obtaining a national charter were grouped together as the National Council of Automobile Unions. Similar councils exist in the rubber and aluminum industries. There are now 1788 Federal unions in the Federation, varying in size from a handful to several thousand members.

Although it is generally supposed that craft unions predominate in the Federation, they number about twenty-five out of one hundred and nine national and international unions. Nearly half of the international unions include workers in interrelated crafts. These unions are to be found principally in the metal and machine trades. Approximately twenty-five international unions are of the semi-industrial type, and comprise workers of an industry in all its branches, separate crafts being maintained under the ægis of the parent body. Of the purely industrial or 'vertical' unions, the outstanding example is that of the coal miners. Organized on the basis of the entire industry, rather than of its component trades, the miners' union embraces all who work 'in or about the mines,' including day laborers, skilled track layers, mule drivers, carpenters, and

electricians. Each colliery has one local union and there are no separate craft or 'horizontal' demarcations.

Sometimes a craft union follows the material used by the craftsmen, and becomes an organization of amalgamated crafts. The carpenters, handling wood, followed the material to the mills, and took the mill workers into their own union. The bricklayers, observing the advances in the process of making new materials for walls and floors, pressed for jurisdiction over the men working with these new materials.

The Brewery Workers Union, an industrial union affiliated with the A. F. of L., includes not only all those engaged in brewing, but also the brewery truck drivers and the stationary engineers and firemen employed in the breweries. However, claims of jurisdiction over the teamsters, firemen, and engineers have been made by the respective unions of these trades, and this has been one of the most bitter jurisdictional disputes in the Federation's history. Last year the brewery union refused to abide by an executive council ruling that it must give up the members of these three trades.

Among the industrial unions are those of the men's and women's clothing workers; the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' Union; the United Textile Workers; and the Boot and Shoe Makers' Union. Of these, only the miners' union includes clerical workers.

The national unions developed along craft lines at a time when industry was largely a small-scale affair, with many independent proprietors. Skilled men were easier to organize than unskilled workers, and although the Federation started out to organize both skilled and unskilled workers, it is to-day largely an organization of the skilled and semi-skilled.

When the group which later formed the A. F. of L. broke with the Knights

of Labor in 1881, it resolved to profit by the mistakes of the latter in endeavoring to carry out the One Big Union idea. The new Federation therefore made each union self-governing. The Federation did not receive the power to order sympathetic strikes. It stressed 'pure and simple' trade-unionism, which meant collective bargaining. Unions might voluntarily coöperate with others, but they could not be compelled to act except by their own choice. As a result, unions in the Federation developed different philosophies — some have confined themselves to collective bargaining, some have socialistic aspirations, and a few, in unworthy hands, became predatory and racketeering.

Inherent in this system are jurisdictional disputes that cannot be settled easily. This is not the result of craft unionism, as many assume, although the breaking up of unions into crafts intensifies the problem. If all unions were industrial or vertical, there would still be disputes between industries, at the frontiers. These disputes, whether those of craft or horizontal unions or of industrial or vertical unions, can be settled only by a higher authority; and the A. F. of L. has no authority higher than the national union.

Agencies have been set up many times to deal with jurisdictional disputes in the building industry. They have all broken down. In essence the struggle has always been between the large building unions and the small ones. For example, the bricklayers, one of the most powerful unions in the building-trades group, see no reason why all unions in the so-called trowel trades should not be organized as one large union. Naturally the plasterers' union wishes to retain its autonomy; its officers fear the loss of jobs, the wiping out of their prerogatives.

As technology develops new methods, and as invention and science create

new materials, rivalry develops among the unions for jurisdiction over the new methods and materials. When the wooden door and window trim gave way to steel, the carpenters' union maintained that its jurisdiction covered the hanging of doors of whatever material. Carpenters had always hung doors, and they would continue to do so. The sheet-metal workers said: 'That is all very well, but jurisdiction goes with the material. Your job is to handle wood products. Ours is to work in metal. Therefore *we* have jurisdiction.'

The National Board of Jurisdictional Awards in the Building Industry, representing employers and employees, heard this dispute and decided that the work should be done by the sheet-metal workers. The carpenters refused to abide by the decision, withdrew from the jurisdictional board, and the machinery collapsed. The fight between these two unions was carried to construction jobs all over the country, and there followed an internecine war which lasted for many years. In this struggle building owners and contractors, the innocent bystanders of jurisdictional disputes, suffered numerous delays on their jobs, with losses running into the millions.

Because of the lack of a supreme court to adjudicate questions promptly, many of the evils within labor organizations tend to perpetuate themselves. As moderator, the president of the Federation must walk lightly, and act with the greatest circumspection in the delicate balancing of issues between unions. He may threaten to have an international union charter suspended or revoked, but he seldom resorts to such drastic action. He must offend as few as possible, he must act aggressively on behalf of every national union on every possible occasion, and must welcome invitations to address their conventions. He must be a 'good

fellow,' address rotary clubs, chambers of commerce, and the Elks, supervise the staff of organizers and research workers, present the President with resolutions attacking government officials, handle a voluminous correspondence, write newspaper releases, attend funerals, lay corner stones, and speak on labor's relation to the Church, to science, art, music, education, and literature.

V

At this moment the Federation is in the midst of a grave crisis which arose directly out of the tenuous authority existing at the top of the trade-union hierarchy. The backbone of the Federation consists of the nineteen unions in the building trades, which are joined as the Building Trades Department. This department is now split in two, a division which may ultimately lead to the break-up of the Federation's present form.

While stronger unions frequently encroach on the jurisdiction of the weaker ones, the latter have always tried to fight back through controlling the Building Trades Department. In the course of this struggle, three of the most powerful of these building unions — carpenters, electrical workers, and bricklayers — have been in and out of the Building Trades Department. Last June, after these three unions had been out of the Department for a few years, they signed applications for reëntry and paid their fees. They sent delegates to the annual convention of the Department last September. Instead of being admitted, they were confronted with a resolution to ban them from membership and to return their fees. The reason given by the united group of smaller unions was the belief that the larger unions were intent on returning to the fold in order to seize offices and control the new machinery for adjustment of jurisdictional dis-

putes, established under the construction code.

Although President Green of the A. F. of L. condemned this action as illegal and unwarranted, those in control refused to admit the new delegates, reelected their officers for three years, and adjourned. This dispute was thrown into the convention of the Federation a few days later, and Mr. Green was sustained. He was given forty-five days to mediate the dispute. Mediation failing, he was empowered to call a convention of the Building Trades Department that would seat the ousted unions and carry on the regular convention in a legal manner. The proceedings of the earlier convention of the Department were declared void. Mr. Green announced that mediation was unsuccessful. The twelve smaller unions of the group were bold enough to assert that mediation had not really been offered, as the time limit was 'a gun at our heads, and all the triple alliance had to do was to wait forty-five days and refuse to give any concessions, secure in the knowledge that a convention would be called at that time.'

So it fell out. The convention was called late in November. The three large unions were joined by the operating engineers, the firemen, the teamsters, and the hod carriers. Seven unions, with the majority of votes in the convention, opposed the other twelve. But the twelve, knowing they were defeated once they entered the convention hall, declined to attend. Mr. Green's appeal was of no avail. The officers of the still legal Building Trades Department refused to turn their books and records over to the convention. The convention then proceeded to reorganize the Department; officers were elected, and in January a suit was begun in the courts in order to oust the officers of the now outlawed original Department.

Unless influences other than those already invoked—possibly government intervention—succeed in bringing harmony out of this crisis, a series of jurisdictional disputes may jeopardize the nation's building programme. There is a possibility of a split in the Federation itself, with one group of unions withdrawing from the parent body.

The A. F. of L. is a loose federation, like the League of Nations. The constituent unions may leave the Federation at any time, for any reason. They are jealous of their sovereignty, and sensitive to interference in their internal affairs. The policy of 'voluntarism' has been held as a fundamental plank in its platform. It has been argued that it should establish itself as a really powerful central government of labor unions; but if such a change were effected, there would be more than a suspicion that the Federation was a powerful machine monopolizing control of labor unions. Many of the errors charged to the Federation are traceable to the insistence on self-government for the individual unions. But centralization of power in the hierarchy at the top of the A. F. of L. might conceivably lead to graver evils.

VI

The craft unions in the Federation have hesitated before engaging in a campaign for enrolling workers in such mass-production industries as steel and automobiles, where the division of labor has all but banished skills for the majority. While they were hesitating, the employee representation plan, or company union, was introduced as the industries' method of dealing with employees. While the unions were debating the question of dividing up the workers in the mass-production industries, the employers were appealing to their employees to

organize along vertical rather than horizontal lines. They pointed out that a score of unions in one plant, with twenty sets of officials, with twenty negotiation periods and twenty agreements, possibly expiring on different dates, would mean chaos. Such horizontal unions, organized in separate crafts, the employers held, would keep employers and employees so busy in union conferences that they would have no time left for their other duties.

Following the passage of the Recovery Act, the Federation decided to make an attempt to organize the mass-production industries advocated by the employers. The unions were to be vertical or plant unions, with no divisions into crafts. The work of organization went on, and many scores of Federal locals were set up. Many were established in the automobile industry, and in the rubber, cement, furniture, and radio industries.

Confronted by demands for conferences with the new vertical unions, employers had several answers. Either they had already recognized company unions formed under the employee representation plan, or they insisted that the new unions did not represent all their employees. Some of them preferred to stand on the right of each group of employees to be represented for collective-bargaining purposes on a works council, or on shop committees. Each individual or minority group, they maintained, would bargain for the number it represented, the majority for the majority, and all minorities for their respective members; but they would not admit that the majority might make a contract that would cover all the workers, even though all were not compelled to join the union.

Faced by such opposition, the A. F. of L., since the enactment of the Recovery Act in June 1933, has failed

to win written agreements in more than two or three small automobile factories, or in more than a few small steel plants. Since the main purpose of a union is to have a signed agreement with the employer, stating the terms and conditions under which the employed members work, the Federation is still on the losing side in the mass-production industries.

If nothing succeeds like success, nothing fails like failure. The Federation as a whole has been unable to overcome the internal and external obstacles in the path of organizing the labor market to equalize competition. Perhaps industry, too, has failed to grasp the opportunity of organizing itself through trade associations. At any rate, the National Industrial Recovery Act, in carrying out the purposes of the codes of fair competition, has fostered the formation and growth of trade bodies for collective action.

Self-organization by labor is not directly encouraged by the government, though labor holds that Section 7(a) was designed for that purpose. Where unions have had power and intelligence, they have strengthened their organizations. Where they have been weak, they have had to rely on labor boards, with indifferent success.

The unions, once strongly opposed to government assistance in obtaining those benefits which might be won by their own economic action, are now turning to the government for help. They are asking that the company union be outlawed, and that governmental labor agencies be strengthened, to the end that organization of the labor market may be advanced and a greater degree of social justice be attained. If the government grants these boons, it will undoubtedly seek to exact a price for them. What will be the price?

AN OLD ENGLISH HOUSE

BY LLEWELYN POWYS

I

IN the year 1931, Montacute House, one of the most perfect examples of an Elizabethan country house in England, was formally taken over by the National Trust and so became a state monument safe from mutilation or destruction. It had been the home of the Phelips family for three hundred and fifty years. A Phelips had built it and a Phelips had sold it. Montacute House is entirely constructed of Ham Hill stone, a golden habitation speaking elegantly enough of the prosperity of the Tudor times when, under the rule of a headstrong dynasty, a moiety of peace was ensured throughout the land of England, and noblemen and gentry came no longer to consider entrenched and moated castles necessary for their safety.

It was in the year 1885 that my father was offered the living of Montacute by Mr. W. R. Phelips, and when I was two years old we moved from Dorchester to our new home, a large Victorian vicarage.

It was my privilege therefore to witness at close quarters the last years of this Reformation family in their celebrated dwelling. When I recall my childhood I often now feel as if I had lived two lives, one in the eighteenth century and one in the twentieth. Overlooking the moss-grown wall of the rook-haunted, garlic-floored spinney down by the old Montacute Mill I well remember in our nursery walks

seeing a notice board with the words 'Beware of Man Traps' still clearly legible upon its weather-worn wood.

It has been for three generations the business of my family as country clergymen to stand between the landed gentry and the people of the village. This was an office my father was called upon to perform at Montacute. The Squire was a highly cultured gentleman with a kindly disposition, but the traditions of his class were firmly fixed in him. He never questioned his right to be an autocratic ruler over the lives of all those who lived upon his hereditary acres, and the democratic assertiveness that became common among the working classes toward the latter end of the nineteenth century was constantly resented by him.

II

In those days there were beggar women to be found in almost every parish. Nancy Cooper, an old witch woman, would come from her hovel in 'the hungry air of Odcombe' to gather sticks in the Montacute Park. She was dressed in rags, looped together fold upon fold, and in these dramatic robes of her trade she would always be ready, for a copper or two, to sing her song of 'Three Jolly Farmers,' and to dance a jig for the brutal diversion of those in the village whose rude tastes harked back to a Hogarthian appreciation of the monstrous. The Squire never inter-

fered with the activities of this aged drab. Perhaps he regarded her as part of his feudal estate, like some twisted tree that he would by no means have his woodsman tamper with, having grown used to seeing it.

Nancy Cooper, so our cook Ellen would tell us children as we hung about her skirts in the kitchen, had once upon a time been a beautiful girl living in Montacute and 'dressed all in lace.' Ellen was the daughter of the aged clerk whose duty it was to say 'Amen' to my father's prayers in church, and she shared not a few of his obdurate prejudices. 'Too gay, too gay,' was the significant utterance we always heard in explanation of Nancy's downfall. Her bastard daughter, Betsy, whose birth had been the cause of her disgrace, was the old beggar woman's constant companion, and, now grown to middle life, was little less tattered than was her mother. Her white bloodless lips our governess, Miss Beale, used to attribute to the drinking of vinegar.

This Betsy I came to know well. She called continually at our back door for meat and cocoa and I used to talk with her as she sat on the box in the yard. 'We mid put our trust in Jesus,' she once said to me; 'we mid trust he when the cuckoo hollos, we mid trust he when corn be cut, we mid trust he when sleet and rain do fall and frosties do crispy the turnpikes come Christmas . . . but oh, deary I — see how terrible they did serve 'en!'

After such a speech I would stand wondering at the shrewd scraps of understanding in so ignorant a pate, and would watch her trudge out of the back gate with her sticks and her orts firmly held under her arm and her mud-stained garments flapping in the wind. Once when my brother John and I met her in the Odcombe Street we tried to get her to show us where her mother was buried.

She went pathetically stumbling to and fro over the graves with tears rolling down her dirt-ingrained cheeks, repeating again and again, 'I be so mazed, I be, I did n't mind now where she do lie — she were a blessed mother and no mistake. 'T is the nights when I do miss she terrible bad — the rats out on boards.'

During the years of the Great War the authorities took her out of her dilapidated cottage with its broken thatch and put her into the Yeovil workhouse. Here she pined like a caged rook and in a few months suffered the final indignity of a pauper's burial in the town cemetery.

III

The Squire's mother must have been about the same age as Nancy Cooper, and yet how different had been the life of this other human female of high rank!

I do not think I have ever seen an old lady with so delicate a complexion. Even in her great age the poise of her head was light and graceful as a rose upon its stalk. The moulding of her skull was as fragile as that of the most precious porcelain and there was a flush upon her cheeks that reminded me of the inside of some of the sea shells in my father's cabinet. Her head was as ethereal in appearance as was Shelley's head, and she was, as a matter of fact, the daughter of Shelley's cousin Harriet, the poet's first love, the same who forsook him to bestow the favors of her beauty upon the wealthy Squire of Coker Court in Somerset.

When old Nancy and her daughter would, with crooked spines, be 'stick-ing' under the great Montacute sycamores, crooning to each other on the eternal subjects of back and belly, this little great lady could be seen walking along the drive that ran under the avenue to Galpin's Lodge; unless she

had chosen, as she sometimes did, the damp woodland path of Park Cover, a woodland path bordered by a shelving bank thick with mosses out of which in the autumn slippery toadstools of brightest scarlet would grow. Who ever knew the long, long thoughts that were revolving in that solitary old woman's head, so aristocratic and so ancient, as she trod the ancestral woods of her husband's family, which, during those mild wet months before Christmas, never ceased from their melancholy dripping?

Her husband, the Squire's father, inherited eighteenth-century tastes, and through his love of gaming had so compromised the Phelps estate that it never afterward recovered. In the hall there is an oil painting of him standing life-size in his park, tall hat in hand, the great house he ruined reduced by perspective to the size of a doll's house.

Near Ilchester there are two farms called Sock and Beerly. These farms at one time rounded off the Phelps property to the north. I used to be told by the country people this story about them. The gambling Squire was staying at Weymouth, and on a wet afternoon, having nothing to do, staked a bet on one of two flies that were crawling up the windowpane. When his friend's fly reached the wooden plinth which marked the winning post of this fantastic circus race, the idle sparks who were watching heard the Master of Montacute mysteriously exclaim, 'There go Sock and Beerly.'

One of my earliest recollections of Mrs. Phelps, Senior, is of her driving me and her grandson Gerard, who was my own age, to Yeovil. Arrived in the town, she told the coachman to draw up at the toyshop which stood opposite 'The Choughs.' On the proprietor's obsequiously hurrying out to the carriage door, he was instructed to give us our choice of all his wares. I was so

bewildered as I was ushered round the crowded passages of the small shop that I selected a painted tricycle that went by clockwork, afterward envying the cooler judgment of my companion, who brought back for our inspection in the gallery a very expensive, and apparently inexhaustible, conjuring box.

Often we would be invited to a nursery tea with the four Phelps children. We would walk down the long drive on those winter afternoons with our black shining house shoes in a basket, and Miss Beale sedately leading the way. I remember choking at one of those teas and being carried behind the heavy winter curtains so that I might recover from my embarrassment in private, and how before making my appearance once more at the candle-light tea table I climbed up on the sill to look out of the high window and was amazed to find that in the courtyard below all was as bright as day. In that one glimpse through the small glass panes I received an impression of the enchantment of moonshine that has remained with me all my life — the fountain, the dovecot, the stone flags, the very weeds in their crevices edged with an exact hoarfrost whiteness.

It was Marjorie, the elder of the two Phelps girls, who had put me behind the curtain. She had always protected me since, under my brother John's direction, we had acted *Macbeth* and I had played the part of her little son, the son of Lady Macduff, piping out to her the words 'As birds do, mother.' The Squire, I remember, invented a method of imitating the sound of thunder by beating a large sheet of tin with a broom handle, and was amused because, for reasons of temperance, my mother would not agree to having wine served to us at the banquet, but in its stead gave us raspberry vinegar.

IV

The interior of Montacute House stirred my imagination — the armory, for example, with helmets and cuirasses used at the time of the Great Rebellion.

Whenever I passed through this high square-shaped room I experienced a kind of *Ivanhoe* romance, and, although the Phelps family came into prominence after the Wars of the Roses, echoes from the days of mediæval chivalry would be clearly audible to me as I looked up at the weapon-hung walls of the civil antechamber. The main stairway was exciting also, the long stone slabs worn uneven by so much Phelps shoe leather; but most wonderful of all it was to step suddenly into the immense gallery that stretched one hundred and eighty feet from end to end of the house.

How the lonely memories of the old gallery would be scattered as, with the careless voices of living children, we burst in upon its emptiness, and how hollow, how resonant, its bare boards would sound as our quick feet went pattering, racing down them, unheeding of everything but the impinging actuality of our moment's holiday! How swiftly, too, on a rainy afternoon the time would go by in so spacious a playing room! The great rocking-horse was kept there, the highest-stepping dapple gray ever built by a carpenter, left alone through so many long hours to contemplate with painted eye the procrastinating twilights of the morning and evening shading their way through sixteen windows, along the coved ceiling of this vast Elizabethan corridor.

The rain would beat against one or other of the high oriel windows at each end of the gallery, where to the south the village was overlooked, and at the other end the stately ornamental North Gardens with their dark gusty

yew trees standing like royal sentinels against the meadows that rose into view beyond the privileged enclosure.

V

How soon death — impersonal, implacable — removes the fairy-tale characters from the dream of our lives! Where now is the old Squire, and where now the young Squire, and where the second daughter of the house, whose hair was of the finest golden texture — the hair of a princess in a storybook, as indeed she always seemed, whether leaning from the top of one of the garden walls to pick an apricot sweetened by the summer sun, or, in a wide summer hat, seated at the back of one of the Pitt Pond pleasure boats.

I do not think any occurrence I have observed in my life has given me sharper understanding of the insubstantiality of all temporal values than the separation of this house from the Phelps. How completely for centuries they had dominated the countryside of South Somerset! They sold their hereditary farms and disposed of their hereditary Manor with apparent indifference. It had not ever been in their style to wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and the outer world was never permitted to gauge at what emotional cost they were finally divided from the wood and stones and pasture lands that had for so long been theirs in perpetual freehold.

As a boy I used to visit a bedridden Montacute laborer. He was so old that to move himself at all he had to lay hands on a rope end tied to the bottom rail of his rusty bedstead. This old man initiated me into an odd tradition that must have been current for generations in the village. The Phelps crest represents a blazing fire held in an iron cresset, and in years gone by some inventive mind among the commonality must have suggested the follow-

ing explanation of the sign. In a far period of antiquity, even before Thomas Phelps possessed himself of 'half a burgage' in the Montacute Parish, the rightful heir of the property had been burned to death. The King of England, hearing of the deed, had given orders that the Phelps family should for all times carry the flaming beacon as their crest — 'to mind 'em of it for ever-lasting.'

The crest is familiar to everybody who lives in Montacute, and has been so for centuries. It is placed on each side of the great gates of the west drive and is painted clear for all eyes to see on the swinging tavern board that hangs outside the Phelps Arms at the top of the Borough. Without doubt the explanation of its meaning communicated to me by old John Hann on his death-bed was the one generally accepted by the apple-orchard laborers and Ham Hill quarrymen with heads besotted with cider. To this day I remember certain of the old man's more dramatic expressions. 'Thick sign on top of they girt posties along by Vicarage, do tell

o' sommat and no mistake,' and again, 'My granfer would say, God Almighty will shift 'em for it, may be in thy time, may be in thy childer's time, but sure as day comes he'll unroosty 'em.'

I still upon occasions meet a member of this family, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Ingilby, the Marjorie Phelps who so long ago placed me behind the curtains. This granddaughter of the Squire is a tall girl and remarkably handsome, her features carrying upon them the very stamp to be observed in many of the portraits of the old-world Phelipses still left hanging in the great hall of Montacute House. The least taint of worldiness is remote from her character. Indeed, I often feel that the unassuming goodness of her nature offers a reproof to all those who are tempted to stake their interest on the advantages of social preëminence in a world where the possession of every commodity is untrustworthy, where the footing of even kings is precarious, and where life itself is for every man and for every woman as fugitive as is an inconsequential dream.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY UNWRITTEN BOOKS

NEARLY every year I do not write a novel.

That is not a good sentence. If it were handed in to me by a student (for why should I conceal my profession?) I should not allow it. But for myself I cannot improve it. If I said, 'Nearly every year I refrain from writing a novel,' I should convey an idea that is false. I do not refrain; I have to resist no urge. If I said, 'I begin a novel,' I should be wrong again, for some of my novels are never actually begun. To say, 'I play with the idea of writing a novel,' would be an injustice to myself; it is not *the idea of writing* that I play with — it is the novel. And nearly every year it is a different novel I don't write. I conceive it, plan it, live with it. I know the beginning and the end. I know the binding and the opinions of the press. Only I don't write it. I suppose I might amend my sentence to 'Nearly every year I all-but-write a novel.' That is a true statement. But I do not care for juxtaposition of *nearly* and *all but*. It suggests a very old riddle about a goat.

Once, outside a tailor's shop in London, — not in Savile Row, — I saw a sign, PRACTICAL TAILOR. At the time the word *practical* bothered me, for I could not see how a tailor could be other than practical. Now I think that there may well be *theoretical* tailors (perhaps those who made the Emperor's New Clothes were in this class), for I am a theoretical novelist. A theoretical tailor is one, no doubt, who cuts out his suit in the air, lines it and presses it and trims it, according to his fancy. Perhaps when he sews on his theoretical buttons he feels as I feel when I get to my dedications.

There are advantages in being a theoretical novelist. One is spared a great deal. There are no proofs to read. There are no interviews with publishers and literary agents; there is no soul-harming bargaining. One can change one's publisher, too, without giving offense to anyone. Personally I like to change mine frequently, as I like

variety even in colophons. I can change my titles, too, a thing no good publisher would allow for a moment. I have changed the title of my first novel three times in ten years, and I may change it again, for I can always think of more titles than I can use, and there are even yet a great many left in Shakespeare and Milton and the Bible. All the same, I don't think I shall change the title of my next novel: *Not without Dust* still seems to me a pretty good name for a story about a college faculty.

Not only are my novels never rejected, but I can myself conduct the chorus of praise. I like to make up my own reviews, to be in turn the *Times Literary Supplement* and the *Atlantic* and *Time*. Sometimes I allow myself to be flayed a little, by a certain weekly review that likes flayings. I put peas in my shoes for the enjoyment I have had in watching other novelists suffer. But that is not often. For the most part my press cuttings are excellent — and I do not have to subscribe for them.

I am a novelist first, but I am also a theoretical essayist. I have enough unwritten essays to make two or three volumes which the reviewers call *rare*, *delicate*, *subtle*, and sometimes *delightful*, but oh! never *whimsical*. The soft luminosity of the essay, even the written essay, which deals in ideas of a somewhat tenuous kind, — *nebulæ*, not stars, — is agreeable to my mind. But the unwritten essay is better still, for here the ideas can stay as nebulous as I please. How should I ever have developed and finished, for instance, my essay 'On the Human Interest in Mathematics' — about the people who live in textbooks, the men who work so many hours a day for so much, and the restless people who change places in railway coaches, and the little boy running round a board whom I once discovered in a mathematics book of a very high and rarefied kind?

Nowadays I am less of a theoretical scholar than I was (which does not mean, of course, that I am now a more practical

scholar). The earlier volumes of my unwritten works of scholarship are ambitious affairs, well documented. My later ones are elegant monographs, on better paper, more pleasing to the eye; they deal gracefully with a little subject. Whereas I was once theoretical author of an exhaustive work entitled *Animals in English Literature*, — I was an Authority in those days, — I now take my animals one at a time, *The Cat in the Eighteenth Century*, for instance, or *The Place of the Cow in Modern Poetry*. There is a good deal to be done yet on the cow, as on the pig.

The worst of poems is that, being short, they tempt one to write them down. I have, however, far more — and far, far better — poems unwritten than written. I have, in fact, two volumes. One consists of light verse. It might have been called *Lyra Academica*, had the title not been taken. It is airy, polished, classic; not professorial, but, rather, donnish — suggestive of the type of don who looks out of his college window and keeps a good cellar. I like this book better than the other, which is called *Crossings*, and deals exclusively, and seriously, with the sea. I think well of the title *Crossings*, however: although it is meant to be taken literally, the public will suspect it of all sorts of veiled meanings. As a point of general information I might mention here that the birth rate of sonnets on Atlantic crossings is unexpectedly high. Having once, at sea, so far forgotten myself as to write a sonnet, I discovered it to be one of three produced on that particular passage. Three, that is to say, of which I knew. Heaven knows how many of the other passengers lying in deck chairs were concealing sonnets under their rugs.

There are some types of literature at which I do not try my hand even in theory. I am not, for instance, a theoretical playwright, though I should like to be, nor a biographer, though there are one or two lives I can think of that I should not mind putting my name to. I know my limitations and keep within them. But there are some books I do not write because I would not. I would not write them on any account; not if you were to go down on your knees (bended), nor if you were to hold a pistol to my head; not if you were to ask me never so. Books I would not touch with a barge

pole, or be seen dead with. These are chiefly the books which people in my profession are fond of writing for each other. They are called *A Year's Work in Freshman English*, *Good English*, *Better English*, *The Best English*; they deal in Unity, Coherence, and Emphasis, in Exposition, Narration, Argumentation, and Description. I shall not be theoretical author of any of these. You will not find among my unwritten works a book called *How to Write*. Nor even — split my infinitive! — *How to Not Write*.

HORS D'ŒUVRES — A PANEGYRIC

To say that there is no disputing tastes is to be ridiculous. What else is worth disputing except tastes? There are, of course, contests of fact or of pure reason, which may be determined by the weight of evidence or by the principles of consistent thinking. But in any other kind of dispute, what can be at issue ultimately except some kind of taste, some kind of preference, either trivial or profound, involving either a light and casual affinity of the organism, or a whole-hearted and crucial one, for which a man, if sufficiently driven, will be prepared to fight? To say that there is no disputing tastes is to say that we should never contest any question except one of fact or pure reason — that is, one which can be determined and settled by evidence or logic. It is true, of course, that in a dispute about tastes neither party to the conflict can finally establish his point. But we do not argue points of preference for the sake of reaching an ultimate decision. We are really engaged in the effort to define our allegiances, and to state the grounds of our loyalties. We try to show that we are worthy of their excellence by defending them with spirit and imagination; and that they are worthy of our faith by the eloquence they evoke in us.

The difficulty arises because people confuse taste with judgment, or it would be better to say, tastes with judgments. Because we affirm a certain preference for ourselves, we are not obliged to condemn all others, or refuse to admit that they have any merit. The first duty of the taster — whether of books, or wines, or varieties of human character — is discrimination; judg-

ment is a luxury he should permit himself only after long schooling and experience. He should first be acquainted with the varieties of his material, and acquire a nice series of perceptions and distinctions along the spectrum of its diversities. Then he may venture to pronounce upon the examples that are presented to him for judgment, to classify them and compare them, to condemn the crudity of one, to praise the purity of another. The defect of most critics is that they make haste to praise or to condemn before they have made a careful discrimination of the qualities of the object about which they are talking. Much of the odium that attaches to the disputation of tastes is the result of this failing. We are all delighted when anyone makes an apt definition of some object in the realm of our preferences or hatreds; we do our best to remember his epigram, and quote it on the first occasion that offers. But such a man is a critic; he has been attentive to the qualities of experience, and discriminating enough to describe them. This is the best part of criticism. It does not forbid a man to reject what finally antagonizes his palate or his conscience; but such a temperament on the whole makes for catholicity or at least for liberality of taste. And if the act of rejection must ultimately be performed, the indictment will be the more brilliant and the more damaging because it has been drawn up with finer attention and more educated perceptions.

There are tastes in food, I must admit, which I am not catholic enough or omni-peptic enough to regard with approval. I have sometimes suspected that there is a masochism in certain articles of diet which a psychoanalyst might construe as evidence of deep-seated disorders. When, for example, I see a number of women afflict themselves with alligator pears (which, surely, are voluntarily eaten exclusively by women) I begin to wonder what obscure consciousness of guilt is expiating itself in the consumption of this unpleasant vegetable. I know that those who devour alligator pears assert that they enjoy them; and I do not call their honesty in question. But *how* do they enjoy them? Psychologists tell us that certain people take a malignant and unnatural pleasure in afflicting themselves with voluntary injuries and submitting to

experiences which the normal mind regards as uncongenial. Of this kind, I maintain, is the pleasure derived from eating alligator pears. It is an example of masochism in diet. How else account for the taste which seeks out a stimulation so subtly corrupt, so smoothly and delicately degenerate? Consider the pulpy but elastic texture, yielding to the teeth, even so soft as to be yielding to the gums; yet not melting, but rather persisting with a kind of decadent strength, and insinuating itself into all the recesses and secluded caverns of the mouth. Consider the flavor: has it not a tincture of the fetid, has it not an almost Byzantine sophistication, a quality that proclaims it the last refuge of languid and corrupted appetite? And consider also how these properties are soothed and coddled and anointed in the glib solvent of the salad oils; can the entire dish be fairly described as anything but dis-gusting, in the truest sense of the word? I feel sure that it betrays a sense of punishment due for obscure crimes or inadequacies, punishment which nature has not yet exacted and which the unhappy victim inadvertently imposes on himself.

But to speak thus of the alligator pear is to admit that I too practise a milder degree of the masochism of diet. As a matter of fact we all enjoy small degrees of pain and certain forms of the unpleasant, especially as ingredients in pleasure. The small boy likes to twist and torture his first loose tooth around his tongue, and the little shoots of incipient soreness which he derives exert a powerful fascination over him. I have sometimes suspected that the pleasure which many people seriously aver they take in certain pieces of contemporary music is of the same kind. (This is not said in depreciation of such great musicians as Stravinsky.) All this being so, it is only to be expected that in such a fundamental and universal pleasure as eating we should enjoy an ingredient of the repulsive and the decadent. It should of course be added that all tastes tend, in some individuals markedly, and in many individuals considerably, to become as sophisticated as possible; and sophistication, on one side, is nothing but dissatisfaction with simple and natural pleasures, and the adulteration of them with elements which at first would seem unpleasant and unhealthy.

The ingredient of the corrupt which is almost inevitable in civilized diet I find in hors d'œuvres. And I should like to compose a hymn of praise to hors d'œuvres, whether it argues in me an obscure sense of guilt and expiation, or whether it is merely the exuberance of a healthy and largely unconstrained appetite. It seems to me that in hors d'œuvres the stimulation of the sophisticated, which we must admit means the faintly corrupt and the delicately repulsive, is carried to the nicest degree of successful judgment. Blessed be hors d'œuvres! Yes, give me the tail of a small and infirm fish glibbed over with yellow oil, give me the sardine smeared with the native unguent of its tin, give me the black and globular roe of the sturgeon cohering in a pungent paste, and make me thoroughly happy. True enough, there are some edibles which may be served as hors d'œuvres which I must sadly exclude from my gamut of appreciation; among them, the ripe olive. But the crisp cells and bunched fibres of the radish are welcome; the little serpentine coils of I know not what sable substance, nestling on squares of salty biscuit, are a delight; even the ropy tobacco-twists of kippers, like splinters of wood impregnated with brine, give the stimulation of novelty, and are acceptable if only for the surprise of discovering that they are edible at all. The institution of the cocktail party is open to objection on many grounds; but it must be said in its favor that it has popularized hors d'œuvres. For my part I am as ready to go to such a party for the canapés as for the cocktails; and lustrous in my eyes forevermore is the hostess who provides them amply and with subtle and ingenious attention to the due compounding of all their degenerate and corrupt and delicious elements!

I AM A COMMUTER

It is with considerable misgiving that I write upon commuting. My consecutive record as a commuter runs over a period of only ten years, and any commuter will tell you that no one can write authoritatively on the subject who boasts a record of less than thirty years. Therefore what I have to say about it must be regarded as immature and lacking in ripe judgment.

My only defense is that I come of a long line of commuters on both sides of the family and that from my earliest days I have commuted spasmodically.

Many of the sagas of my family dealt with the accommodation as it was in the eighties. There was the story of Jim Sutter, the town drunkard, who met a sad end when he went to sleep on the track shortly before the accommodation came along. Most people thought it a good riddance, but somebody suggested to Jim's brother, Harry, that he had a good claim for damages against the railroad. So Harry put on his Sunday clothes, took a chew of tobacco to quiet his nerves, and set out for the city to visit Mr. Thompson, the general superintendent, whom he knew and who, it so happened, knew both the deceased and his brother Harry. When Harry entered the office the general superintendent greeted him and inquired his business.

'Mr. Thompson,' he said timidly, 'I come to settle about my brother Jim.'

'That's all right, Harry,' replied Mr. Thompson, cordially. 'There won't be any charge for that.'

What impresses me most about commuting is the very intimate and personal relationship that exists at all times between the president of the road and the humblest commuter. For example, a short time ago I read in the newspaper that the president of the road I patronize had undergone an operation for gallstones. This was no surprise to me, though he lives in a distant city and I have never seen him. It was no surprise, for I knew he had gallstones. I knew it because nobody but a man with gallstones could have been so vindictive about upsetting my household twice a year by changing the schedule. How does he discover that we have a laundress who comes to us on Thursday and remains to cook dinner, so that if he moves the 7.45 P. M. up to 7.15 P. M. he can force us either to wash our own dishes or to have our dinner at 6 P. M.? Why is it that when you or the members of your family become dependent upon a train he immediately orders it taken off? I tell you these vindictive railroad presidents have spies planted who are familiar with the most intimate details of your life and shift the schedule accordingly. There is no other way of

accounting for the inconvenience they give you and their gift for hitting you in your most vulnerable spot.

The commuter soon learns to appreciate the famous dictum that 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.' He also realizes that 'in union there is strength.' The natural outcome of this is the Commuters' Association. You have to face it sooner or later. The purpose of the Commuters' Association is to detect the railroad in the nefarious act of taking a train off the schedule and then to get up a respectable delegation to go before the Public Service Commission and howl.

Then there is the matter of a choice of commutation tickets. The trips and prices are so nicely regulated that it is virtually impossible to determine which will be the cheapest in the long run. Don't try to tell a commuter that the railroad company has not worked out the rates with malice aforethought.

The picture I have painted thus far has, no doubt, been depressing. Yet it must be said in justice that a commuter's lot is not an altogether unhappy one. In contrast to the bus or street-car rider, he is always sure of finding a seat, and after fifteen or twenty years he virtually has one reserved for him. We regular commuters would not dare occupy a seat that we have associated with the same man over a long period of years, and we should be shocked if any other regular commuter were to usurp ours. There is a very fine tradition behind the reserved seat. The principle is sustained by unwritten law and by that greatest of guarantees — a gentleman's agreement. The only danger lies in some newcomer, some mere freshman in the ranks, taking a seat through ignorance of the custom. Once a commuter is associated with a seat he may enjoy it to his heart's content, smoking and reading his newspaper in as great comfort as he could find in an exclusive club.

A second privilege that belongs to a commuter is his right to leave anything behind him in the car — from a one-dollar pipe to his wife — with certain assurance of getting it back. In fact, on our line some raincoats and umbrellas have been left behind so frequently that they become known to the train crews like old familiar friends.

In the course of years of practice, commuters develop a very fine technique in the business of commuting. A most important feature of this is catching the train. Great distinction goes to the man who can time himself so that he reaches the platform just as the train is ready to receive him. He must do so without running or even lengthening his stride. If he crosses the track immediately in front of the oncoming train, he becomes as distinguished as a champion matador in Spain. But once let him run behind the train and swing on to the last platform as she pulls out and he immediately loses caste. I have long harbored a secret ambition to be the first passenger on a train as it stands in the terminal. To accomplish that end I have reached the station as much as half an hour in advance of its departure. I have even mounted the steps as the train was backing in. But I have never yet been better than second or third.

I have spoken of the natural antagonism that exists between the railroad and the commuter. Nothing, in my opinion, could better illustrate the intensity of the recent depression than the change that was made apparent in this respect. As the lion and the lamb, facing a common terror, have been said to lie down together, so the commuter and the railroad, facing a common economic crisis, for the time being buried their differences. Our Commuters' Association virtually ceased to function; we permitted trains to be removed without protest — even trains that in former times we insisted upon being retained on the bare prospect that they might be useful once or twice a year.

Not many days ago I heard a fellow commuter in no uncertain terms damning the railroad for a rotten board on the platform. It put me in a distinctly reminiscent mood. It was so like old times. It gave me hope that before long somebody would again be asking me to pay my dues to the Commuters' Association and sending me a notice to attend a meeting and handing me a petition to sign and calling upon me to join a delegation to go before the Public Service Commission to demand more frequent trains on our line. When that time comes, I, as a commuter of ten years' experience, shall need no further proof that the country is back to normal.

The Atlantic

INDUSTRIAL PORTFOLIO

A STUDY OF 12 BASIC INDUSTRIES IN COOPERATION WITH

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
RUBBER INDUSTRY

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY
OIL INDUSTRY

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
BUILDING MATERIALS

UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION
STEEL INDUSTRY

LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD GLASS COMPANY
GLASS INDUSTRY

CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY, INC.
CONTAINER INDUSTRY

GENERAL MILLS, INC.
CEREAL PRODUCTS

NORTON COMPANY
ABRASIVE INDUSTRY

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORPORATION
DAIRY PRODUCTS

KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION
PAPER INDUSTRY

Each of the papers published in the series by Arthur Pound represents one chapter from the author's forthcoming book—INDUSTRIAL AMERICA: ITS WAY OF WORK AND THOUGHT. Of particular significance to ATLANTIC readers is the fact that, in preparing these articles and presenting them as advertising, Mr. Pound has been given every assistance by the staffs of these corporations in collecting his materials and in verifying his facts. His series of interpretations therefore have the distinction of being in every instance authenticated at the original source.

THE LAMP OF RESEARCH

General Electric's Great Adventure after Knowledge

BY ARTHUR POUND*

I

'THE only perpetual motion is the growth of truth.'

One might expect to find this sentence in a sermon by a liberal divine, or in a dog-eared treatise on moral philosophy from those far-off days when generalists, not specialists, prospered. Certainly we should hardly look for its author among the scientists. Yet that epigram is one of many from a man who for thirty-four years has been probing with a group of scientists the mysteries of energy and matter, in behalf of a great industrial company which brings the results into common use as soon as practical. The company is General Electric; the man, Dr. Willis R. Whitney, organizer and for many years head of its Research Laboratory, and to-day vice president in charge of research.

This drive against the unknown goes forward on a wide front and involves every manœuvre known to military science — scouting and reconnaissance; forlorn-hope charges; isolated sieges as this or that objective becomes defined. But always in these lesser engagements the grand plan of advancing all along the line has been held steadfastly in mind by men at once patient and impatient — impatient with human ignorance, patient with the complexities of nature.

*Fourth in a series of advertisements on Industrial America: Its Way of Work and Thought.

The objective is nothing less than solving the riddle of the universe, to reach the fullest understanding of infinite and infinitesimal reactions of matter and energy which swing the stars in their courses and charge powerfully through all animate and inanimate forms, down to the living cell and the eternal dance within the atom of positron and electron. Long before the limits of comprehension have been reached, these forces and their habitats have escaped the narrow limits of human vision; but delicate instruments record their motions and reactions so definitely that their conduct can be examined by human intellect. Fortunately the invisible world functions so dependably that upon the output of its titanic energy man has built a civilization based on improved industrial operations, a network of power-and-light lines reaching out from electric service stations, a system of communication which conquers distance with the speed of light, and a general flexibility of motion applicable to mechanical processes which has routed darkness, eased toil, and increased wealth.

Nevertheless, with all these great advances, electrical research is still a pioneer enterprise on the road to immensities and services as yet undreamed.

II

When Benjamin Franklin in 1752 risked his life to draw electricity down a kite-flown wire, and with it charged a Leyden jar, he demonstrated that the force which flung long sparks through the heavens was identical with that in short sparks produced by hand on friction machines. Later experimenters knew that even in their laboratories they were dealing with the cosmic. Joseph Henry with his induction coil, Morse with his telegraph, Bell with his first telephonic communication, all must have felt the truth of Morse's message, 'What hath God wrought!'

With the practical success of the telegraph, the gates of the Electrical Age swung ajar, but the nation was a full century old before the public gained more than a glimpse of the wonders to come. At the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, two feeble electric dynamos were on display, each connected with a single arc lamp. But these portents of the future were hidden away in corners and overshadowed by the mighty steam engines, which held alike the centre of the stage and the admiration of the public.

The electrical exhibits at the Centennial, however, stirred the inventive mind of America. Within a few years several men who deservedly rate as General Electric pioneers began careers which eventually brought significant inventions of theirs into one institution. In Cleveland, Charles F. Brush improved the dynamo by reducing its internal friction; by 1878 he had made the arc light, in series of sixteen, practicable for sale. In Philadelphia, Elihu Thomson invented the first practical method of electric welding, the first dynamo to produce either direct or alternating current, the first vibrating arc lamp mechanism, and the first automatic regulation of lamps in series. In Brooklyn, James J. Wood

constructed his closed-coil dynamo, capable of operating at 10,000 volts. And at Menlo Park, in 1876, Thomas Edison began those long experiments with the incandescent lamp which were destined to make lighting history and to lift their author into public affection.

So far this story of electricity in America has been one of invention rather than research. The inventor aims at creating or improving a specific product. In his experiments he may encounter unfamiliar effects, as Thomson did in his accidental shifting of brushes, from the results of which he immediately caught and applied the principle of automatic regulation. Sometimes the experiment is so long continued that a considerable body of by-product knowledge is built up, as in Edison's search for the carbon filament. Edison held to the main line; he knew what he was after. Engaged in pure research, he would have felt free to follow any interesting lead as it developed, and by so doing he would have learned more about the fundamental nature of electricity, from which he might have been able to predict that carbon would be a workable filament. At that time, his direct attack may have been the only, or at least the quickest, means of gaining his objective. The carbon lamp was a tremendous advance. But of late years equally great advances in the lamp field have come from information acquired in researches undertaken to expand knowledge rather than to improve product.

III

Between its organization in 1892 and the end of the century, the General Electric Company, captained by Charles A. Coffin, arrived far ahead of its time at this point of view on research: while there is no limit to the extension of knowledge in electricity, there are definite limits to the imagination of men working to apply an un-

known force to mechanisms for public use. Tinkering, no matter how intelligent, can go just so far. Consequently the more we can learn of energy and matter, the more fully we have insured the future.

This opinion probably originated in conversations of E. W. Rice, Jr., vice president and technical director; Charles Proteus Steinmetz, head of the consulting department; A. G. Davis, in charge of the patent department; and Elihu Thomson. At his home Steinmetz maintained a laboratory of his own; but he saw that the future of research belonged not to the lone worker but to the informed and cohesive group of specialists, well equipped and financed, that could follow investigations wherever they led without concessions to immediacy. The Company already had adequate engineering laboratories; what it needed now was a laboratory devoted to scientific research of the broadest type.

To organize the new laboratory Mr. Rice chose Dr. Whitney, then a young professor of chemistry at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who elected to come to Schenectady in order to be near Steinmetz. These three projected a laboratory unique in American industrial history, one that would have a free hand in pursuing researches in pure science and yet have the financial backing of a great industry. Assured on this point, Dr. Whitney began to gather a staff which upon his retirement as Director, in 1932, numbered more than three hundred. When the stern test of the war came in 1917, the electrical industry was found to be one of the few in which America could claim self-sufficiency and world leadership, thanks in no small part to General Electric and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, another electrical enterprise that early undertook to finance research in pure science.

The Research Laboratory grew slowly, with rigid selection of personnel. There was no pressure for immediate commercial results, and some years elapsed before the knowledge accumulated through research developed any new products. Then came the new high-resistance electric furnace, productive of high temperatures, which was to help produce the Gem lamp, first large-scale improvement in lamps since Edison's invention of thirty years before. In scientific research one turns up unexpected treasures along the road. Whitney, 'playing with' his electric furnace, gradually became convinced that by means of it he could test a theory of his on the cause of the blackening of lamp bulbs, a limiting factor on their life and efficiency. He discovered that carbon filaments, heated to new high temperatures, developed, when placed in lamps, increased electrical resistance as furnace temperatures went up. Whitney's new carbon filaments had been changed by the heat into a form of graphite, which would withstand a higher temperature than the prior carbon filaments. Thus in five years the Research Laboratory arrived at a substantial improvement in incandescent lighting by a route which involved pure research, the invention of an intermediary machine, and its use in a way undreamed of at the time of its invention. The efficiency of electric lighting had been increased 25 per cent, and the lamp of 1905 had double the light output of Edison's early lamps.

In those early days news of laboratory findings filtered through the whole organization by a sort of natural osmosis. But the success of the Gem lamp so thoroughly proved the wisdom of basic research that the research staff began to grow in numbers. Increasing size and multiplicity of crisscross research problems required a closer organization and a more definite liai-

son between research, engineering, and manufacturing. The research staff now works in sections, each under a leader. Division of work between these groups is, of course, on a functional rather than a topical basis. For instance, research on air conditioning, which involves many factors, is broken down until it receives the attention of several groups — chemistry, dealing with the factors of air content and odors; metallurgy, which handles corrosion; mechanics, dealing with noise, vibrations, air circulation, and kindred problems.

The field of air conditioning affords an excellent example of the interplay of research and engineering in a great industry. The research staff has no direct responsibilities for engineering. Regular reports on progress in research are circulated to engineering departments in all plants; engineers adapt these findings to their production needs, perhaps calling for special reports on moot points. Occasionally the engineers, having gone so far with the knowledge in hand, will ask the research department to conduct further work along a given line in order to surmount a final barrier. For example, the designing of air-conditioning systems brought before the research staff a request for quieter ventilating machinery, which in due course was met.

On occasions the Research Laboratory enters the manufacturing arena, its scientists directing the production of devices of so novel or delicate a character that engineering and manufacturing departments have no precedents under which those innovations could be produced. For instance, when the product was new, members of the research staff were engaged in producing the Coolidge X-ray tube. After correct factory procedure had been demonstrated by the research department, this activity was split off and became a separate manufacturing division, born, reared, and trained by research.

A constant contact is maintained between engineering and research through Dr. W. D. Coolidge, Director, and L. A. Hawkins, Engineer of the Research Laboratory, who call the attention of engineers to research developments and arrange such conferences as are necessary.

Dr. Coolidge came to General Electric in 1905 from a post as assistant professor of physicochemical research at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1908 he became Assistant Director, in 1928 Associate Director, and in 1932 Director. His achievements, too many to be related here in full, include ductile tungsten. Tungsten filaments marked a distinct step forward in the development of the electric lamp, a product touching the pocketbook of the average citizen. Both Edison and Gem lamps had carbon filaments. For thirty years carbon ruled as the accepted filament material, although much research had been devoted to the attempt to find a substitute with better properties. At last tungsten entered the electrical scene in an Austrian laboratory. This metal, notable for its high melting point and extreme hardness, long defied attempts to work it into wire. The Austrian investigators developed a tungsten filament through a process of squirting threads of a paste containing powdered tungsten, then baking and sintering the threads until the paste and the impurities were vaporized out, leaving pure tungsten particles welded together to form a filament. Though fragile, the new metal filament had the advantage of high luminosity. How could it be made stronger and more enduring?

Years passed before Dr. Coolidge could isolate the causes of gains made more or less at random and bind the chain of causation into a positive technique. At length ductile and tough tungsten for lamp filaments was pro-

duced by heating the metal to a point only slightly below fusion, hammering it with a special technique at an elevated temperature, then reheating and repeating the operation at successively lower temperatures until the wire acquired great strength and became ductile when cold. Tungsten could now replace carbon in lamps and double the efficiency of electricity in illumination. The Research Laboratory had decidedly lowered the cost of lighting in 1905; in 1911, with the tungsten lamp, it cut the cost again in half. The householder's dollar bought four times as much light in 1911 as it had in the early days of incandescent lighting.

Dr. Irving Langmuir, Associate Director of the Laboratory, who recently won the Nobel Prize for his researches in chemistry, — being the first American industrial scientist to receive that international award, — took the next step on the way toward perfection in electric lamps. So far all electric lamps, whether carbon or tungsten, were vacuum lamps; the vacuum idea had become fixed. Improving lamps meant either improving the filament or improving the vacuum. Whoever strives for a perfect vacuum is in for a discouraging struggle against Nature; as long as the vacuum remained an essential part of lamp-lighting, its imperfections limited progress. The war against bulb-blackening had to be reopened on another front after tungsten and high temperatures replaced carbon and lower temperatures. Not all tungsten lamps grew black, but enough of them did to present a problem which Dr. Langmuir, coming to the Research Laboratory from the faculty of Stevens Institute in 1909, chose as his first subject of research here.

Dr. Langmuir had recourse to a well-established research method which is akin to homeopathic medicine: *similia similibus curantur*. The thought proc-

esses behind this elaborate research are beautifully presented in one of Langmuir's papers, in which he said:

I really did n't know how to produce a better vacuum, and instead proposed to study the bad effects of gases by putting gases in the lamp. I hoped that in this way I would become so familiar with these effects of gas that I could extrapolate to zero gas pressure, and thus predict, without really trying it, how good the lamp would be if we could produce a perfect vacuum.

This principle of research I have found extremely useful on many occasions. When it is suspected that some useful result is to be obtained by avoiding certain undesired factors, but it is found that these factors are very difficult to avoid, then it is a good plan to increase deliberately each of these factors in turn so as to exaggerate their bad effects, and thus become so familiar with them that one can determine whether it is really worth while avoiding them.

By this method Langmuir discovered not only that perfect vacuum was unnecessary, but also that it was undesirable. When the glass bulb was filled with the inert gases argon and nitrogen in correct quantity, better illumination was secured, especially with large filaments coiled in a close helix. Lamp efficiency shot up more than 100 per cent.

These three major improvements in lighting — Whitney's in 1905, Coolidge's in 1911, and Langmuir's in 1914 — decreased the cost of electrical illumination to one fifth of what it had been at the turn of the century. Encouraged by reduced lamp and current costs, the public bought more electricity. If America were to return to the carbon lamp immediately preceding Whitney's, it would have to pay, on the basis of present use of light, \$2,000,000,000 more per year for current, or more than \$5,000,000 a night additional. This indicates the public's stake in General Electric research. The annual saving to the American people through advances in

lamp efficiency alone, and overlooking the research department's many other contributions, is more than ten times the Company's capitalization.

IV

Langmuir's studies of incandescent filaments in gases led not only to an emphatic increase in lamp efficiency, but also to the development of a radically new type of electric welding, the atomic hydrogen welding arc. In his investigation of the different gases in lamps he found that the heat losses from tungsten filaments in hydrogen at high temperatures did not follow the usual law for gases, as did hydrogen at low temperatures. His researches showed that the incandescent filament broke down the stable molecules of hydrogen gas — each of two atoms — into atomic hydrogen. Dr. Langmuir found that more atomic hydrogen was formed by passing an electric arc between tungsten electrodes in a jet of hydrogen. Blown out of the arc by the gas pressure, the atomic hydrogen recombines to molecular form, with an intensely hot flame and liberating about half again as much heat as does the oxyhydrogen flame.

This principle has been incorporated in the atomic hydrogen welding equipment, which makes it possible to fabricate various metals which previously could not be welded satisfactorily. Alloys containing chromium, aluminum, silicon, or manganese, among others, are usually difficult to weld, since at high temperature these elements are oxidized in air, changing the quality of the alloy. Atomic hydrogen is a powerful reducing agent, preventing the formation of oxides; hence, by use of the atomic hydrogen flame, iron can be melted or welded without contamination by carbon, nitrogen, or oxygen, and, similarly, various alloys and other metals can be handled with-

out fluxes and without oxidation. The atomic hydrogen welding arc — resulting from pure research investigations — has decidedly broadened the field of welding, and has been put to work in many industrial fields.

Radio broadcasting, also, owes much to Langmuir's researches. More than fifty years ago Edison noted and reported a destructive blue glow surrounding the terminals in some of his carbon-filament lamps. This he overcame by improving the vacuum. Upon introducing another electrode he found that a current passed from the heated filament to the electrode, provided his bulb was 'gassy'; this phenomenon became known as the 'Edison effect.' Not, however, until 'wireless' made its entrance upon the electrical scene did the Edison effect gain importance. Then Fleming took advantage of what had been discovered by Edison and produced his detector tube, which immediately outmoded other radio detectors. De Forest followed the same principle in his audion, in which he placed a grid electrode which made his tube not only a better detector but also an amplifier. Both Fleming and De Forest tubes were low voltage and 'gassy,' and varied in operating characteristics. If the voltage was pushed much above thirty volts the tubes would show blue glow and destroy themselves. Such 'gassy' tubes were too weak for practical use in broadcast transmission.

When Langmuir began to study radio tubes, the opinion prevailed that these functioned through mysterious reactions of gases on filaments, but investigation led him to question that opinion. Electrons, he decided, collect around the filament and blanket further emissions until they are removed; this discovery is the now famous 'Langmuir space-charge effect.' He concluded that gas particles broke down this blanket and permitted electrons to travel from

the hot cathode to the other electrode. Such tubes, however, inherently could carry only a small amount of current, at low voltage. The way out was to devise a system for removing the electrons from around the cathode as fast as liberated. Langmuir accomplished this by placing the electrodes closer to each other and employing high vacuum and high voltage. Thus he produced the so-called 'pure electron discharge' tube. In this way he removed the limitation of thirty volts, and greatly increased the electron flow, or current. The way to radio broadcasting over immense distances, through further development of tubes of this type, was now open.

Dr. Coolidge had long been interested in X-rays, and had already applied his ductile tungsten in making targets for use in X-ray tubes. He saw in Langmuir's pure electron discharge in high vacuum the possibility of creating a radically new type of tube, now universally known as the Coolidge tube. It represented a complete transformation of the X-ray tube from a temperamental, erratic device, requiring experience and judgment in its operation, to a stable, exactly controllable device, which moreover, in its later developments, proved capable of design for much higher output than the prior X-ray tube. The new Coolidge tube permitted X-ray photographs to be made by physicians in less time and with more clarity and safety, and afforded increased therapeutic possibilities. As a result, the Coolidge X-ray tube soon superseded all others in medical use and has found increasing favor in industry for sub-surface examination of materials.

To Dr. Whitney was due the discovery that artificial fever might be induced by high-frequency radio waves, which led to the development of the high-frequency 'fever machine,' or 'inductotherm,' as it is now called.

This device, in the hands of doctors, is proving to be a powerful weapon in combating some of the worst diseases.

More and more high-voltage vacuum tubes are being used in industry for control of processes and mechanical motions. Of these the best known is the photoelectric tube, or electric eye, highly sensitive to light gradations, which has been greatly improved at Schenectady. Other products which have come to pass through research staff efforts are the magnetite electrode arc lamp, the Tungar rectifier for charging storage batteries, tungsten points for automobile and airplane ignition systems, the Langmuir vacuum pump, thoriated tungsten filaments for vacuum tubes, the calorizing steel process, sheath wire with mineral insulation for heating elements, Langmuir's atomic hydrogen welding process, synthetic resins such as Glyptal, a wide range of improved electric insulating materials, new vapor lamps, and electronic tubes of many types.

High in any just estimate of the research department's work would come the hundreds of thorough and scholarly papers which the members of the staff have contributed to scientific journals. This output of scientific writing adds to the body of knowledge upon which we must rely as the very foundation of industrial and social progress. The value of the Laboratory has been repeatedly recognized by awards from technical societies to scientific leaders of the Laboratory and by degrees from academic institutions.

The Research Laboratory is only one of many laboratories maintained by the General Electric Company. Each major industrial works has its own laboratory specializing on problems relating to its products. From these works laboratories have often come research results of a high order. Moreover, in the General Engineering Laboratory and in the various engineer-

ing departments a multiplicity of developments, such as that of the mercury boiler and turbine by W. L. R. Emmet, is constantly in progress.

In five years, from 1925 to 1929 inclusive, General Electric spent \$100,000,000 on research and engineering development. This expenditure resulted in profits to the company, of course, but in far greater profits to the public. A conservative estimate is that for every dollar of profit the General Electric Company has made on its innovations the public has been saved from ten dollars to one hundred dollars. Above that, the public enjoys comforts, conveniences, incentives, and improved processes of production which it never had before and could hardly get as quickly in any other way.

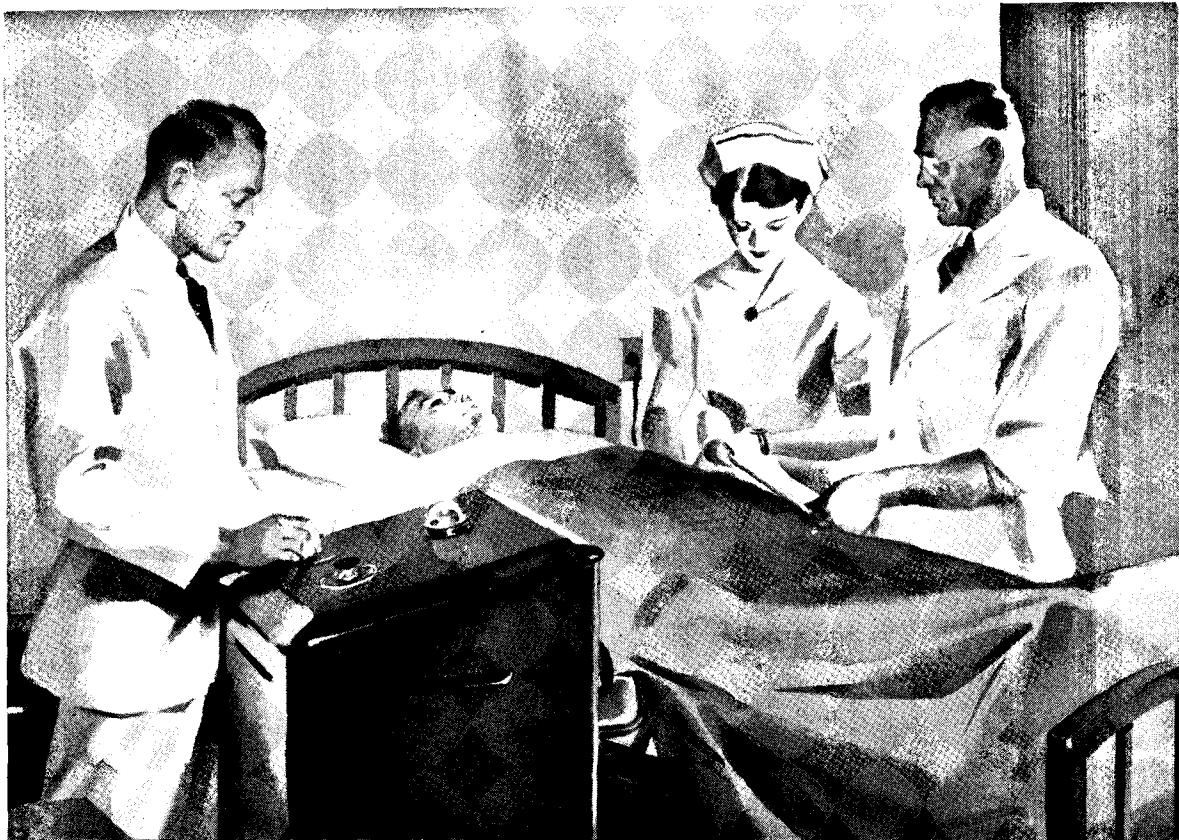
This determined attack on the secrets of nature has another advantage when one recalls the high mortality of companies that have neglected the scientific approach to betterments. In this swiftly changing world, research is the price of continued existence for any large industry depending upon marketing complicated goods and services. In an industry founded upon an unknown force, which electricity still largely is and which it may remain to the end of time, the penalty of letting well enough alone would be certain disaster.

One perceives, also, the influence of industrial research in the everlasting race between the cost of living and the

standard of living. Over the centuries the latter has been forging ahead. Cost of living, on the basis of brute subsistence and shelter, has moved in relatively narrow limits, but the standard of living has leaped upward until laborers travel in swifter and more comfortable vehicles than the royal chariots of kings, until humble men live in homes more convenient and sanitary than ancient palaces, and in them enjoy comforts beyond the imagination of earlier Americans. There is no way of continuing this social boon except through the intelligent use of natural forces, which means more research and the prompt application of scientific findings to common use.

The shock troops in the army of progress are the men of science. Politics may beat the drums, finance may move the heavy baggage trains, social workers may help the afflicted and physicians mend the wounded; but science wins the ground, and the rest of us march along in its wake to consolidate its gains. The work goes on in many places, in universities and college laboratories as well as in industrial laboratories, the former being distinguished traditionally for pure science, the latter for applied science. In General Electric the twain meet in exceptionally fruitful endeavor with private capital taking the risks, footing the bills, and passing on to the public the lion's share of the gains made in this phase of the growth of truth.

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HEALING *by Radio Waves*

A PARADOX? No! A proved scientific fact. The “fever machine,” a product of General Electric research, operates on the same principle as the sets used in radiobroadcasting.

This machine creates, within the body, a temperature like that of ordinary fever—one of Nature’s weapons against disease. Unlike natural fever, this temperature can be turned on and off, raised or lowered, merely by the turn of a dial. “Fever machines” are now being used in a number of hospitals. Great hopes are held for this new weapon as another aid to medical science in its warfare against disease.

For more than thirty years, General Electric has encouraged research in pure science which made possible the “fever machine.” Through such research, General Electric has maintained its leadership in building electric products for industry, transportation, and the home, as well as for medical use.

96-96

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

'RECOLLECTIONS of a Respectable Mediocrity' . . . Probably not one reader in America would recognize under such a title Great Britain's distinguished Ambassador to the United States from 1924 to 1930, then Sir Esme, now **Lord Howard of Penrith**; but his engaging modesty led him to adopt the title suggested to him in the Fifth Form at Harrow. The *Atlantic* chapters of his autobiography, however, concern themselves not so much with diplomacy as with the record of the romantic and adventurous youth which led him to his life work. **Albert Jay Nock** upholds his reputation for 'most ingenious paradox' in 'The Quest of the Missing Link,' but his thesis is the expression of his absolute and considered belief. Δ 'The Progressive Tradition' has no more fitting exponent than **Rexford G. Tugwell**, Undersecretary of Agriculture, who delivered this significant contribution to social history in a recent address at Union College, Schenectady. Δ 'The Vanishing Gentleman' continues the discussion begun last month by **Henry Dwight Sedgwick**, an author and scholar whose traditions inevitably destine him for his present research. Δ When *February Hill* was given to a receptive world last October, the publishers astutely demanded of the public: 'Have you discovered **Victoria Lincoln?**' Since then her wit and her sensitive understanding of character have been recognized in all parts of the country. Her belief was that she could write only at novel length, but her first short story ('All Losses Are Restored') should convince author and reader otherwise.

'Free Inquiry or Dogma?' was delivered at a special convocation at Amherst College on January 12, 1935, by **James Bryant Conant**. It is, many will agree, his most important public utterance since he assumed the Presidency of Harvard University two years ago. Δ The **Yankee** who puts up his own when 'Hands across the Sea' come into play 'knows his stuff.' **Charlotte Kellogg** ('The Beloved Doctor') is the wife of Professor Vernon Kellogg, and one of the many devoted friends of the late Dr. William H. Welch of Johns Hopkins University and the world. **Phillips P. Elliott** ('Religion and the Gospel of Success') is minister of the First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, New York. **Curtis Billings**, a member of the staff of the Public Safety Division of

the National Safety Council, considers in 'Alcohol and Motors' the problem that has arisen since the repeal of Prohibition. Δ All we may say about the author of 'The Art of Dying' is that her experience is as genuine as her message. **Paul Hoffman**, whose 'Mud Time' is his first published verse, has recently joined the staff of the *Atlantic Monthly Press*. **Charlton Ogburn, Jr.** ('The Crow') graduated from Harvard in 1932, and as Curator of Ornithology in a Southern museum has done a good deal of work for a biological service station. 'Just now,' he writes, 'I am getting ready to leave for Para, Brazil, to help investigate the backwaters of a river near the Amazon.' **Harold Goldman** ('Heart-Unbroken') appears for the first time in the *Atlantic*. Δ 'The Great Rich Vine' is the first prose we have published by **John Holmes**, although several poems of his have appeared in the *Atlantic*. He teaches English composition and modern poetry at Tufts College. **Louis Stark**, Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, writes on 'The American Federation of Labor' with the detachment of a trained investigator who has no personal axe to grind. He is recognized as an authority on labor problems. Δ 'An Old English House' is described with the magic touch that characterizes all the writing of **Llewelyn Powys**, particularly when, as here, his own experience is drawn upon. **Arthur Pound** ('The Atlantic Portfolio of Industry') has acted as industrial guide, philosopher, and friend to the *Atlantic* since the publication of his *Iron Man* a decade and a half ago.

1 1 1

Logic and the louse.

Dear Atlantic, —

Informed and entertained by Hans Zinsser's 'History and the Louse,' I was also reminded of other louse lore found in Dr. Halliday Sutherland's autobiography, *The Arches of the Years*. On his visit to the island Lewis, of the Outer Hebrides, Dr. Sutherland found the following peculiar situation: —

'The public health authorities had started a delousing campaign in the islands. This was opposed to the ideas of the people, who believed that lice came out of the blood and were a sign of health. At first glance that view is sheer superstition, but I discovered that it was merely a wrong deduction made from the *correct* observation of the facts. More than



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once typhus fever had decimated the population, and during the fever the temperature of the body rises. When the temperature rises all lice leave the body. This fact these people had *observed* and remembered, and from that observation had concluded that lice were a sign of health, as, in logic, they are.'

GEDDES H. JACKSON
Berkeley, California

The trials of sainthood.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the spirit of this ease-loving generation that prefers to do its louse-hunting by proxy, I voice my gratitude to Dr. Zinsser for his intimate and moving account of the insolent parasite, in your January number. No one who lovingly explores the records of asceticism can fail to recall additional relevant data, as he peruses Dr. Zinsser's thrilling pages. He is reminded, for instance, that Julian the Apostate prided himself on the populous and undisturbed (if not undisturbing) colony in his Neoplatonic whiskers, in which respect he was prepared to vie with the most devout of Christian ascetics; and that Christian monks in general neither shaved nor disinfected the beard, at least till after the time of the holy Bernard of Clairvaux. In Bernard, be it noted, sainthood reached its peak, unless we are to award the prize to the Little Poor Man of Assisi, who also bore, patiently and not proudly, the badge of manhood upon his chin.

JOHN T. McNEILL
Divinity School, University of Chicago

The ultimate answer.

Dear Atlantic, —

Here is a true story for the entertainment of Dr. Hans Zinsser.

The Biology class was having a test in Protozoa. The first question was: 'Name the living processes which all animals must perform.' The second question: 'Explain why Protozoa, which have one cell only, are able to perform these same processes.'

I received the following answer from one student: 'The Lord created the Protozoa so that they are able to perform the living processes, therefore they perform them.'

JULIA ALEXANDER
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dizzy dithyrambs on the New Physics.

Dear Atlantic, —

'This Mysterious Universe,' which J. W. N. Sullivan contributed to your January issue, would make the average reader double in on himself and then unbend as follows: —

There is no matter, I preface,
And, I must add, no time or space.
So I'm as young as I can be
And can't grow older, you must see.
Besides I can't be anywhere
Although you claim you saw me there.
Moreover, I can't have a being
To fill no space or time that's fleeing.

So, after all, it does not matter
If I am thin or somewhat fatter,
Or butt my head against a wall,
Since I do not exist at all.
Or if I do, I'm only motion
Or some such scientific notion.
And yet how can I move, I say,
When there's no space to get away,
And not a bit of time to spare
To go from here to over there,
But one long now and one big here
With no to-morrow or last year
And no behind and no out yonder
On which to worry or to ponder?
So I am where I started out;
All full of emptiness and doubt.

F. A. Wood
La Jolla, California

A visit with James Norman Hall.

Dear Atlantic, —

You surely will be interested to hear that the life-saving old hen, made famous by James Norman Hall in his utterly delightful Tahitian tale, 'Sing: A Song of Sixpence,' first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* some years ago, has just died of old age. Her passing was peaceful; her industrious and productive body was found, with bright eyes closed, upon her nest only yesterday.

To-day as I sat upon the balmy porch of Mr. Hall's plantation home but a few miles from Papeete, sipping a cool drink from a tall and frosty glass, he told me of her passing. Everyone who has read Mr. Hall's charmingly told tales of the South Seas which the *Atlantic Monthly* has been generous and wise enough to give to the world has read about this old hen presented to him by a grateful Chinese friend.

From the very day I landed upon this favored isle I kept a watchful eye out for land crabs, which he told of eating while waiting for his ship to sail into Papeete harbor. I soon saw hundreds of them tip-toe dancing across the roads, dragging yellow hibiscus blossoms into their mud-rimmed homes. Needless to say, the ships he and his friend Nordhoff recently sent out laden with the precious *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *Men against the Sea* have duly returned with rich cargo of gold and fame. The egg-and-crab days have long since passed, but is it possible for any diet to produce more time-enduring books than these two?

With courage born of fervent admiration of Mr. Hall's writings I ventured to call upon him, with not even a letter of introduction to help me. But I would as soon think of sailing below the equator without making an effort to see the Southern Cross as to be in Tahiti for a month and not try to see Mr. Hall!

He was engaged in the healthful exercise of cutting wood, but with courteous word and pleasant voice bade me welcome, introduced me to his lovely wife and little daughter. I wished to know so many things, but did not like to 'interview' (hateful word) him. However, I could not resist asking him how it was possible for two men to write one book. It



WISDOM is WINNING



With all its aggressive and bustling activity, the American nation has never turned a deaf ear to a sensible appeal for wise caution. In a few short years, the greater protective value of Safety Glass and the public-minded activity of individuals and organizations that have recognized this value and directed public attention toward it, have won millions of motorists to the use of Safety Glass ALL-AROUND. Automobile manufacturers have responded wholeheartedly to this public insistence for greater protection. Many now provide Safety Glass ALL-AROUND as standard equipment. All the others make it readily available at very low cost. This year, more than 75% of the new cars delivered will have Safety Glass ALL-AROUND. Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company, Toledo.

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seemed so unlikely that perfect unity could be achieved. But he said that they talked over the plan, or plot, of a book, decided which chapter each preferred to write, and when each was finished the other one would read it over, criticize, suggest changes, and thus develop and unify the whole thing.

Such harmonious friendship, such close association of ideas and ability to adjust thought and word, is one of the rarest and most precious things in life. Fortunate are they to have found so utterly satisfying a friendship. Long may they continue the best of friends, adding thus to the choice list of the world's best literature.

ELOISE ROORBACH
Papeete, Tahiti

'Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.'

So many were the readers who took with deadly seriousness the satire in Mr. Bergen Evans's 'Nursery Crimes' that the *Atlantic* felt impelled, in these pages, to caution the author never to dare to write as funny as he could. Whereupon a critic after our own heart sent in the following lines inscribed 'To the Atlantic: May It Be Always Salt!'

Tell me not, Salt, you're so unkind
That from an austere page
You'd banish Satire 'cause the blind
Misread, and frumious rage;

Still there are some who get the point
Of salty Mr. Evans.
Oh, oh, forbid not to your Joint
Seasoning from the heavens,

Else will the gloomy words of Nock
Re Gresham's Law come true!
Nor could I love your heady Bock
Lov'd I not Pretzels too.

CHARLES FOSTER RANSOM
Tufts College, Massachusetts

A living example of 'Musical Hunger.'

Dear Atlantic, —

Thanks so much for letting Catherine Drinker Bowen express the feelings of so many of us who are inarticulate in print!

Last year, in the Contributors' Column, I told *Atlantic* readers that I was commencing the study of the piano. In four months I shall be sixty (you can't make me believe it, though) and my repertoire now includes five Bachs, four Griegs, besides Schubert, Mendelssohn, Tchaikowsky, and others. And I can play (believe it or not) the Adagio Cantabile of Beethoven's Pathétique, Op. 13.

And boy, is it fun! By the time I am eighty I shall be playing — maybe — Brahms and — maybe — Liszt; anyhow, I'm on my way!

And if they don't have grand pianos in Heaven I am not sure I want to go there; I much prefer 'em to harps!

A. E. BRUCE
Claremont, California

More polylinguistics.

Dear Atlantic, —

I believe it was Carter H. Harrison, former Mayor of Chicago and now Collector of Internal Revenue, who in the early '80s, while a student at St. Ignatius College, contributed to the amusement of the Latin-loving students the following lines: —

Patres Conscripti took a boat to Philippi,
Windus arose, stormus erat;
Boatum upset, omnes drownderunt
Qui swim-away non potuerunt.

WILLIAM S. HEFFERAN, Attorney
Chicago, Illinois

P.S. I have sent him a copy, and have asked him to plead Guilty or Not Guilty.

P.P.S. (A week later) He pleads Guilty.

Legal pi.

Dear Atlantic, —

'The Kansas Legislature . . . for convenience, by statutory enactment changed pi from 3.1416 to an even number.'

I have read this statement in an authoritative book on government. The Secretary of State of Kansas and the State Superintendent of Schools both deny that such legislation was ever enacted in Kansas. The author of the quotation simply remembers reading it in an article appearing many years ago. It may have been another state or foreign legislative body which proposed this curious law.

I am very anxious to identify the source and learn of its particulars. If any reader remembers the article, or knows where I might trace down the matter, I should be glad to hear from him.

R. W. MATTOON
Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio

An unusual proposal.

Dear Atlantic, —

Because of difficulties with income, I am obliged to limit outgo to the three necessities of life for myself and family: food, clothing, and shelter. For extras I can offer only service. It is with regret that I place the *Atlantic* in the class of extras; but while every issue contains food for thought, there is in it little food for children. So much do I regret my inability to renew my subscription that I am appending a list of my accomplishments in the hope that you will find there some item by which I can work out the price of a renewal.

I can drive a yoke of oxen.

I can write shorthand (rusty).

I can navigate a ship (also rusty).

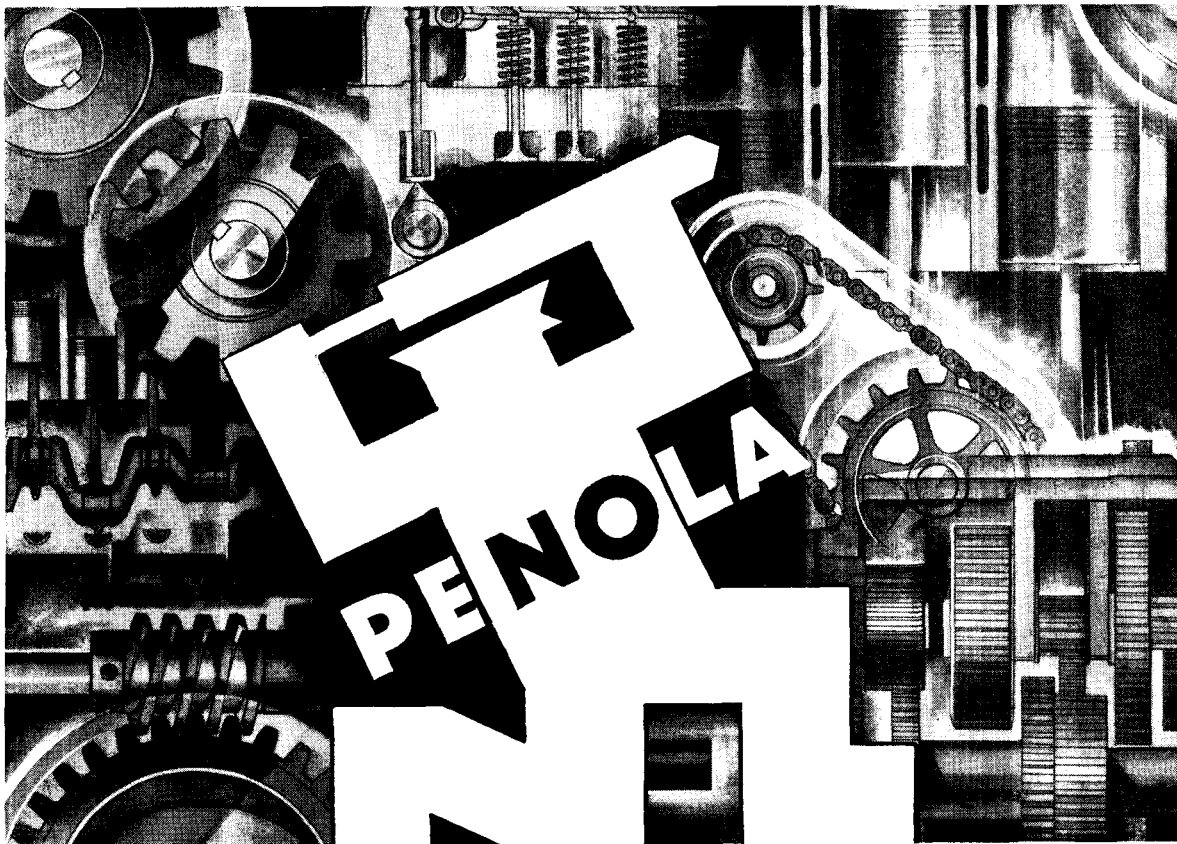
I can tend furnace, sift ashes, and generally raise a dust.

I understand hens, and know when they are making egg-talk.

I can set a pane of glass.

I have a fair taste in literature, and can write moderately well.

I can paint a house, or put on a new roof.



THAT WHEELS MAY TURN

The progress of civilization has depended largely on man's ability to cope with his relentless adversary . . friction . . a struggle that has been a perpetual challenge to human ingenuity.

The ancient Egyptians, finding need for a lubricant to stay the effects of friction on their war chariots, greased the axles with animal fat. Nor did the ensuing 35 centuries evolve a lubricant of greater efficiency. Even the stage coach of our own Colonial days was lubricated with suet supplied by the butcher . . while James Watt swabbed the single cylinder of his epochal steam engine with beef tallow to forestall frictional wear.

But at that point the onward march of the machine reached an impasse. Lack of lubricants to compensate for the increased friction of faster moving machinery retarded further mechanical development. Whale oil, olive oil, lard oil . . all proved inadequate. Factories reeked with noxious fumes. Friction wrecked expensive equipment. Hot bearings started fires. The machine was in bondage.

Then petroleum gushed forth in Pennsylvania. It was instantly converted to the uses of industry.

Moving on a smooth stream of oil, the Machine Age pressed forward to miracles of accomplishment. And in this activity Standard Oil took a leading part.

Soon a new science sprang into being . . that had for its aim the development of the precise lubricant for each particular requirement. And again Standard Oil pioneered the undertaking.

Today . . through its subsidiary, Penola Inc. . . the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) supplies more than 1000 *specialized* lubricants for every conceivable purpose. In the automotive field alone, 65,000 service stations from coast to coast offer Penola Lubricants to the motoring public.

Standard Oil has never been content merely to stay abreast of the times. Not only are its engineers always available to aid in solving the increasingly complex lubrication problems of ever-improving mechanisms . . but of their own initiative they are active on every industrial front, endeavoring to assist inventive genius in its battles against friction by anticipating future needs, to prepare the way for further achievement.

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I can mend leaky water faucets, and can usually find the trouble when the light fails to turn on.

I have a legal education, but no practice.

I can chop a cord of wood in twice the time a professional wood chopper requires.

I can milk a cow, load hay, use a hoe, cultivator, plough, or harrow.

I can burn out a nest of wasps.

I think I have solved the mystery of religion, and have penetrated further into some phases of the psychological field than any other man.

WILLIS A. KINGSBURY, JR.

Framingham, Massachusetts

Titular tour de force.

Dear Atlantic, —

The following lines were inspired by the titles of books advertised in a recent issue of the *Atlantic*.

Set not your feet upon the long *Cold Journey*,
Tarry awhile within *This Little World*,
For here is *Wine from These Grapes* to fill
Your empty cup, and its *Full Flavour*
Will warm the coldest blood; *Branches Green*
Arch over *This Threshold and Hearth*, still
Is the air and sweet, while the *Dew on the Grass*
Glitters like threaded jewels between
The time *When Morning Shows the Day*
And the noon hour comes to pass.

The *Wanderer's Circle* is too wide a sphere
For a sheltering roof to span, the *Lust for Life* beats on
To that *Lost Horizon* urging restless feet
To dare *The Winding Road*; *Oh Heart Be Still*,
That *Magnificent Obsession* of a *Lost Paradise*
Is less than *My Shadow As I Pass*; rest now and greet
The *Avalanche of April*, *A World in Birth*, and in this
wise

Forget those *New Frontiers*, knowing *The Search for Truth*

May be pursued as well in books as under *Alien Skies*.

EDNA JUNE HORN

Newark, New Jersey

In defense of progressive schools.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have had a passion for teaching ever since I was eight years old. Of course I had to begin on my younger brothers. But from the time I was nineteen until I married I taught in a real school, probably badly, — most people did in those days, — but I learned a few things. First: that education is n't pouring things into a child, but pulling them out of him; and that you can't pull much out unless you can interest him in the subject, or at least make him feel the worth-whileness of it enough to make him realize that the *satisfaction* of good work is better than any happiness he may get out of play.

After I was married and had had several children, of course I read everything on education that I could find.

I remember with great interest some article in the *Atlantic* by Edward Yeomans of the Ojai Valley

School and later his *Shackled Youth*. And of course, as my children grew up, I visited all the schools within my reach. To my delight I found that they were moving forward — especially those afflicted with the tag 'progressive.' Isn't it a little like calling them 'intelligent'? I suppose all schools aim at being both; but so many of them really were. I have never been fortunate enough to visit the Lincoln School, but I find it difficult to believe that it was so far behind the 'progressive schools' I have seen. The ones I know best aim first at 'capacity to think, and self-discipline,' believing that knowledge, facts, will come — tempered, we hope, by wisdom, and accompanied by a sense of responsibility born of the fact that the students are free to make some mistakes, and suffer from them. I have heard one headmaster say that he was satisfied 'now that he had the scholars chasing the teachers, instead of the teachers the scholars,' but I am sure he would agree with Professor Friedrich that the relationship between teachers and students should never be sentimentalized.

Of course every new tool that comes to the human race is mishandled by some fools — especially at first. But I do believe that the best of the modern ('progressive') methods are more of a boon to the poor than to the rich, and I rejoice to see some of the new ideas creeping in, here and there, into our public schools.

HELEN CABOT ALMY

Cambridge, Massachusetts

A teacher's view.

Dear Atlantic, —

There is such opprobrium attached to the term 'conservative' among teachers that one is willing to go to almost any length to avoid this damning epithet. If the *Atlantic* could take a poll of teachers, I am sure that an overwhelming majority would applaud 'This Progressive Education.' But even though we had the facile pen of Professor Friedrich, we should hesitate to write a criticism of so-called 'progressive education' as he has done. We must be 'progressive,' and 'certainly these experimental schools are progressive,' conclude our executives. Some university should award Professor Friedrich an advanced degree for having the temerity to enter the holy of holies and kick up some dust.

A MIDDLE-WESTERN TEACHER

On coddling the young.

Dear Atlantic, —

The last night before the school year began found me reading with delight that excellent article, 'This Progressive Education.' Professor Friedrich's cogent comments struck a responsive feeling in me, and I am in hearty accord with his general thesis. It seems to me that the one great fault with our educational policies is the prevalent softness. Such articles as this make for a sounder attitude on the part of those concerned — the teachers and the parents.

HERBERT SNYDER

Cincinnati Country Day School
Madisonville, Ohio



IN THE SERVICE OF AMERICA'S WHEAT FARMERS

TODAY, because great mills purchase wheat in tremendous quantity, the wheat farmer sells his wheat at prices determined by nationwide supply and demand. His obligations end with the harvest. He does not know whether the flour or other wheat foodstuffs made from his wheat are sold to bakers and housewives in Maine or California or anywhere between.

However, General Mills is working in every section of the country, helping extend the market for wheat foods. Its mills, its terminal and storage elevators, its country receiving stations are strategically located in the important wheat growing sections. In addition, its sales offices in consuming markets are so located that they help in the efficient marketing of the wheat products. Because its facilities are advantageously located in the important growing sections

and consuming markets, General Mills does its part in marketing the farmer's products on a most attractive cost basis.

Lately, the American farmer has been faced with a steady decline in the per capita consumption of wheat in this country. To offset this reduction in the farmer's market, General Mills is conducting effective advertising and merchandising campaigns to increase the use of baked wheat products. Every day millions of consumers read or hear a sales message in print or over the radio.

As the leader in this joint effort by millers and bakers, General Mills is performing a great service to the farmer and to the nation, and correcting many of the false ideas concerning bread in the daily diet.



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Varmints in verse.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Phillips's concern lest his readers might have escaped knowledge of varmints may be spared for those of us who have lived in the Middle West and Southwest. Varmints are well known in those regions, while the Ozark hills of Missouri and Arkansas fairly overflow with them.

But let him not think that the word is an Americanism, or a recent growth. For here is a stanza from Tennyson's 'Owd Roä.'

Sa I browt tha down, an' I says, 'I mun gaw up ageän fur Roä.'

'Gaw up ageän fur the varmint?' I tell'd 'er, 'Yeäs I mun goä.'

In this case the 'varmint' was Rover, the faithful house dog who had just assisted in the rescue of the son of the house from a blazing loft.

But I have searched in vain for the word in Shakespeare, which is a pity, since varmint is just the sort of word Shakespeare would have known how to handle.

MARY ZIRKLE

Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

Who can answer this query?

Dear Atlantic, —

In these days many thousands of young folks who have every intellectual right to go to college cannot do so. This in spite of student loans, scholarships, and other aids. Is it possible, in view of this situation, for young men and women who have no chance to study on a college campus to get a college education without going to college? Just how should such an ambitious young person go about it to get the best possible substitute for the college course which seems absolutely out of reach?

Here is a typical young man graduated with honors from a good high school. He would like to equip himself thoroughly for his life work, would like to make the very most of himself, to be the most useful possible citizen of the United States and of the world. He is not thinking about technical courses of any kind, but about preparation for living as well as for making a living. Who can outline a course of procedure for such a choice youth? Perhaps some *Atlantic* reader can answer.

REVEREND OTIS MOORE

R.F.D. 1, Tipton, Iowa

Private worlds.

Dear Atlantic, —

Thoughtful persons must have read with interest Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan's article in the September *Atlantic* entitled 'Science and the Layman.' Suggesting that science is not necessarily hostile to religious belief, the author observes that 'there are questions that science is incompetent to deal with, and beliefs may rightly be based on evidence which is not scientific evidence.' Thus, science 'deals with a public world,' while 'my toothache, my perception of beauty, my sense of communion with God,' belong

to a *private* world. 'These are not perceptions that everybody shares; nor can universal assent be claimed for them.'

It seems to me that the attempted classification of perceptions as public or private may be of doubtful validity, and at least offers the opportunity for unnecessary argument. Why not adopt the classification made by a brilliant mathematician and physicist and say (Eddington, *The Nature of the Physical World*, p. 275): 'The cleavage between the scientific and the extra-scientific domain of experience is . . . not a cleavage between the concrete and the transcendental, but between the metrical and the non-metrical.'

If we adopt this test, then the suggestion of Mr. Sullivan that perceptions of beauty 'are not therefore necessarily illusions' becomes an all too modest statement, more strongly put by Eddington, who says: 'Certain states of awareness have at least equal significance with those which we call sensations. It is upon this that the basis for a spiritual religion rests.'

The subject seems fundamental even in these days of distressing problems. Who can say that science may not shortly agree that man is not 'a fortuitous concourse of atoms'?

JOHN H. S. LEE

Evanston, Illinois

More things of beauty.

Dear Atlantic, —

After reading the little essay, 'Things of Beauty,' in the Contributors' Club for September, I became 'suddenly conscious of a world of beauty' about me, and sat right down to draw up a list of my own. Here are some of the items: —

Creativeness expressed in the hands of a potter at his wheel.

The smell of the thirsty soil after the first sudden shower in the fall.

One's vivid consciousness of one's physique after a day of hard physical work, when through sweet aching every single muscle and nerve asserts its existence.

Sunset from the window of my room, across the plain of Sharon, with a train of camels on the horizon.

A simple, healthy meal with a group of hungry, healthy men sharing it.

The physical awkwardness of a growing boy.

The course of the Nile as a continuous line of green life defying the gray death of the desert sands on both sides.

A plough splitting open the heart of the ripe soil. Complete unselfconsciousness.

A personality that is harmonious and integrated, whose mind is as clear as a bell, whose heart is as pure and clean as the lily, who is genuinely concerned with the truth at all times, whose living is as the overflowing of pure spring water, and whose essence is graceful unselfishness.

AFIF I. TANNUS

*American University, Beirut
Lebanon, Syria*